

GOLD
KEY

THE JETSONS

STILL ONLY 12¢

HANNA-BARBERA

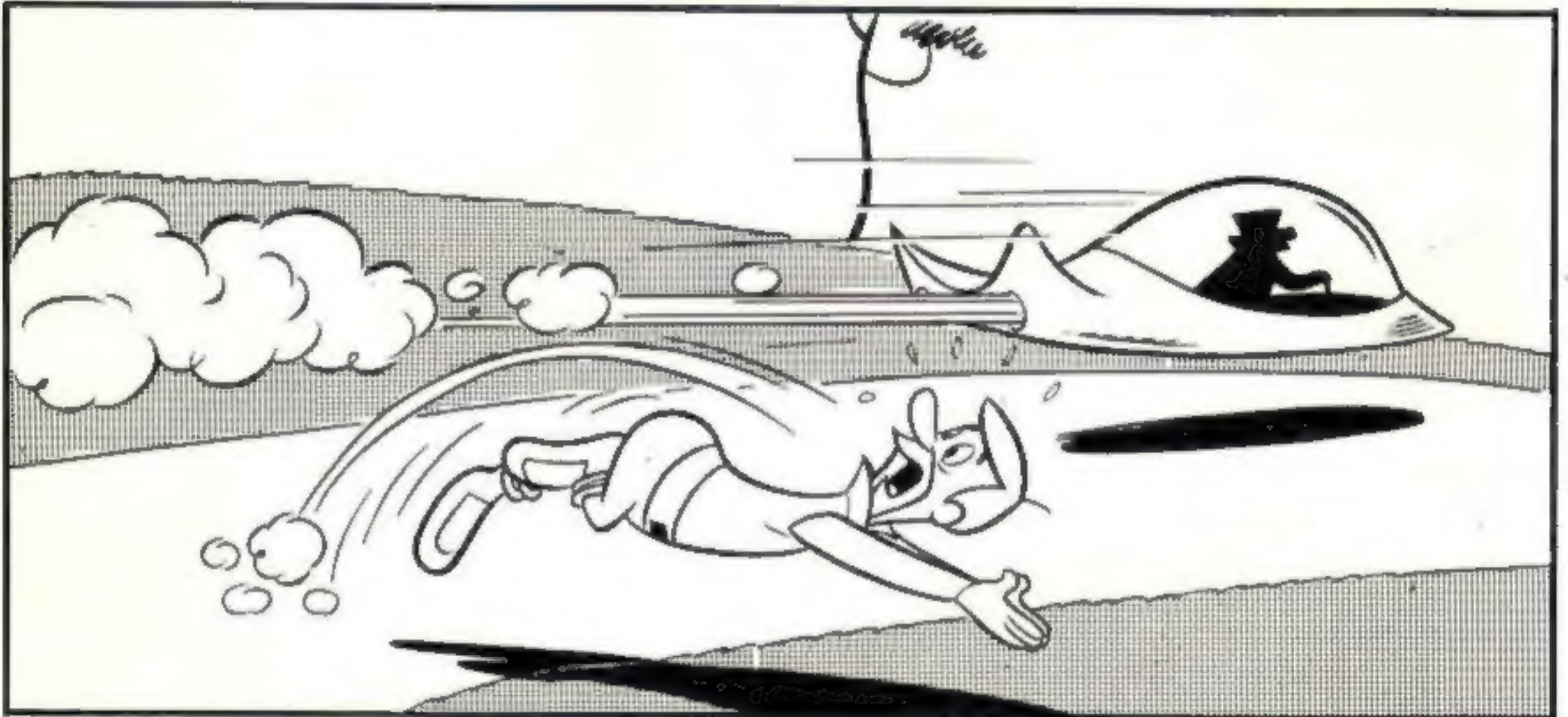
The JETSONS

10041-405

MAY



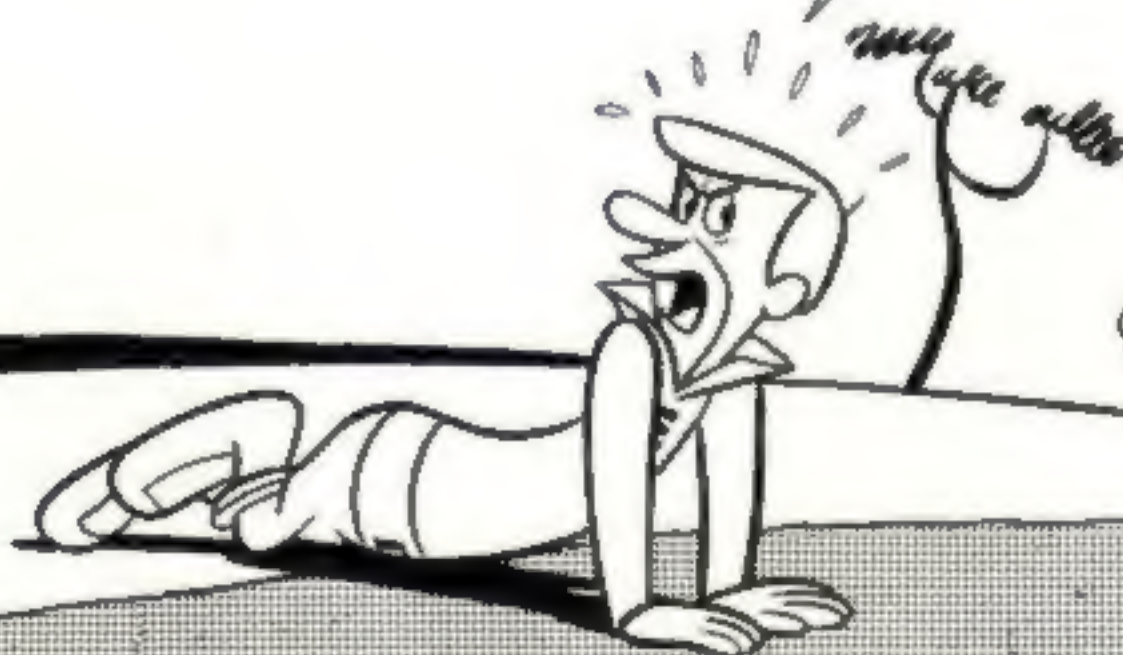
GEORGE
JETSON



BEEP!

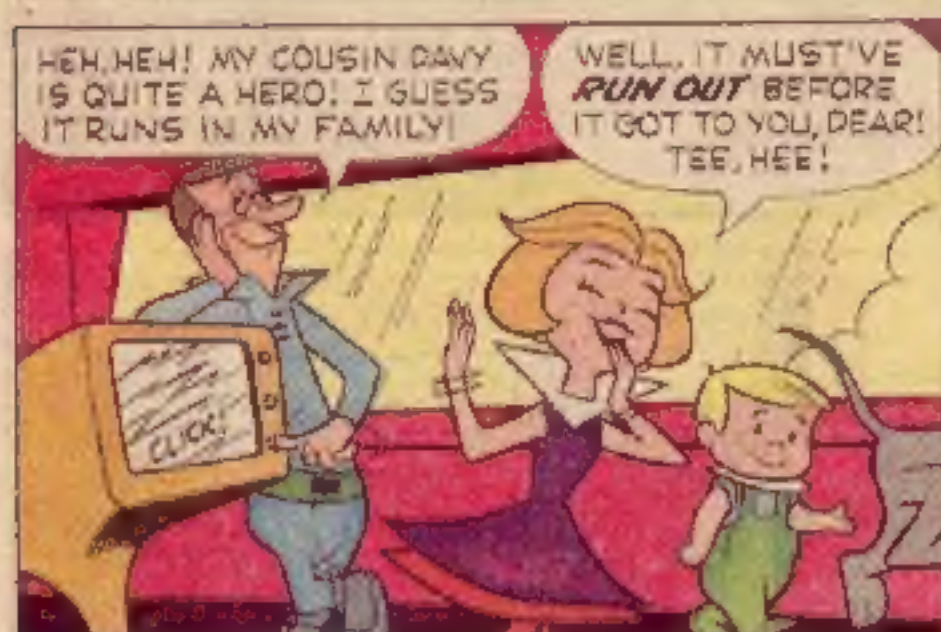
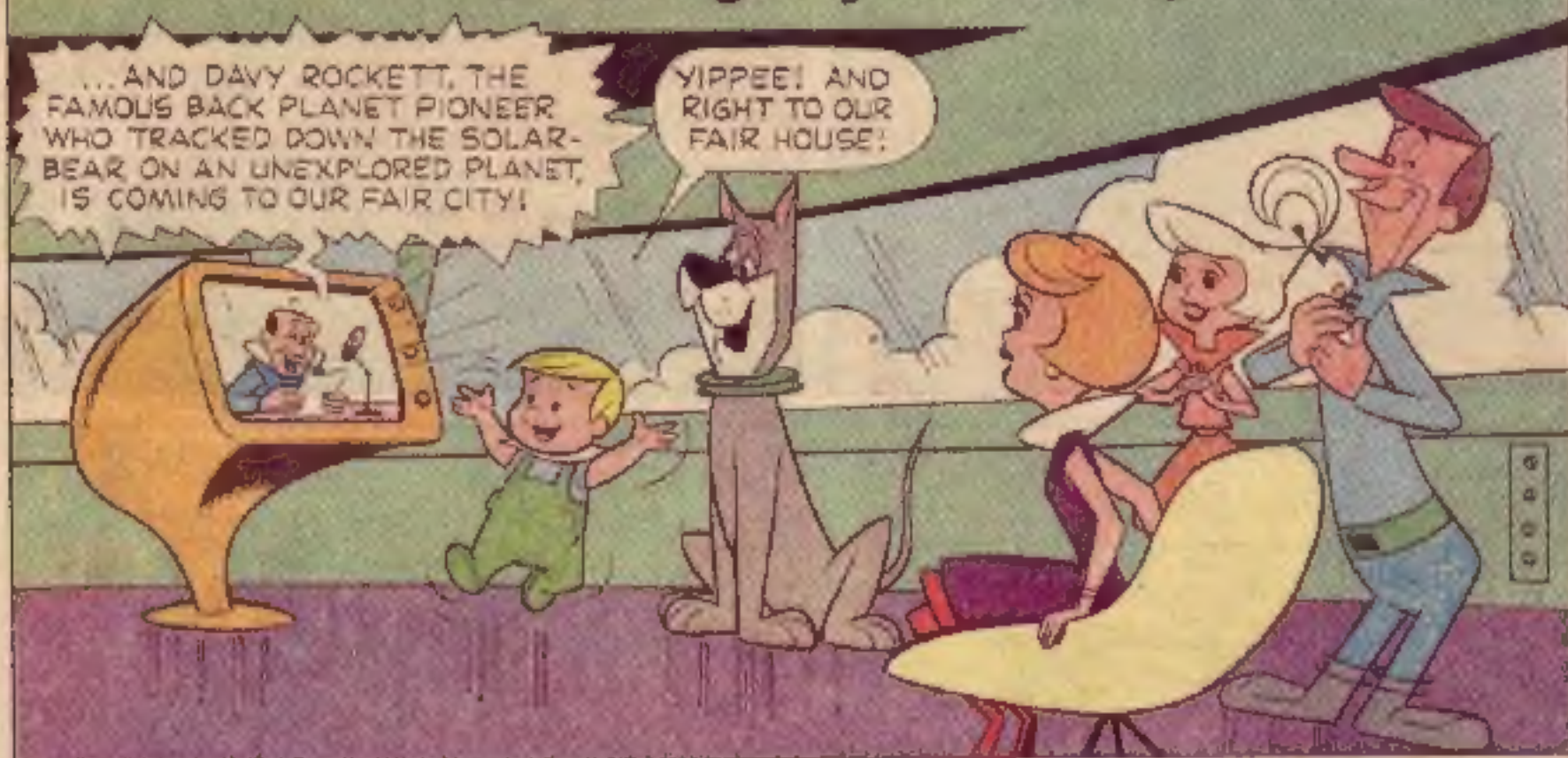
BEEP!

DOGGONE FASTER-
THAN-SOUND DRIVERS!



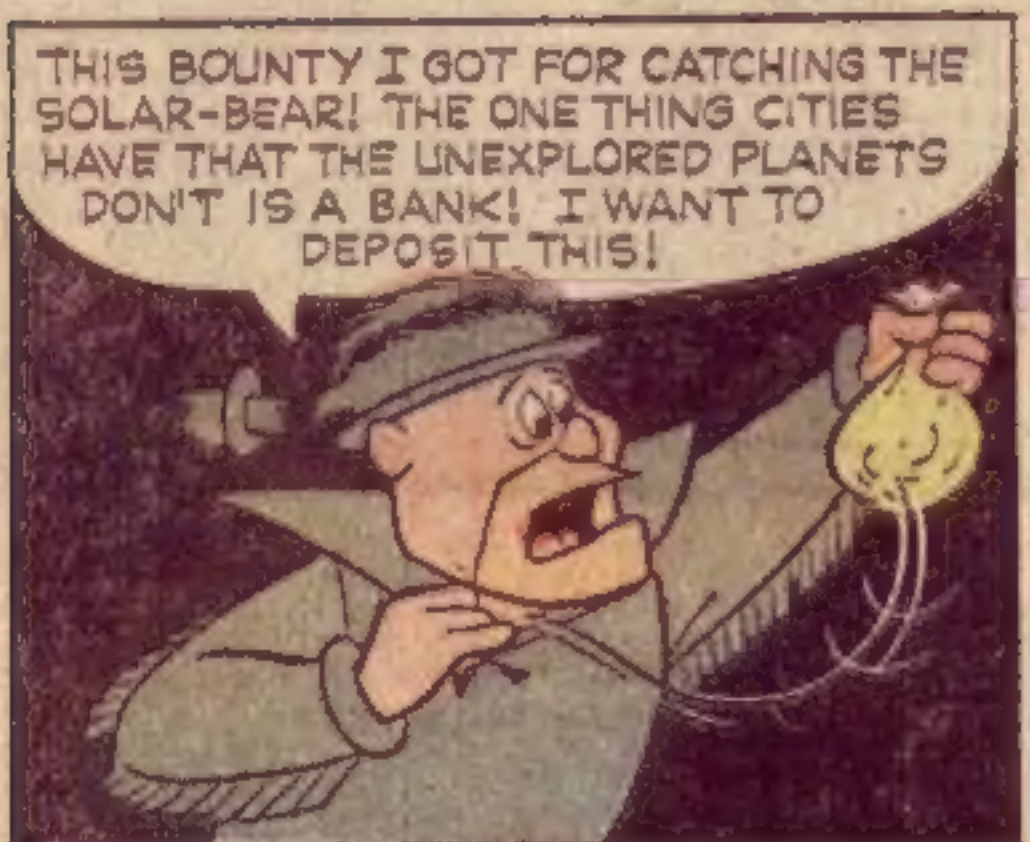
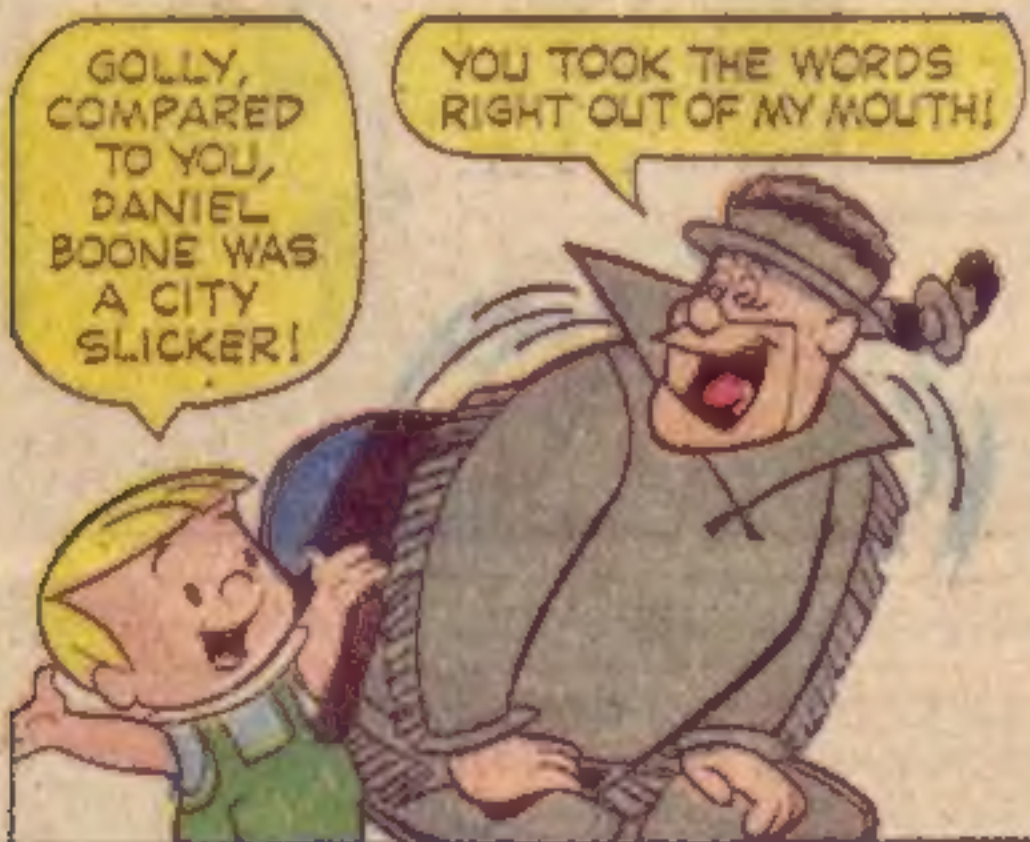
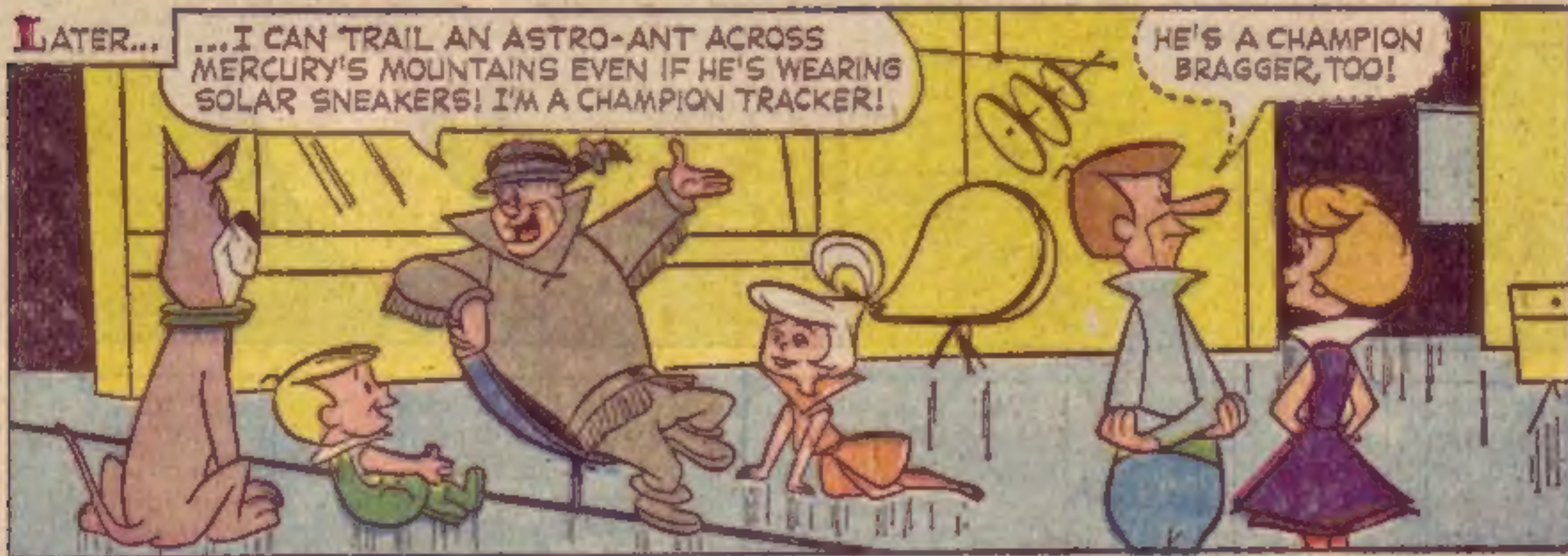
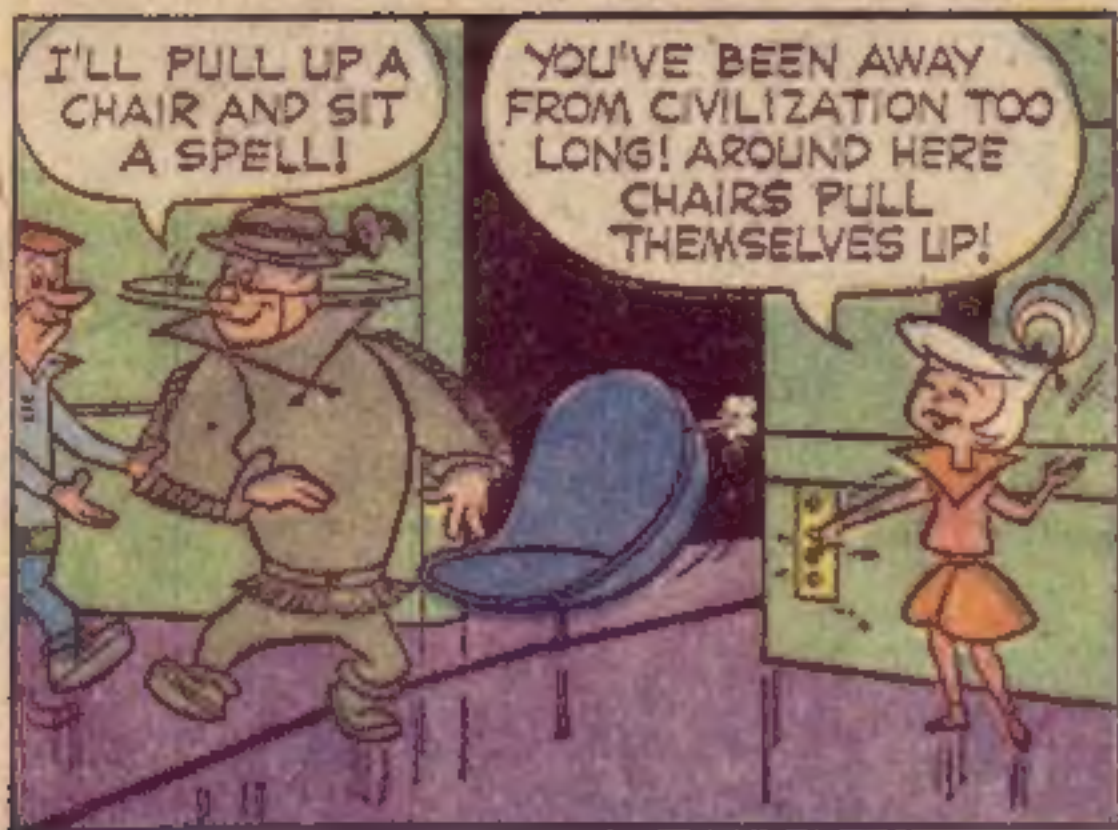
Hanna-Barbera
The **JETSONS**

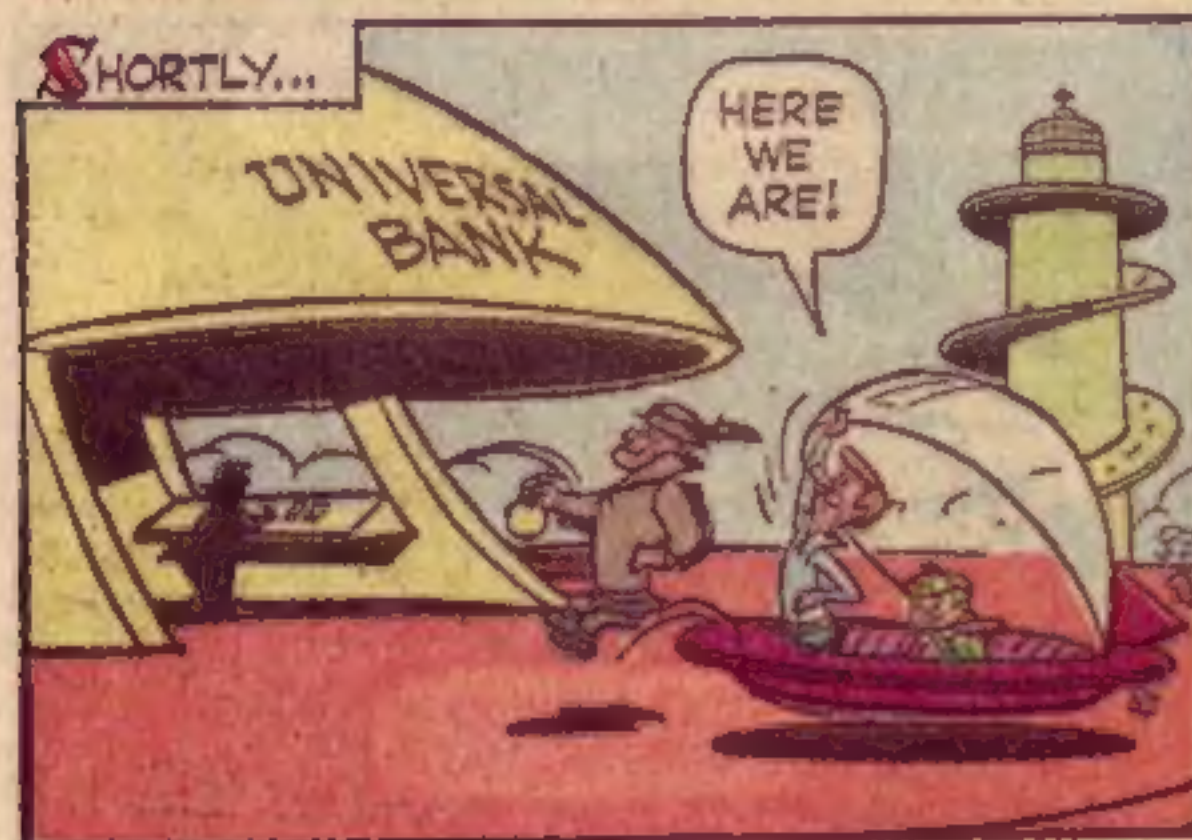
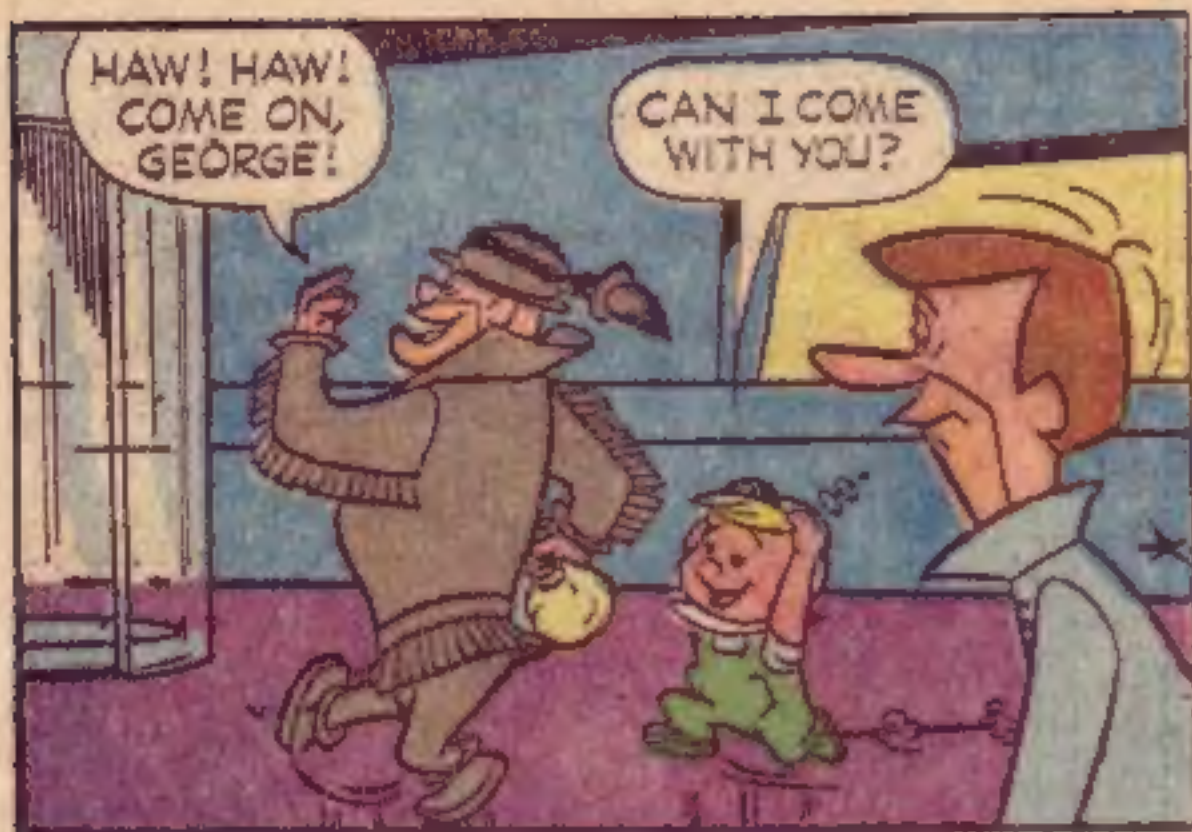
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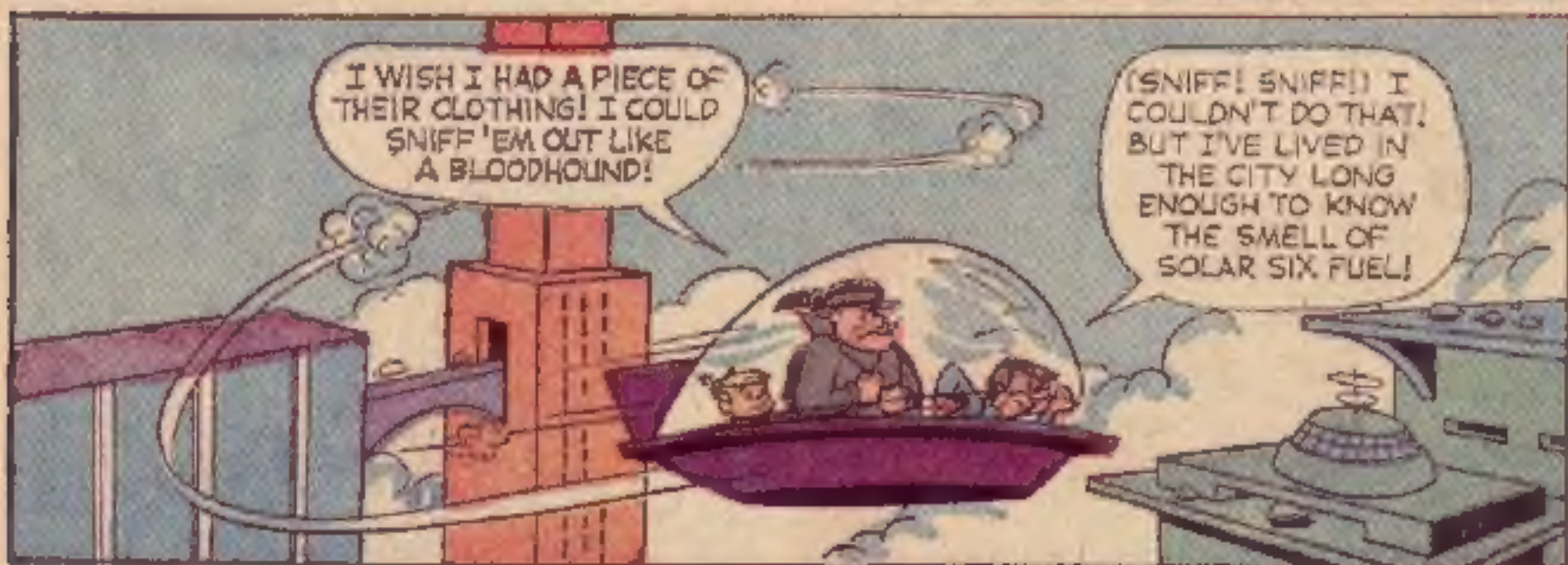


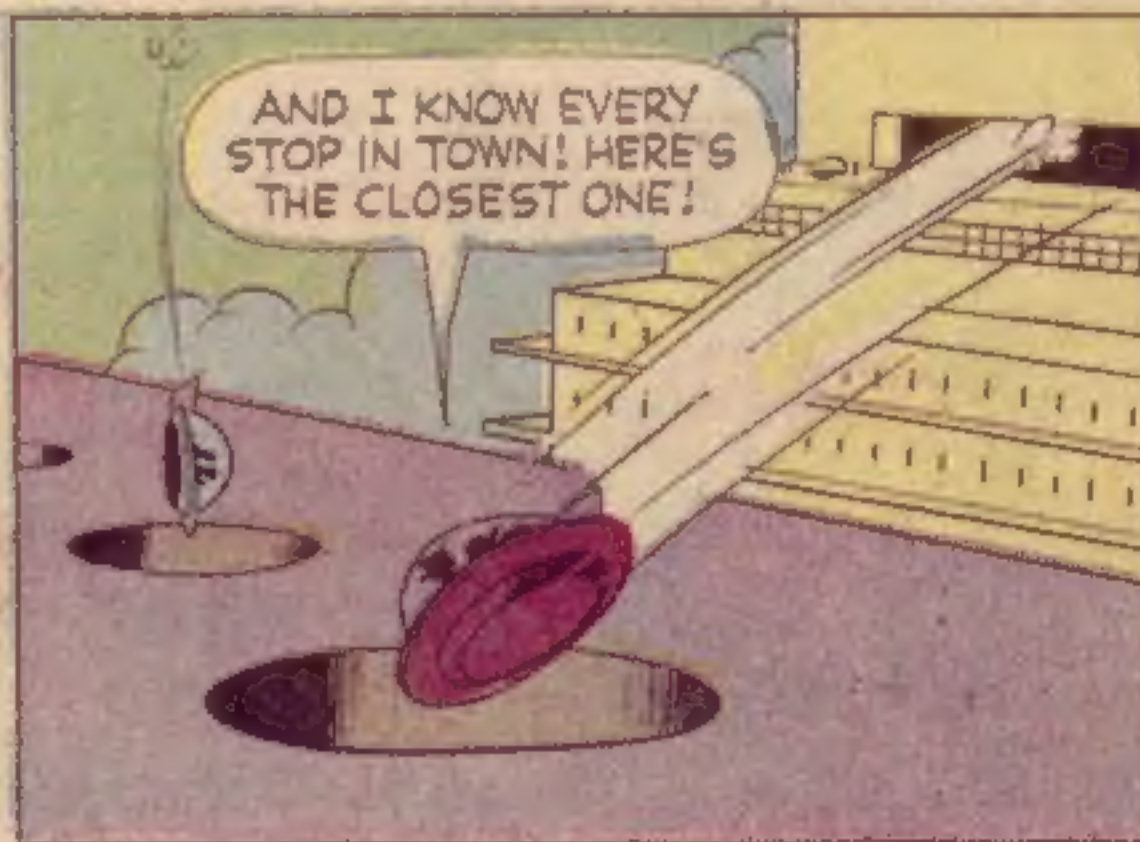
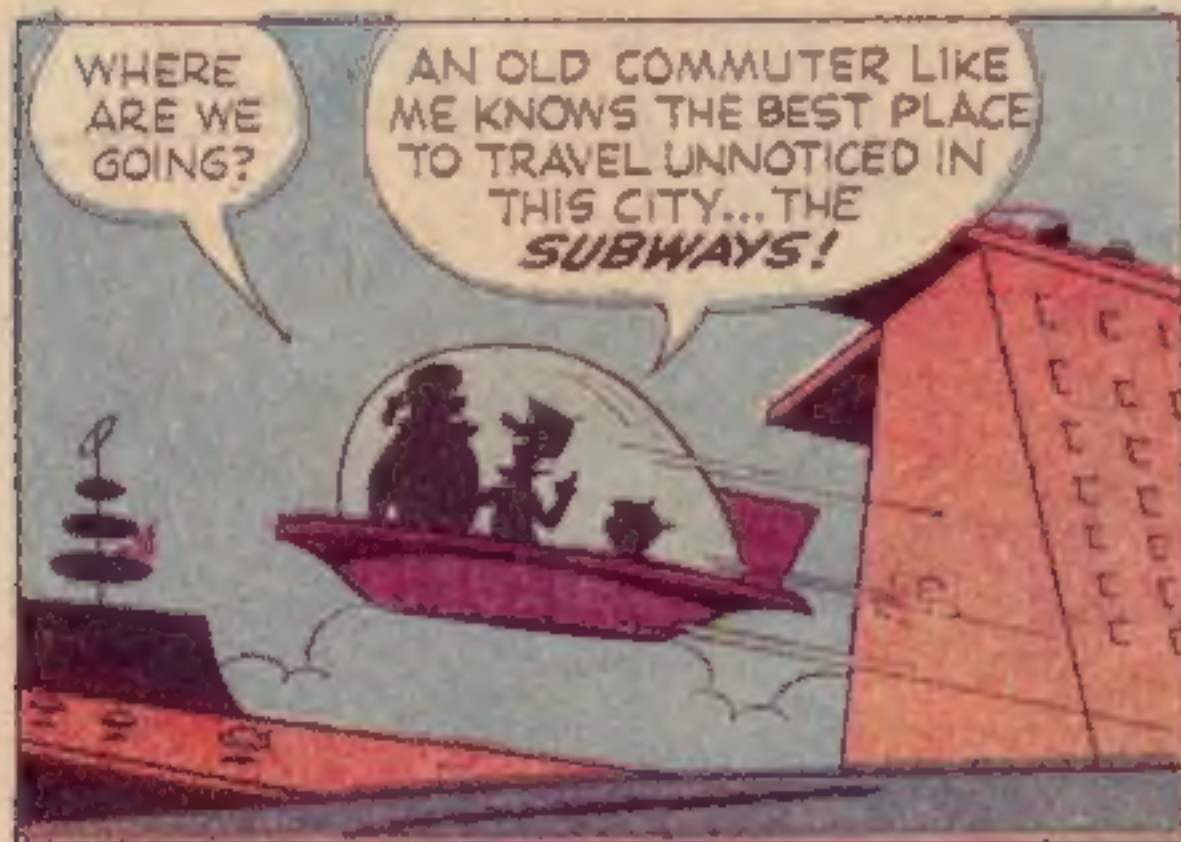
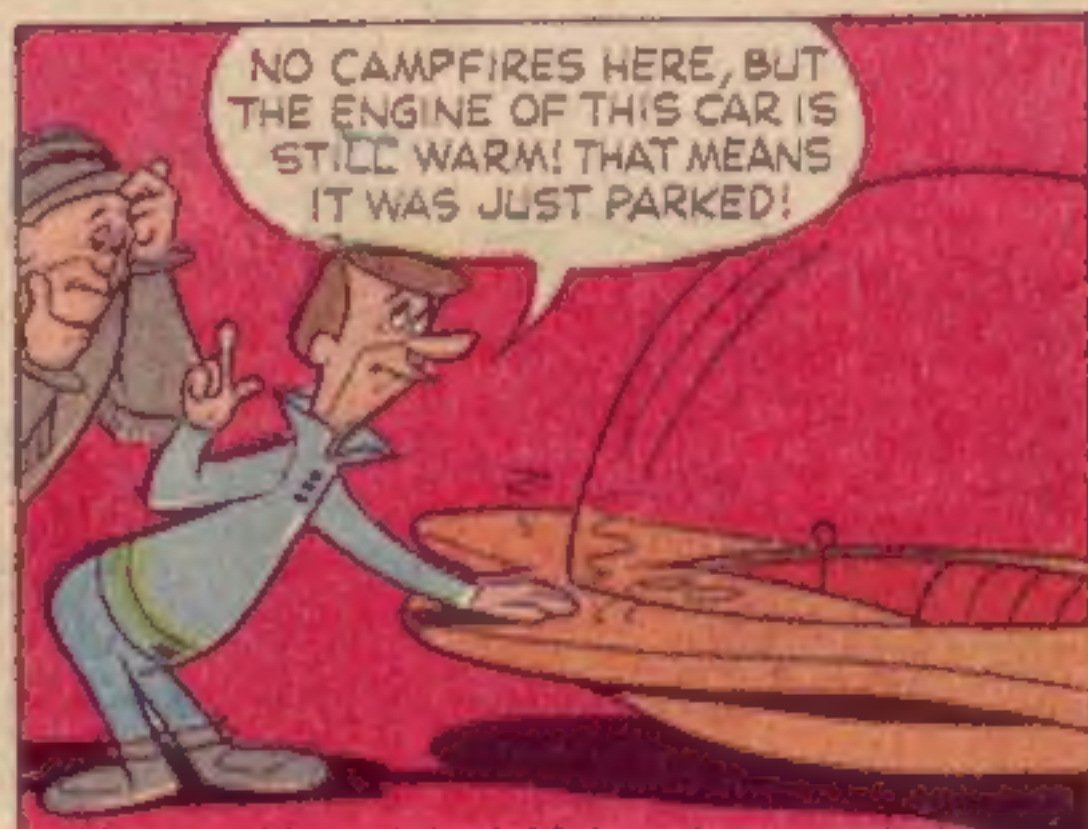
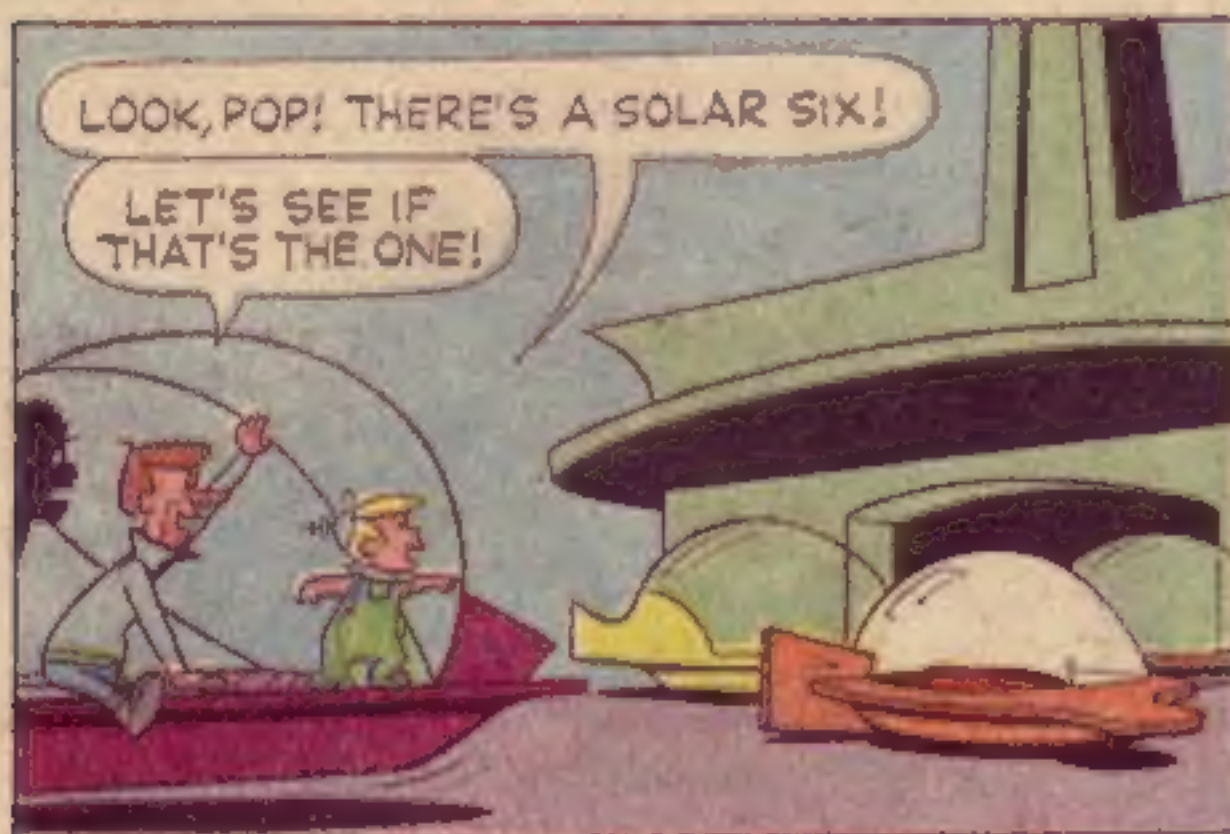
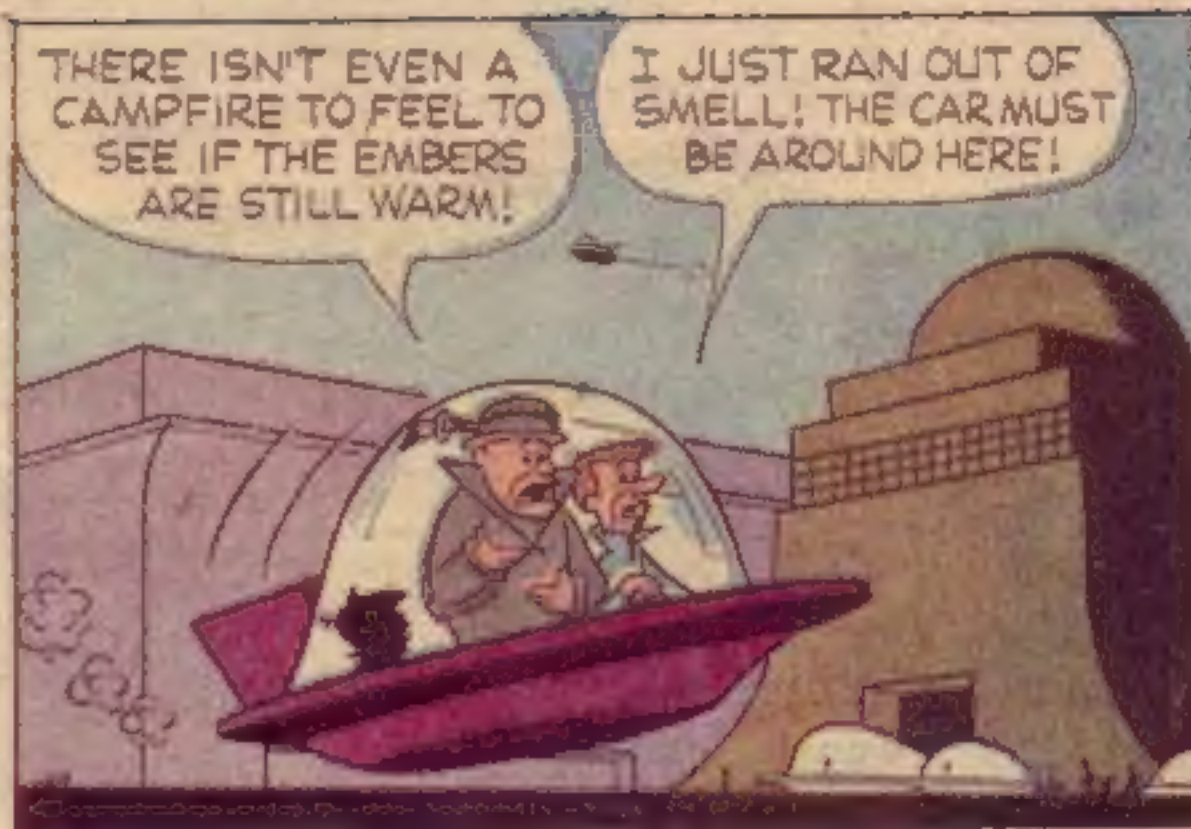
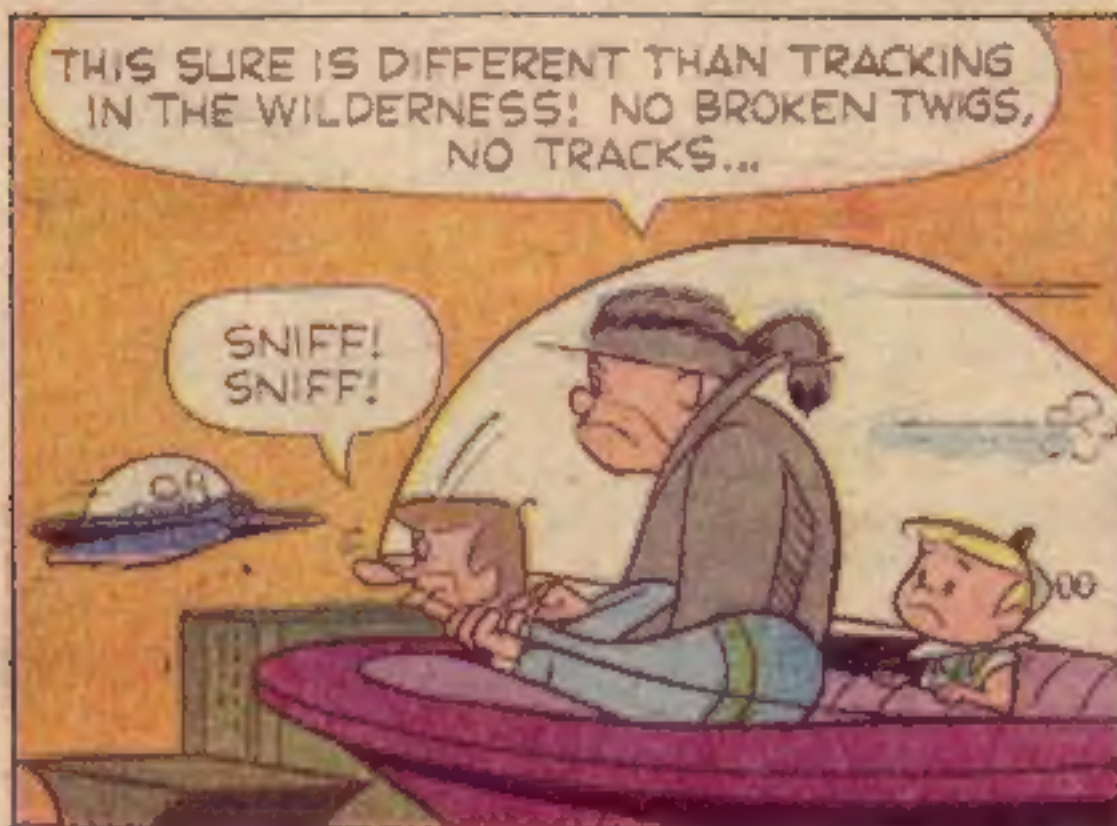
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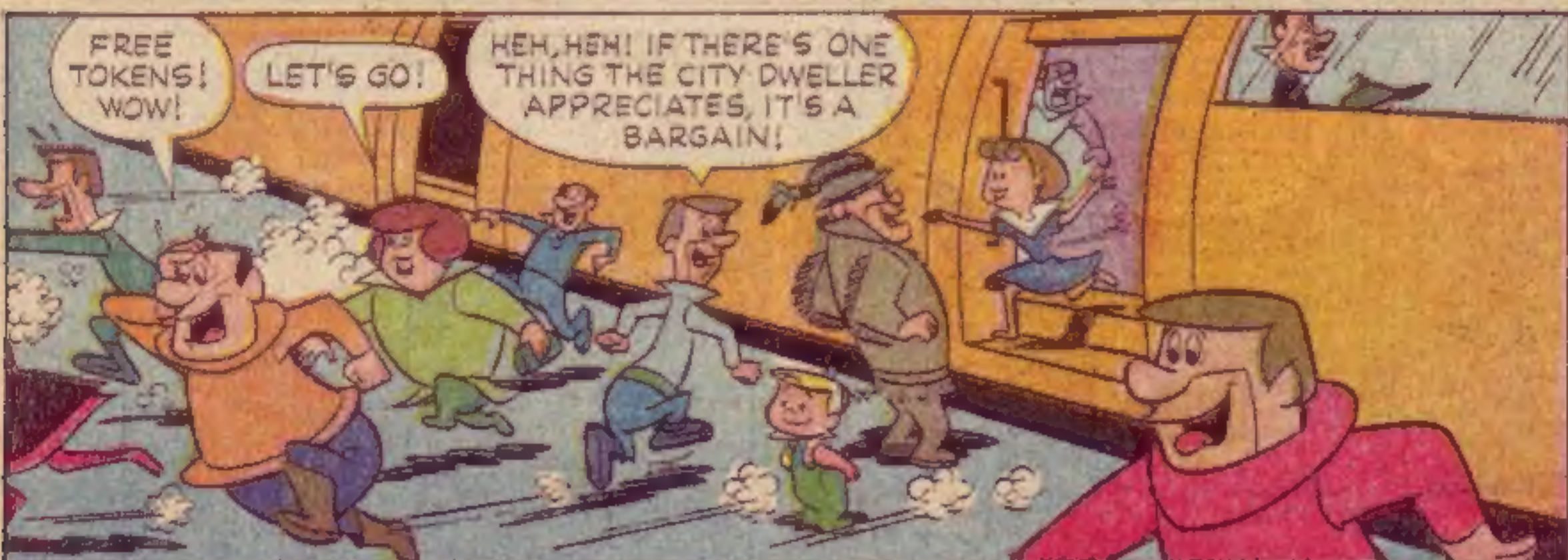
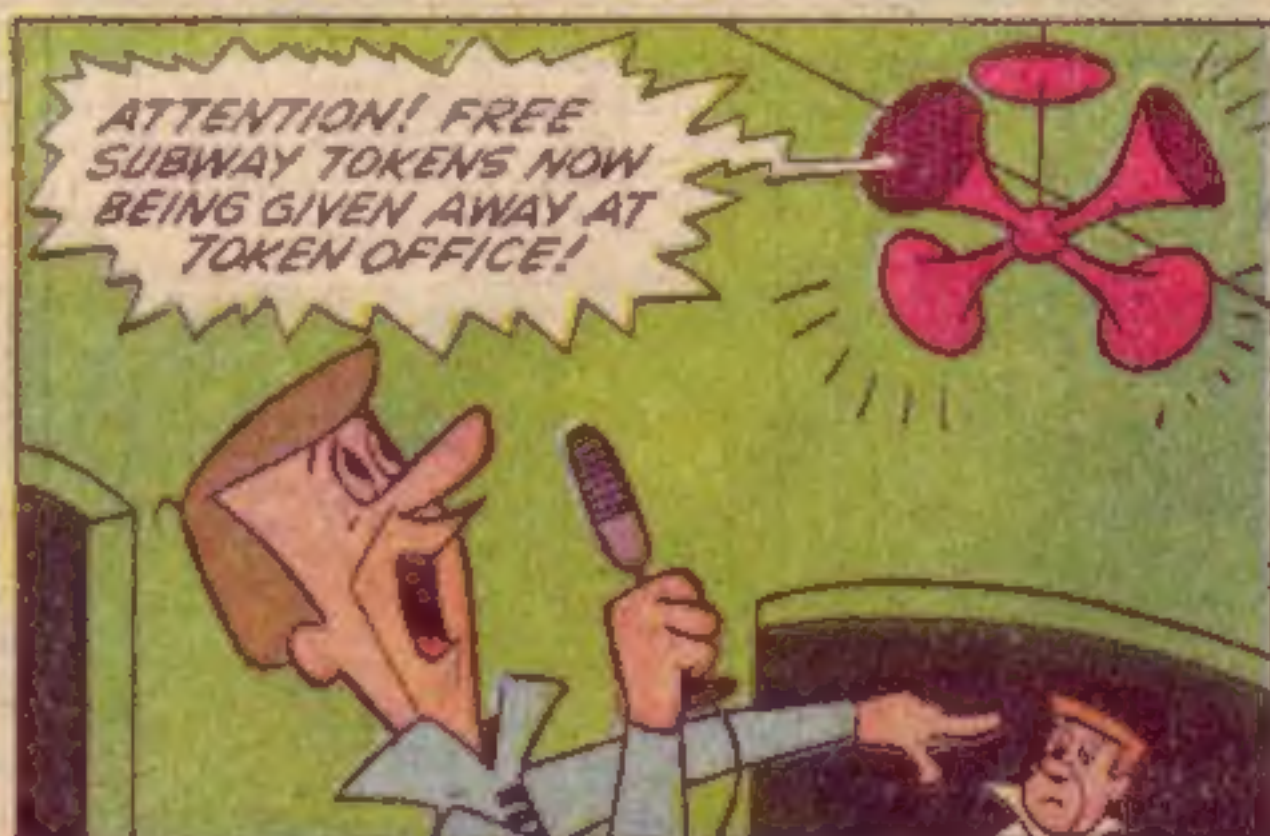
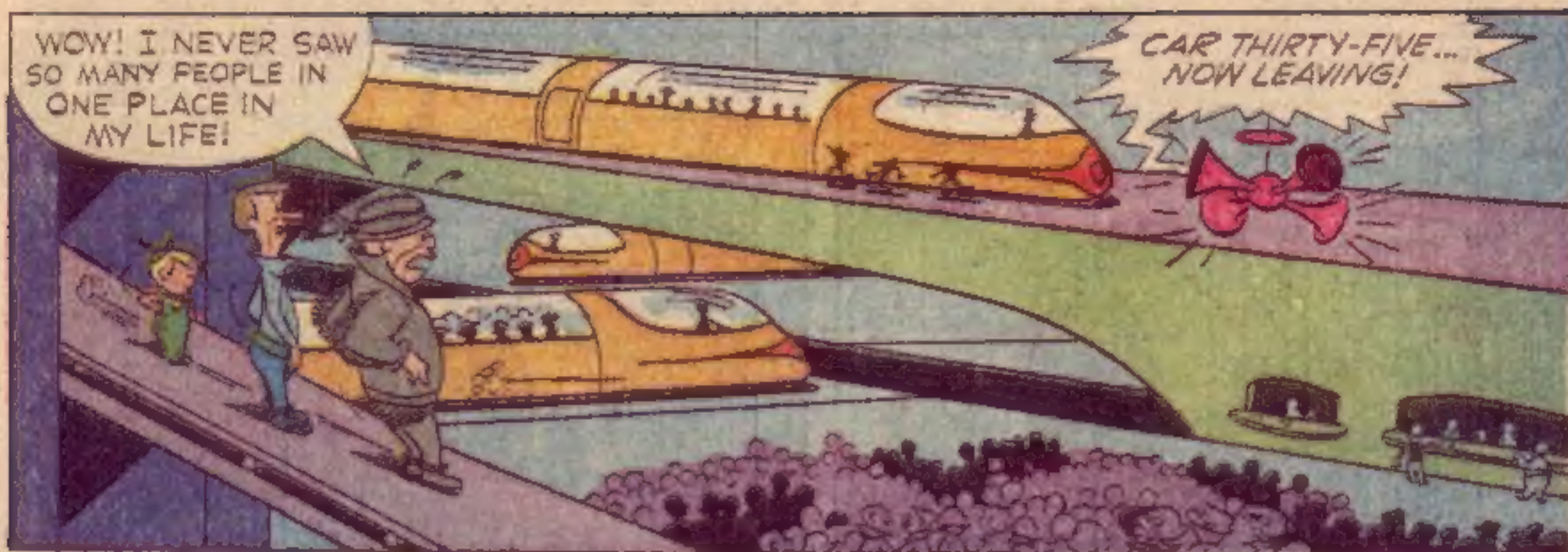
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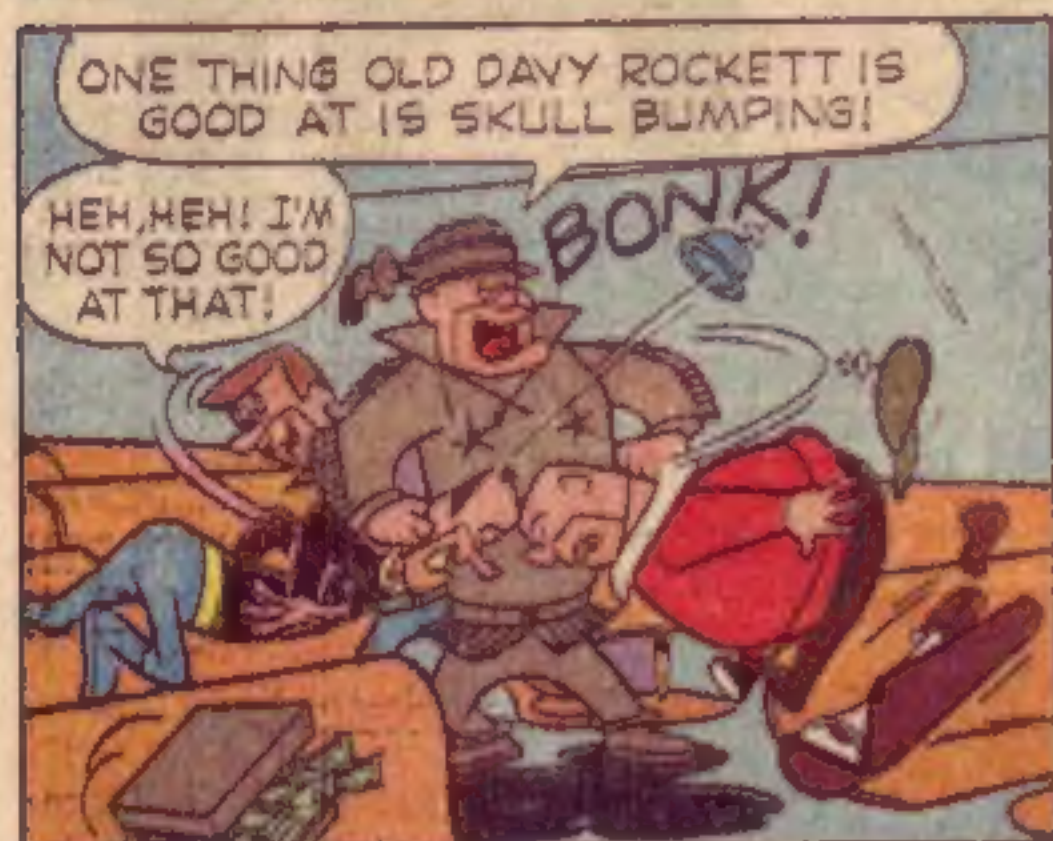






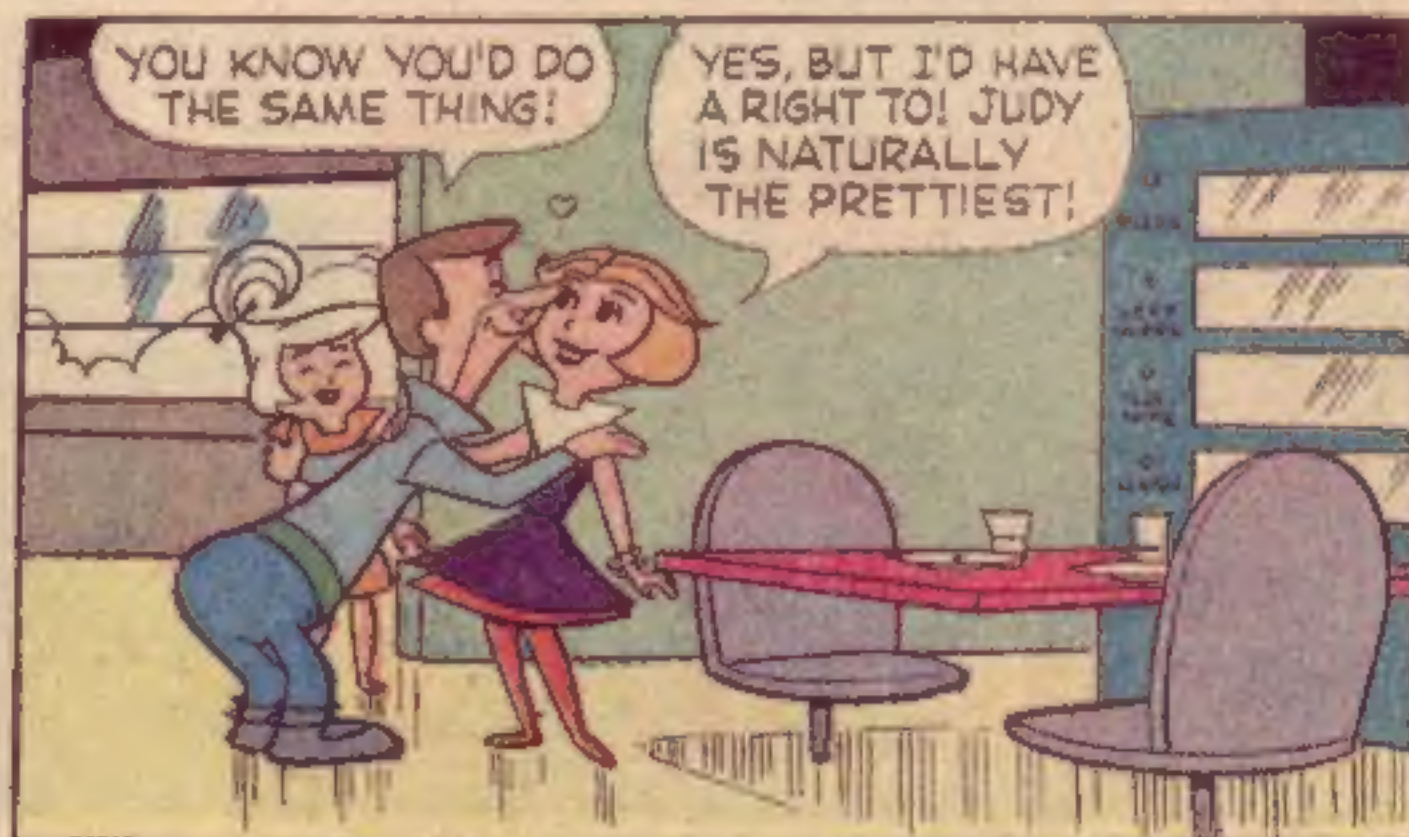
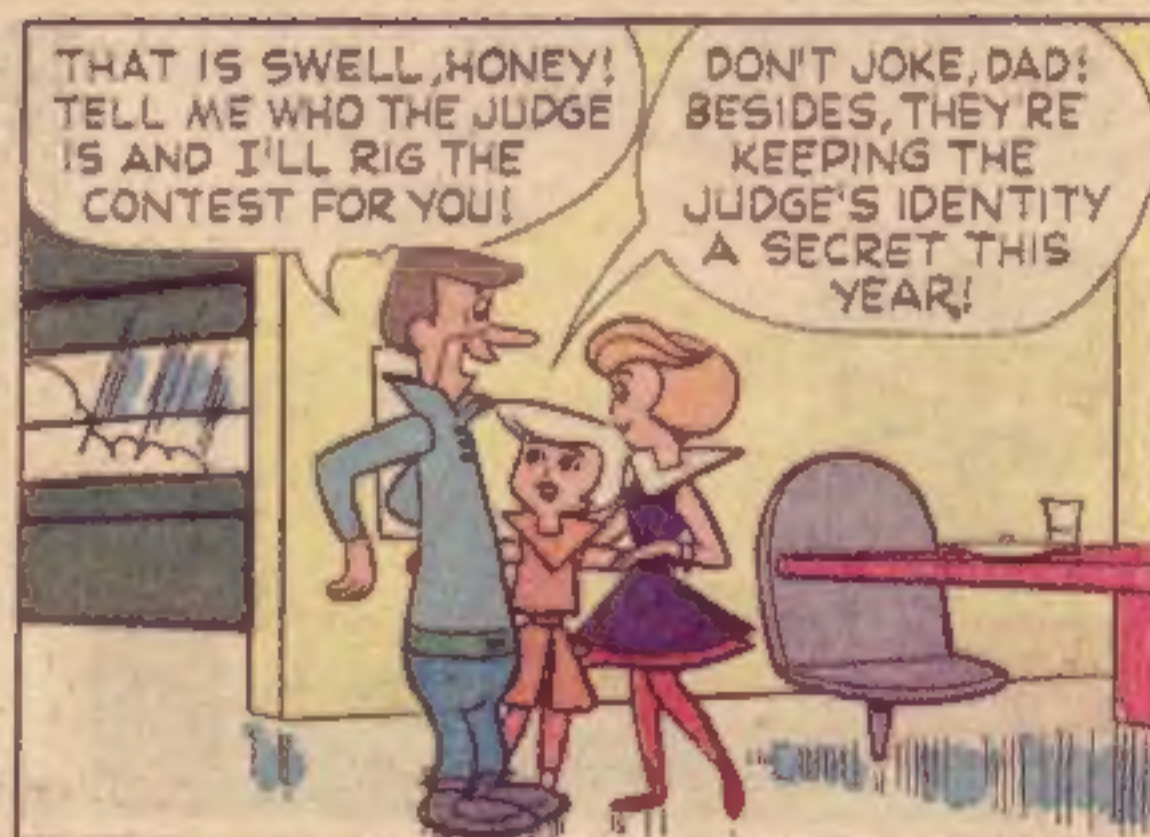
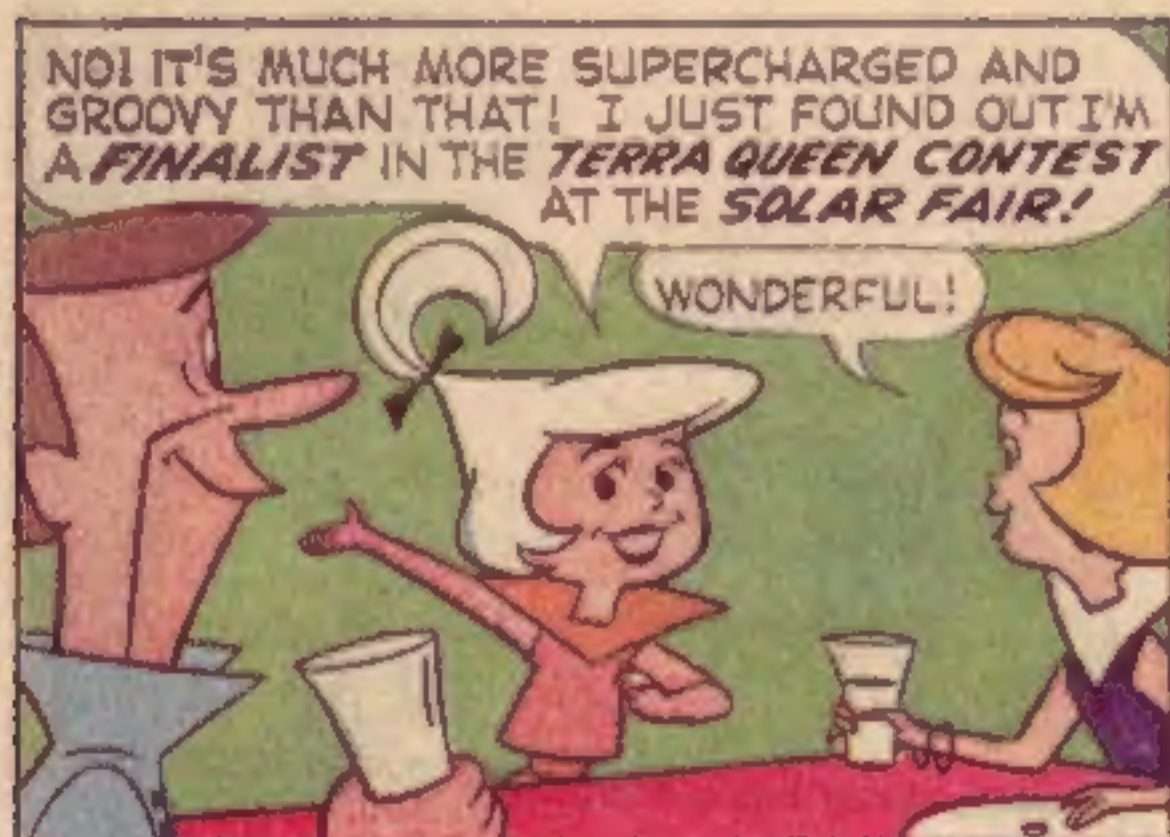


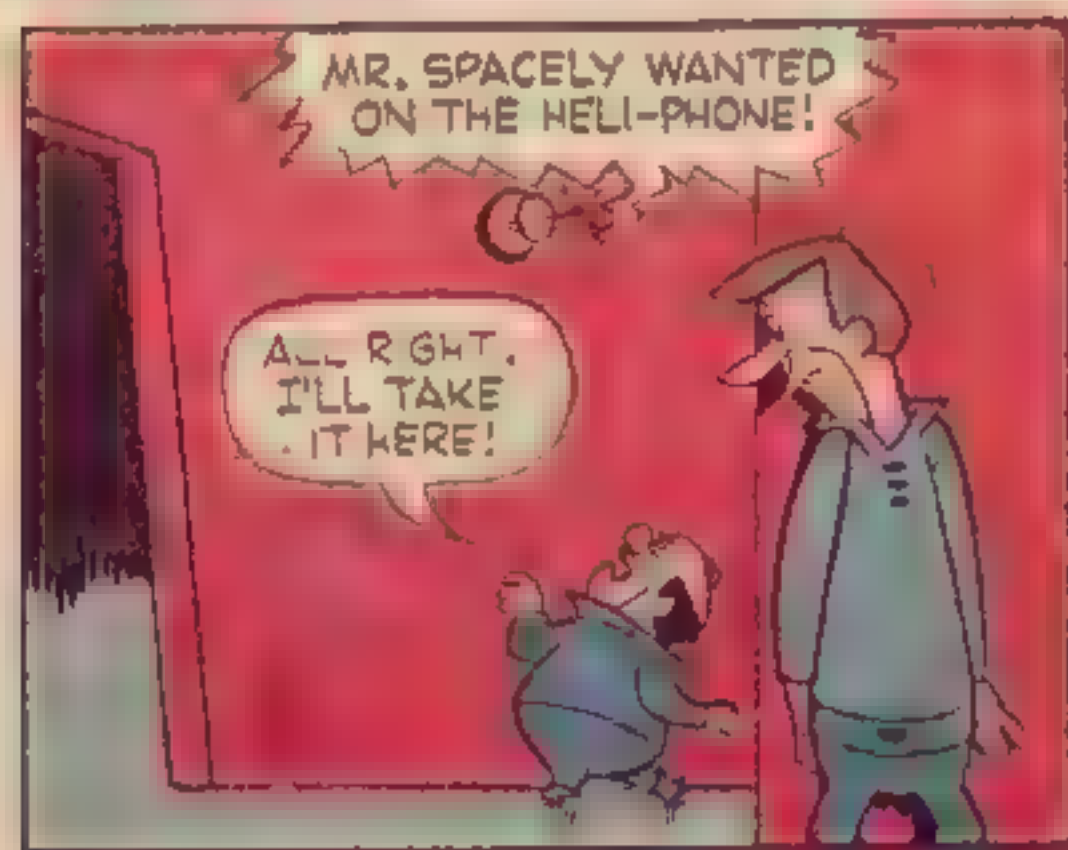
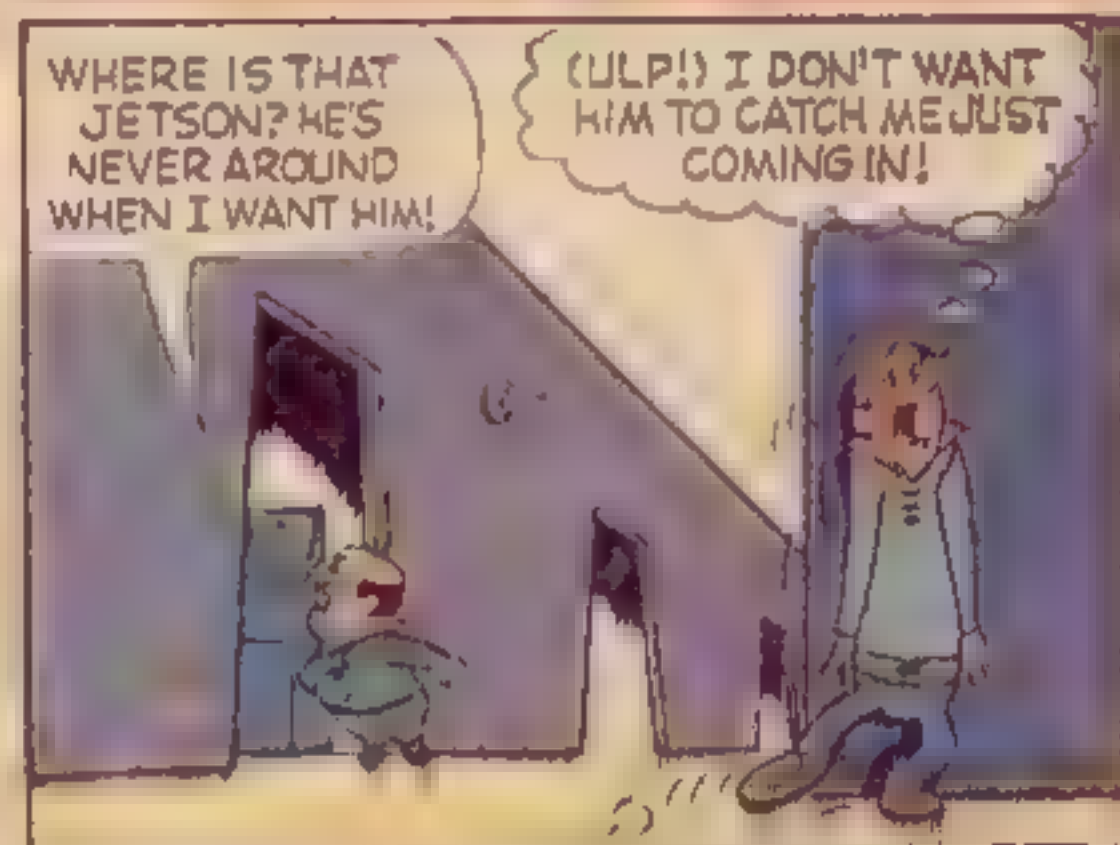
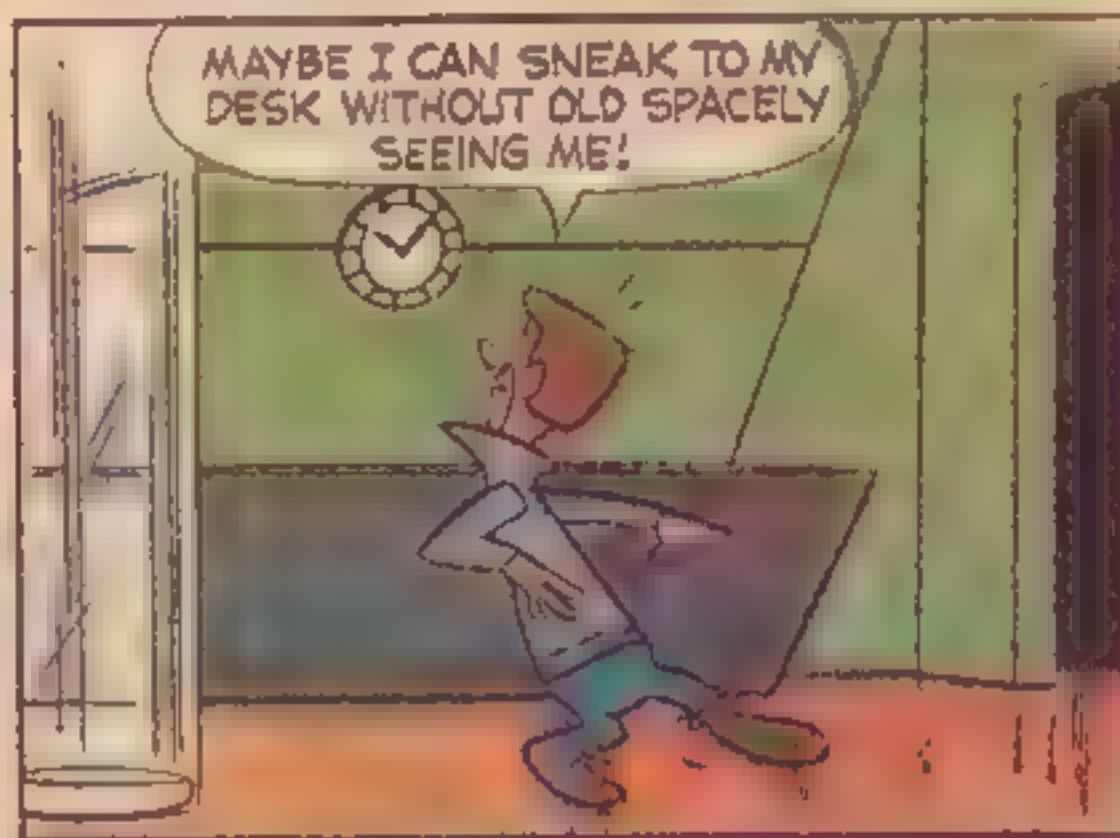
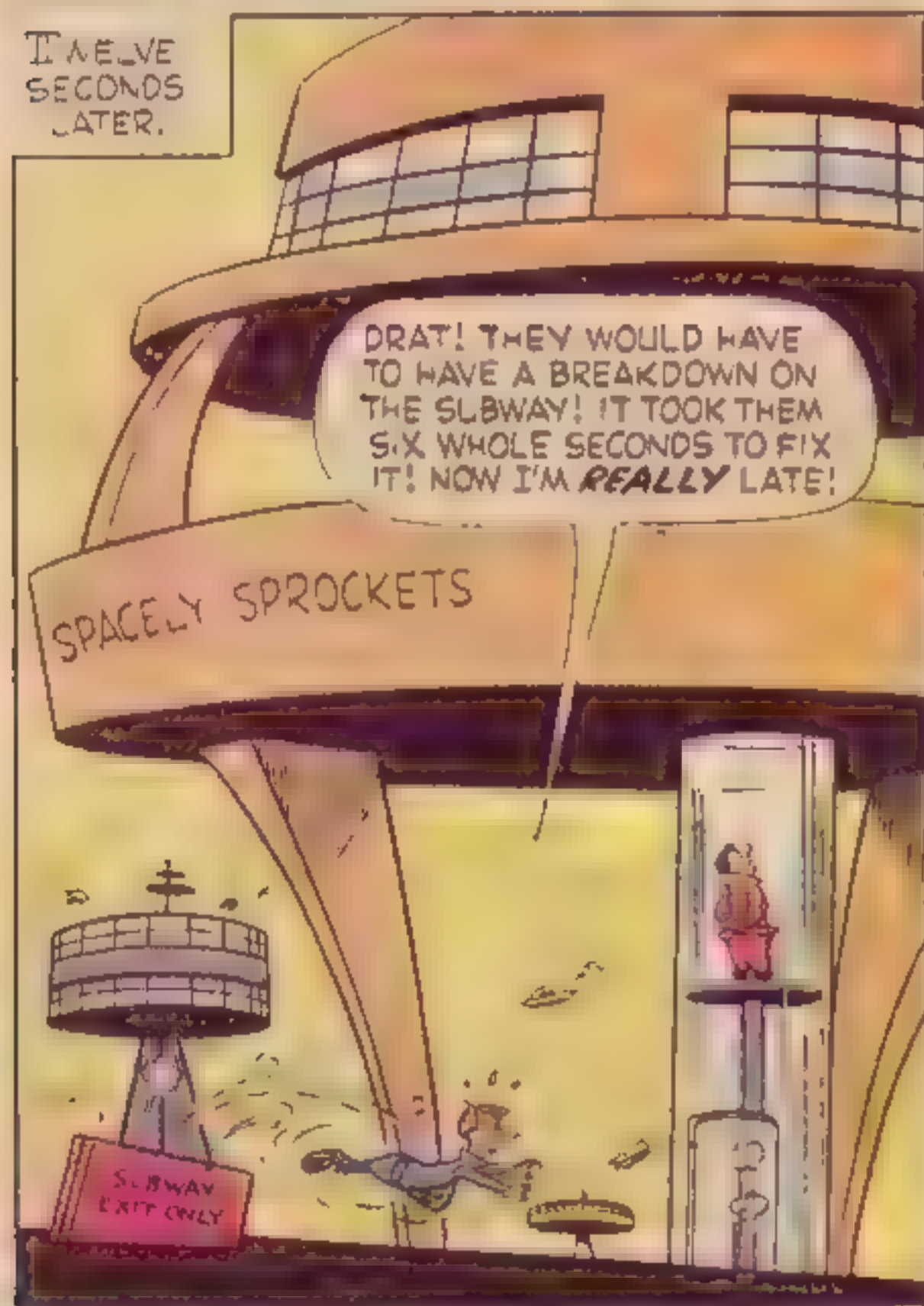
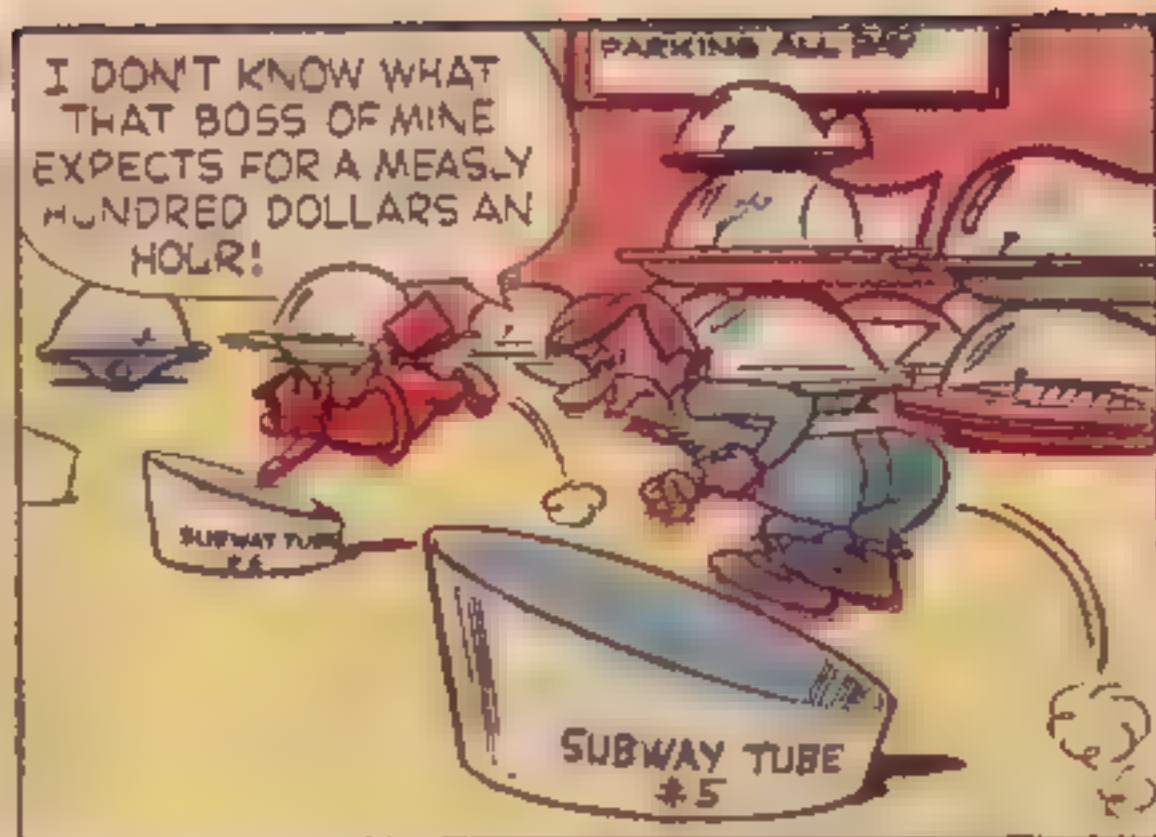
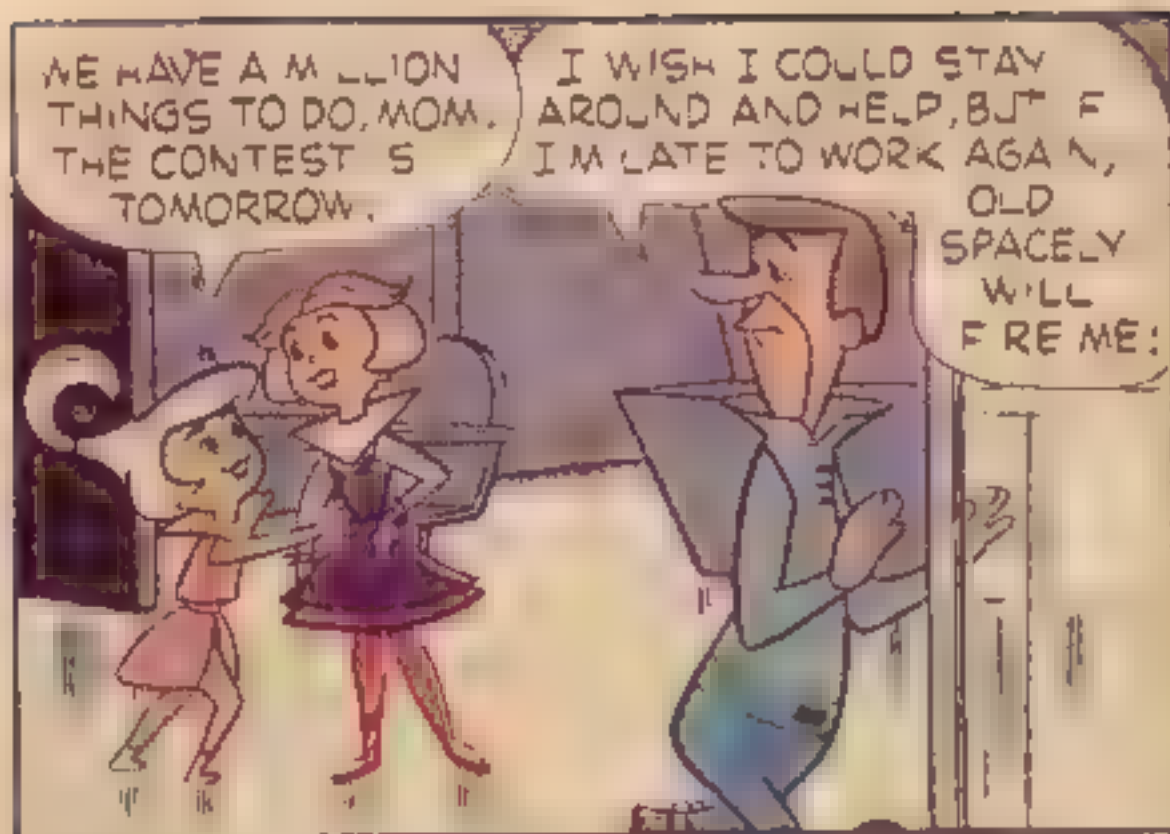


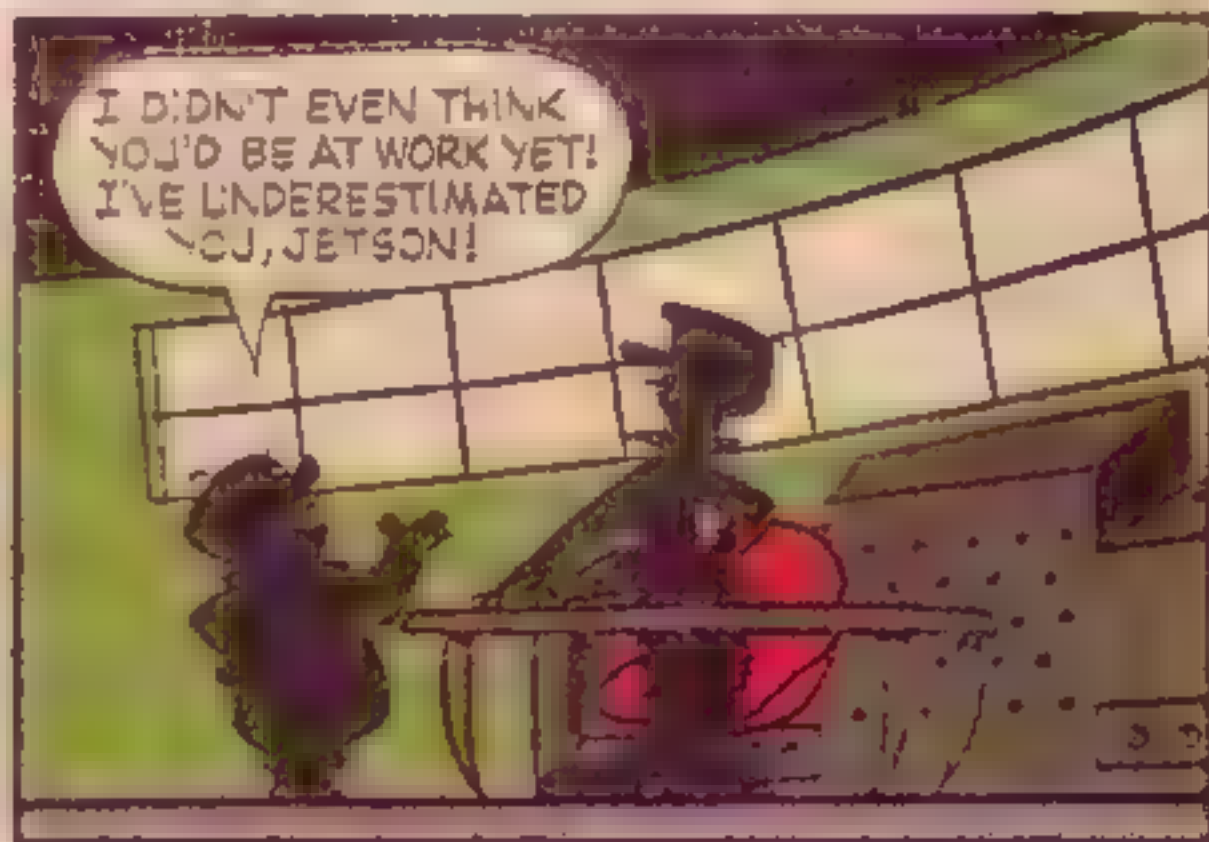
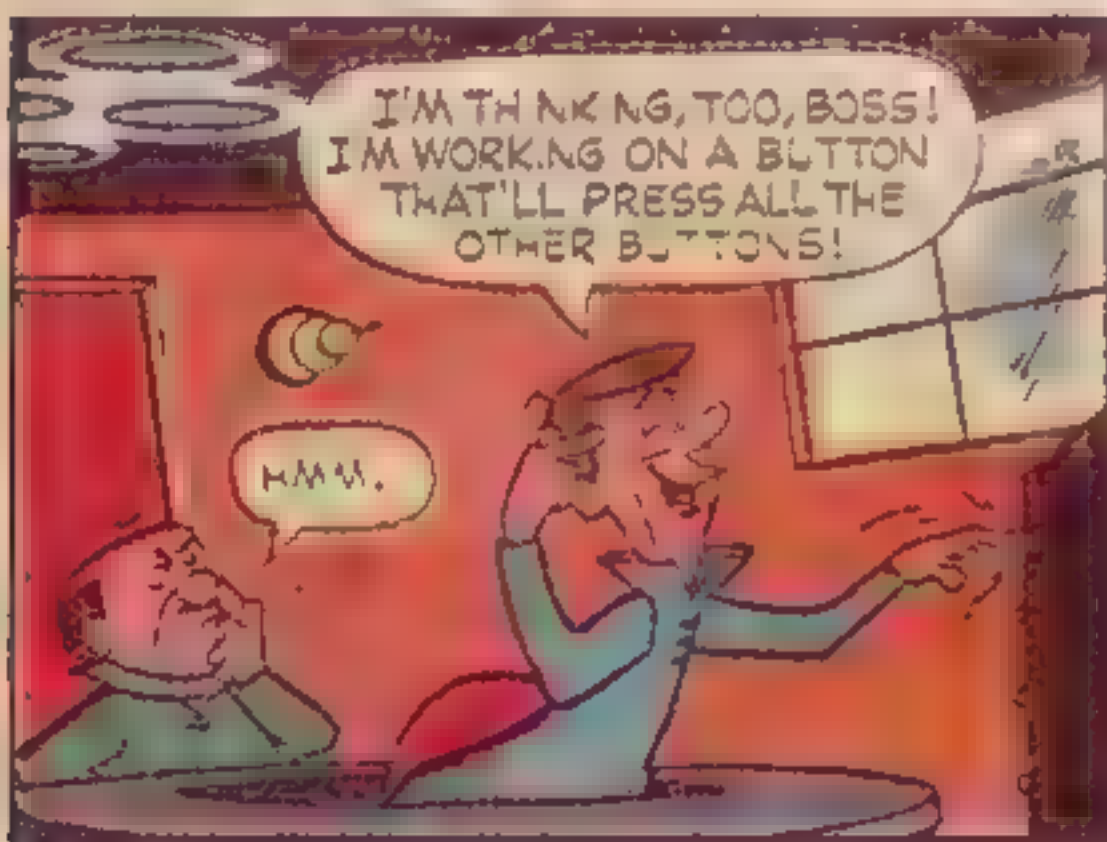
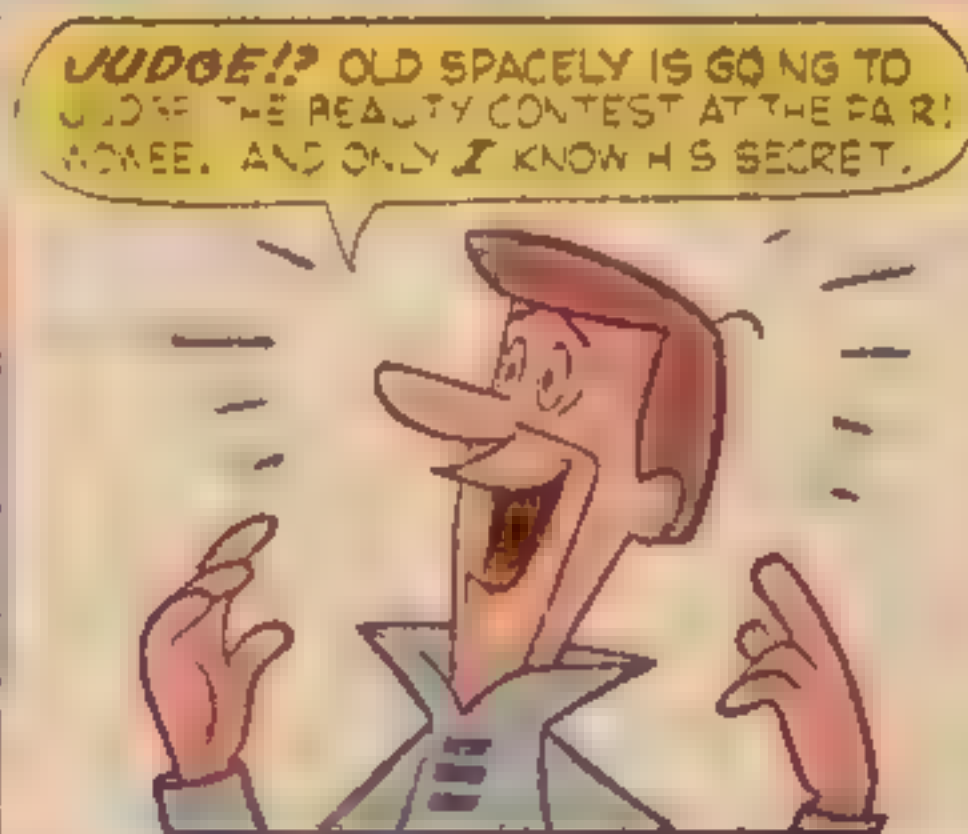
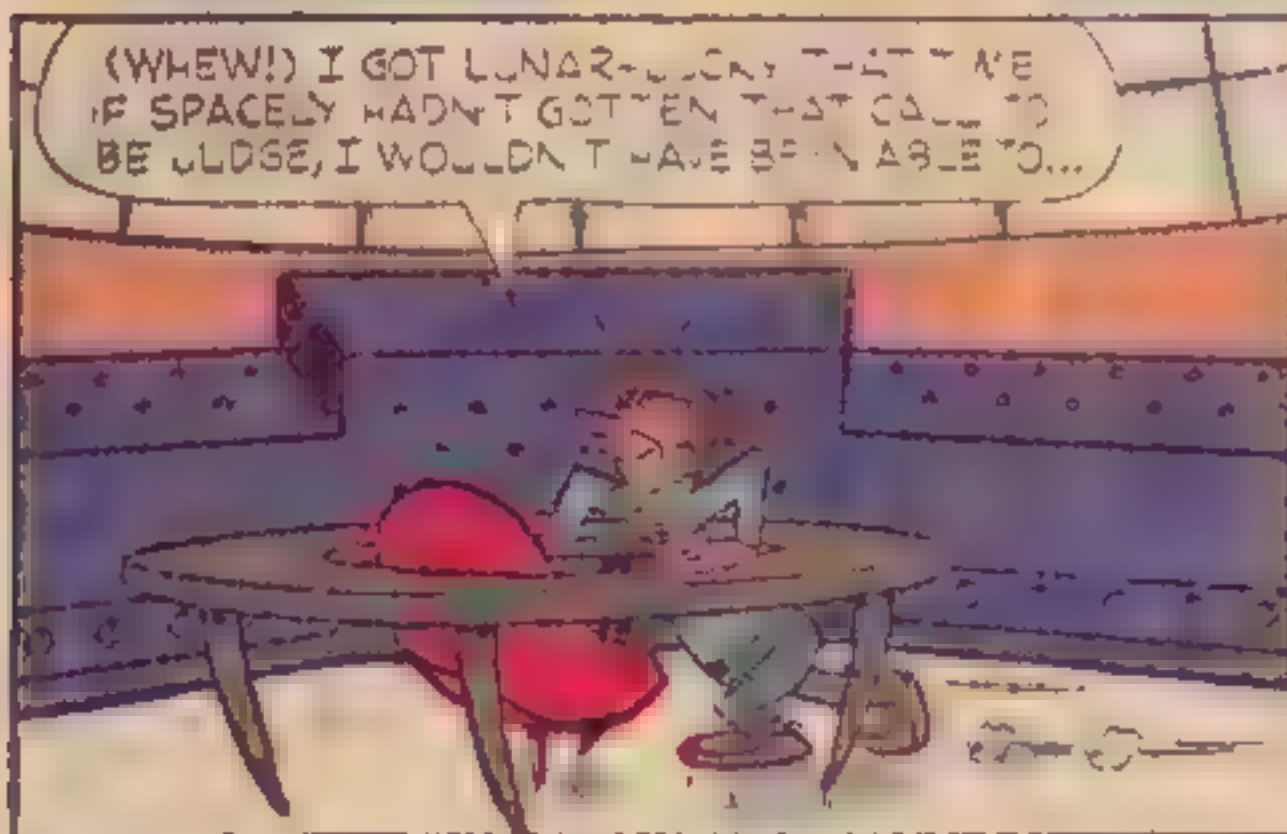
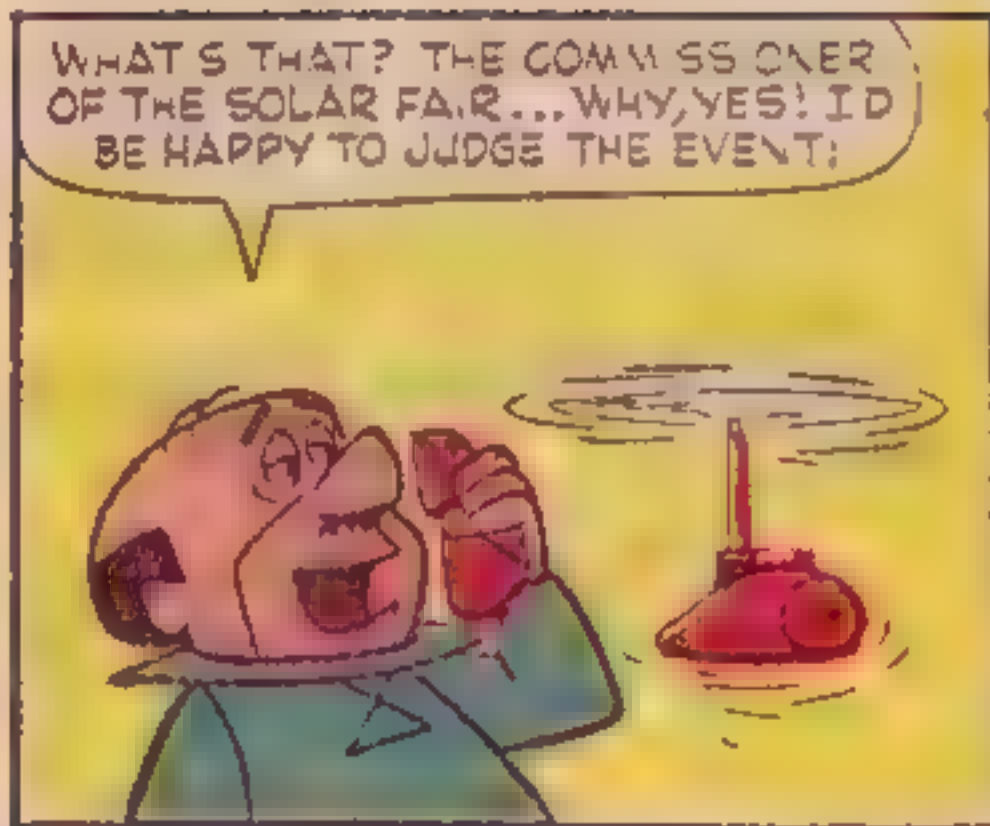


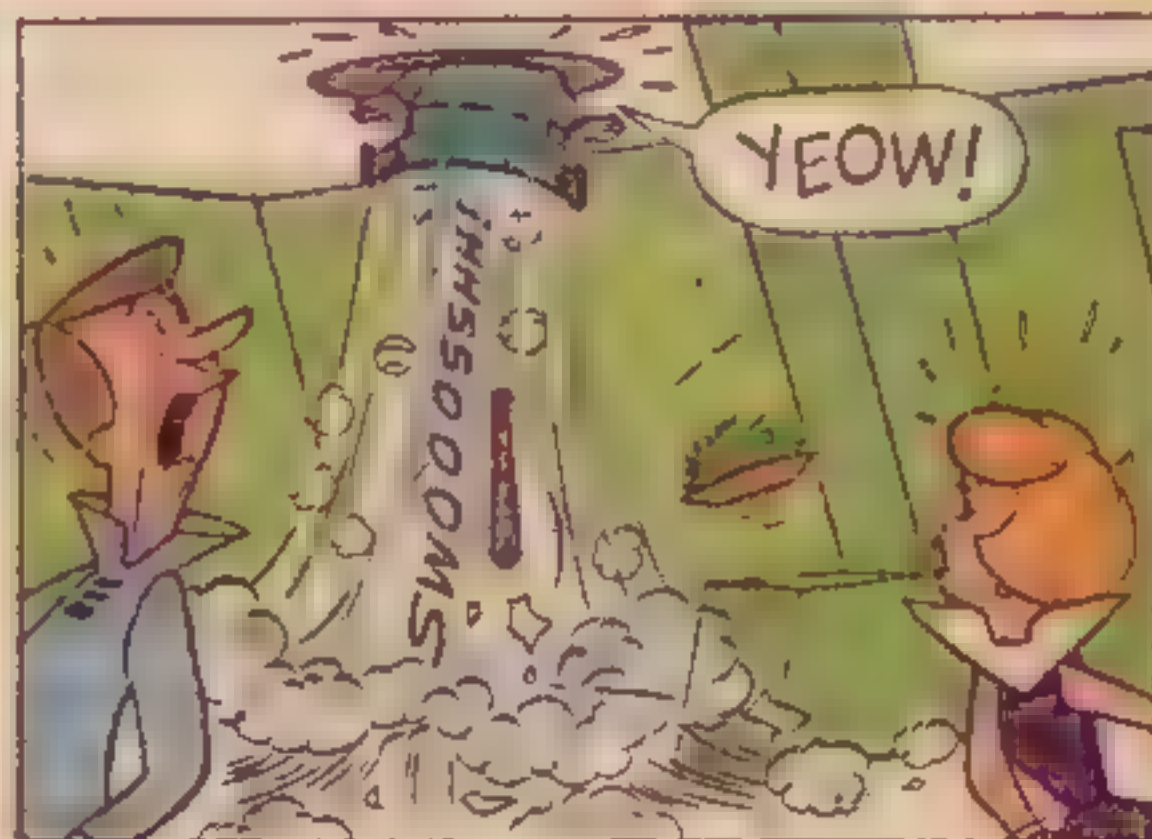
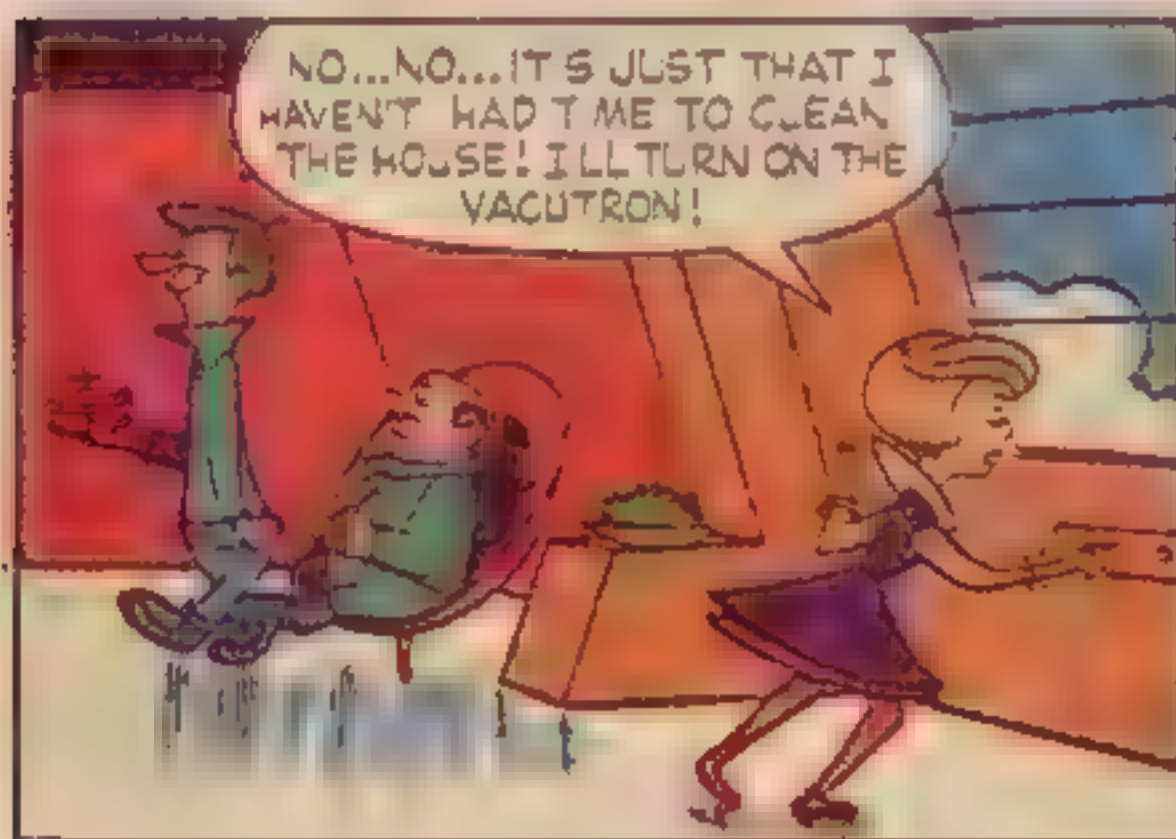
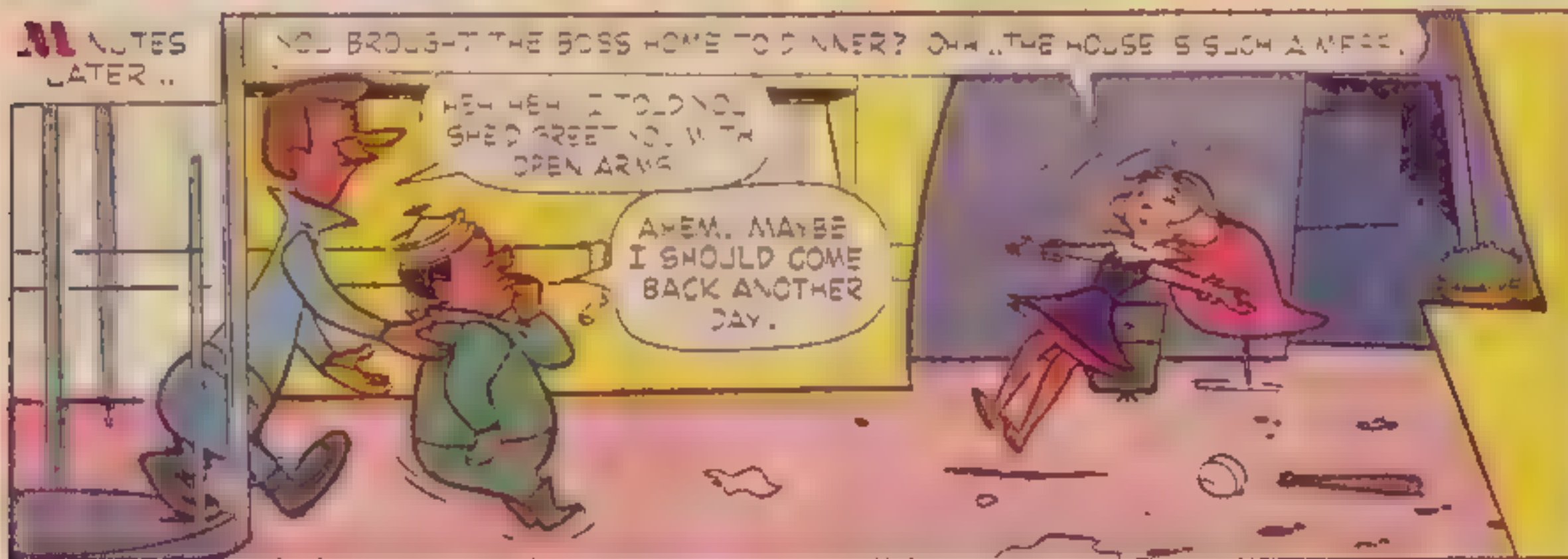
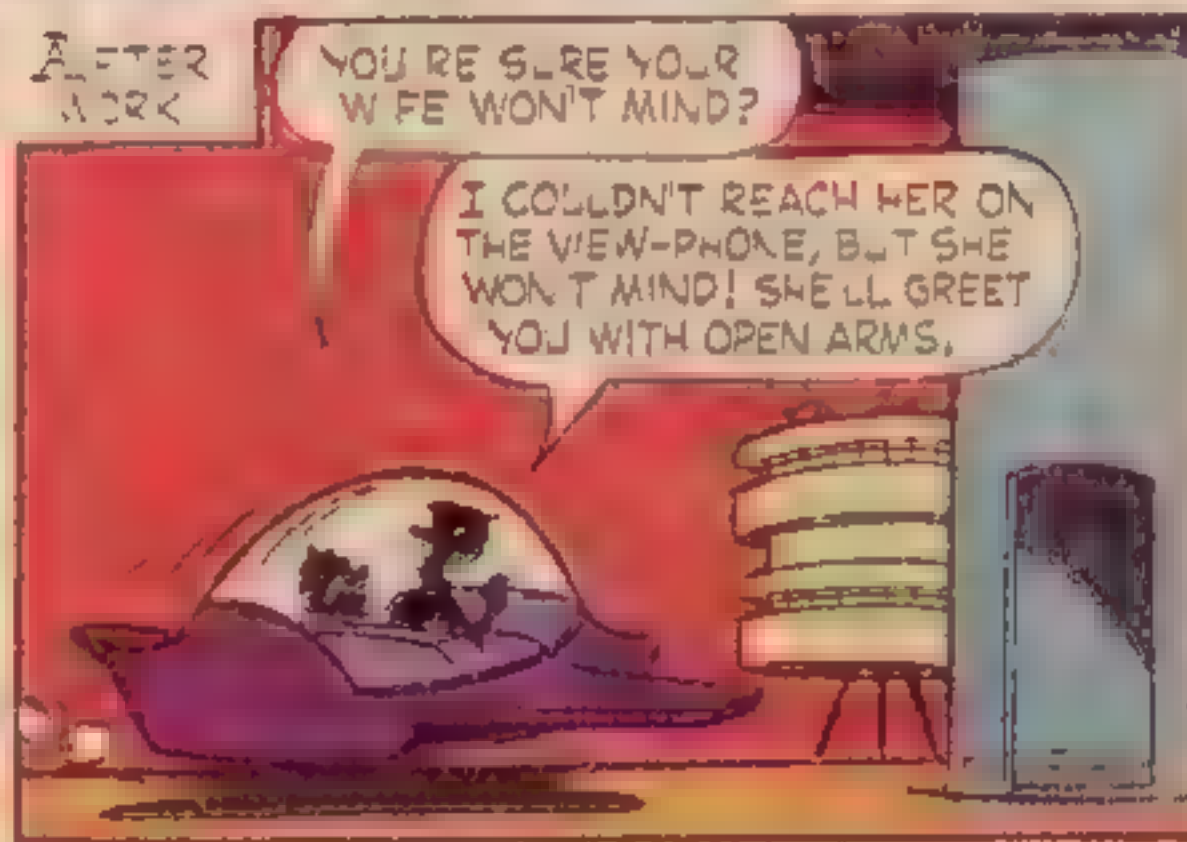
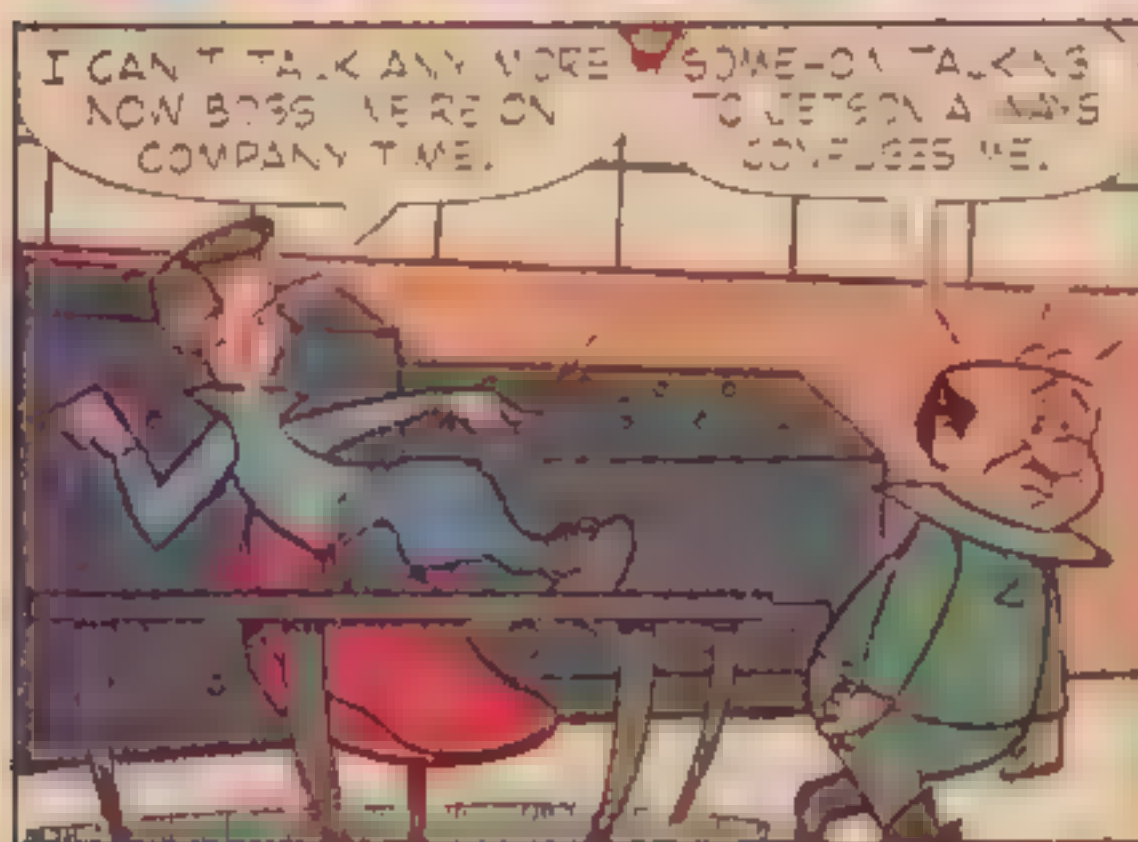
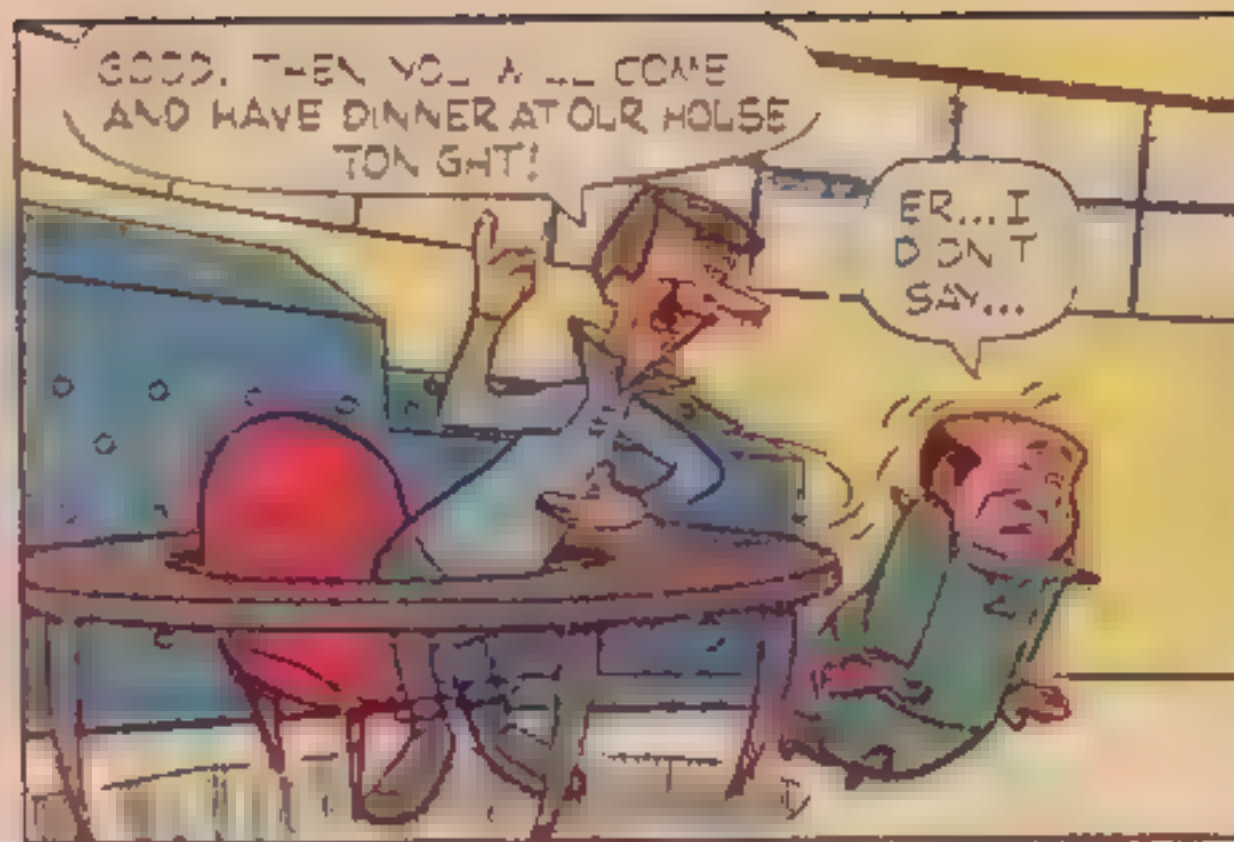
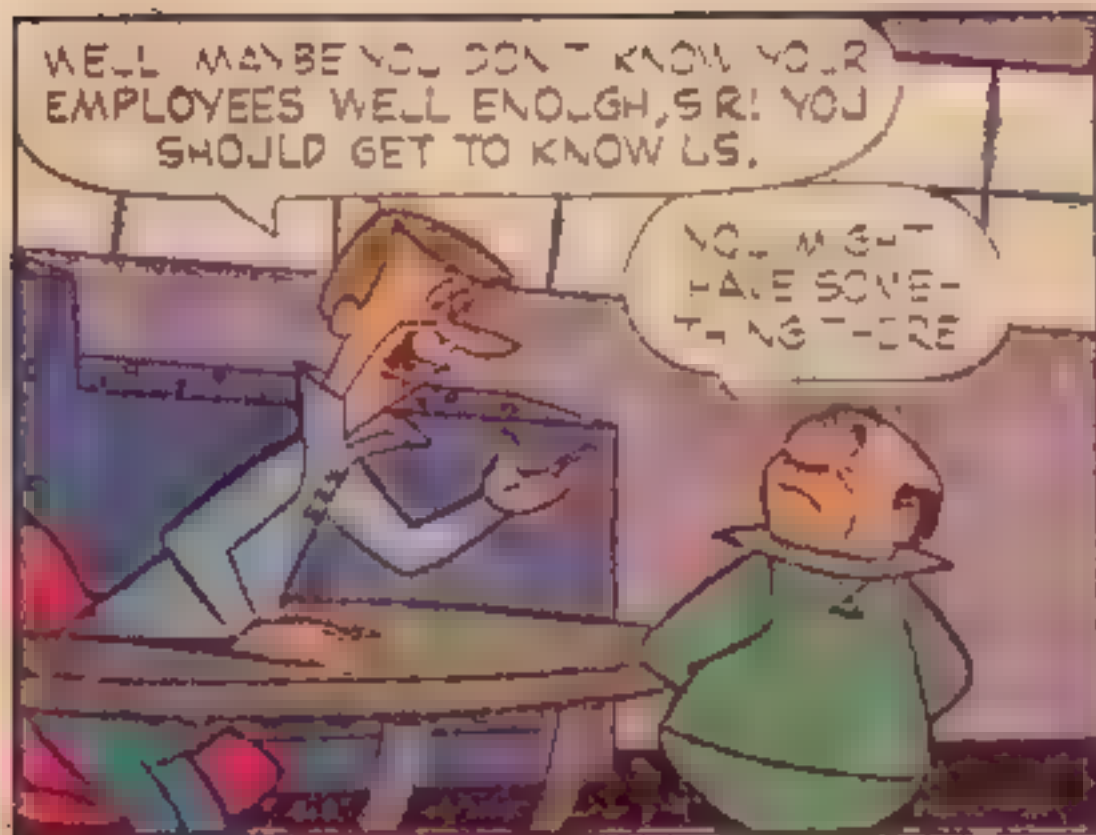
Hanna-Barbera
The **JETSONS**

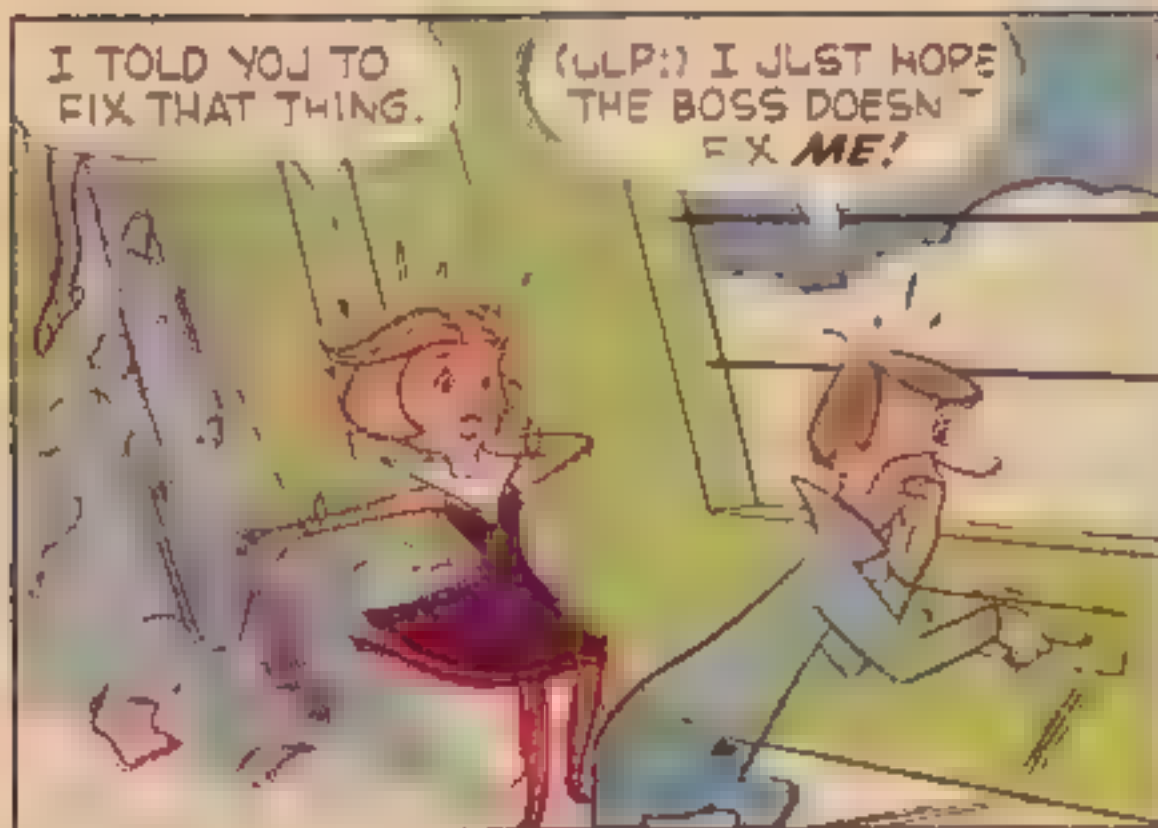
THE BEAUTY AND THE BOSS





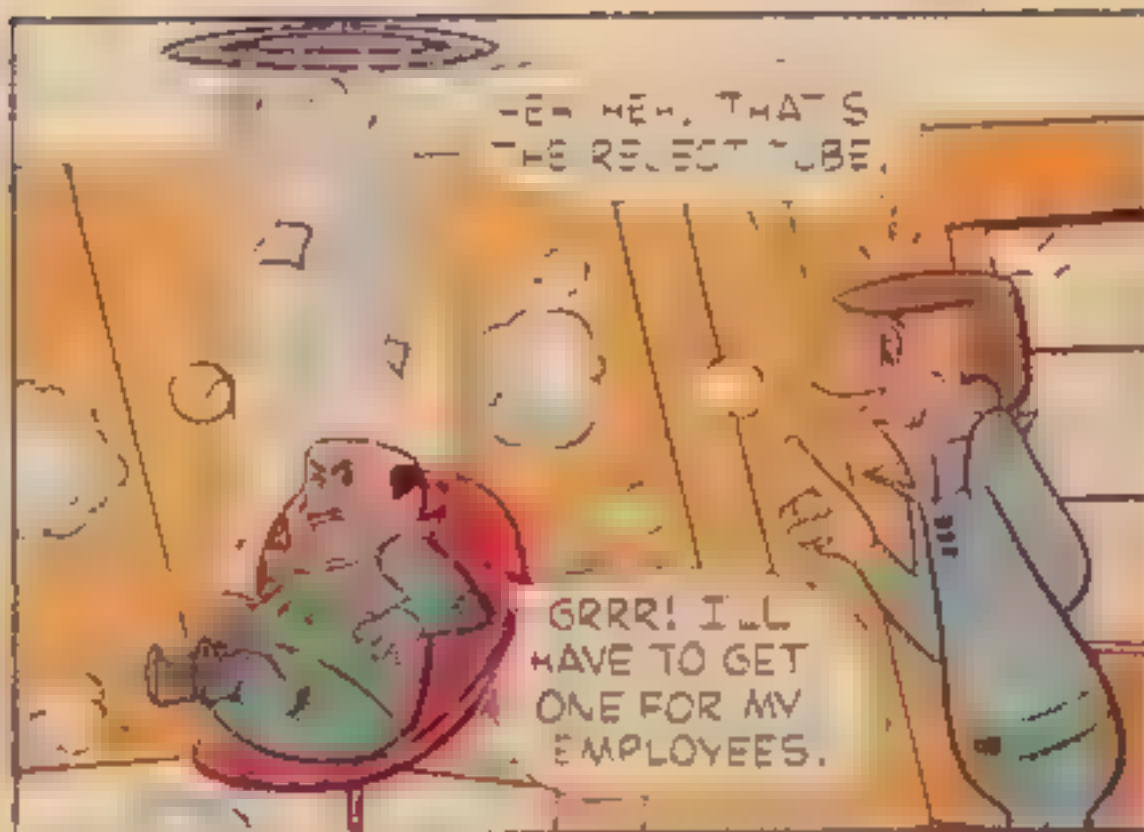






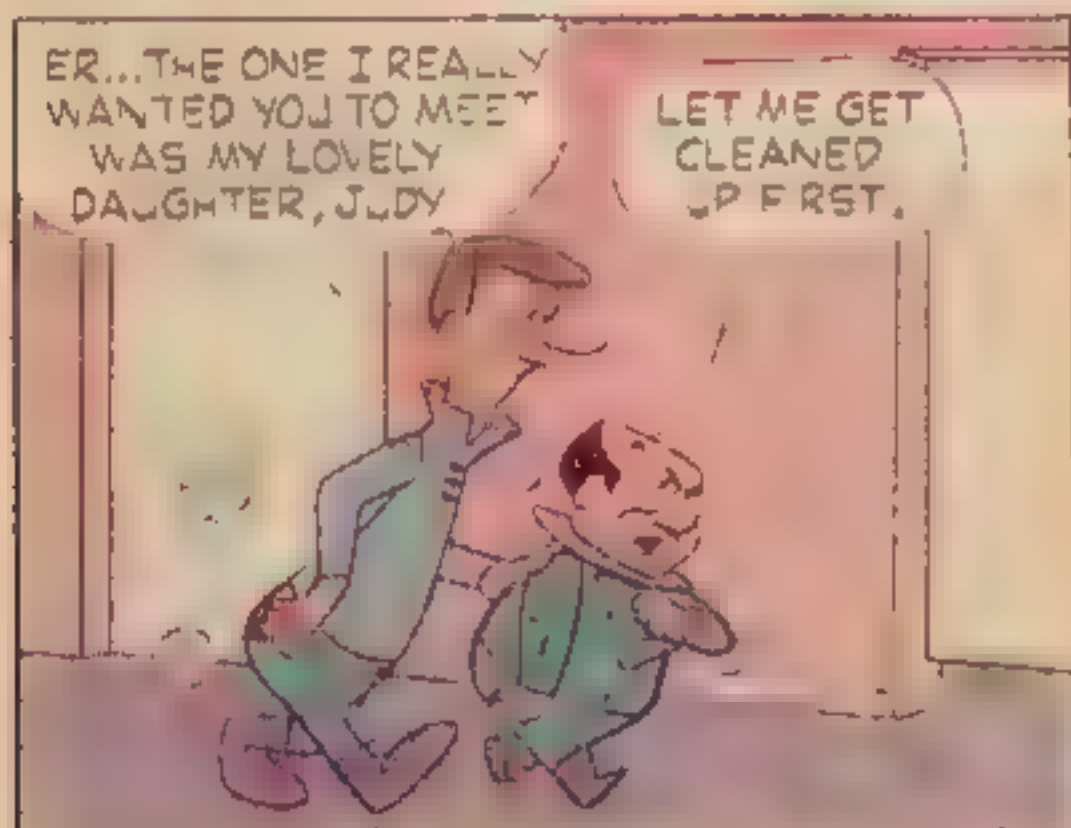
I TOLD YOU TO
FIX THAT THING.

(GULP!) I JUST HOPE
THE BOSS DOESN'T
FIX ME!



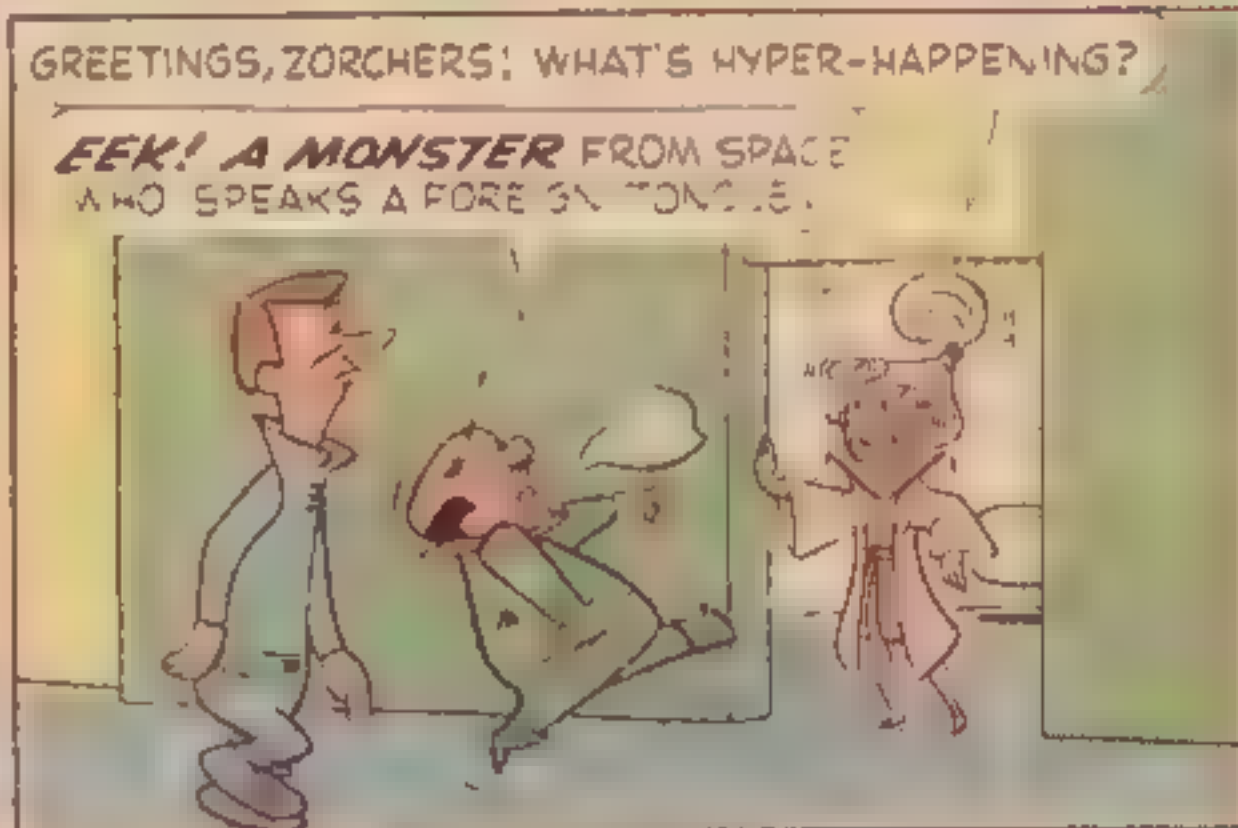
—E—HEH, THAT'S
THE REFLECTOR TUBE.

GRRR! I'LL
HAVE TO GET
ONE FOR MY
EMPLOYEES.



ER...THE ONE I REALLY
WANTED YOU TO MEET
WAS MY LOVELY
DAUGHTER, JUDY

LET ME GET
CLEANED
UP FIRST.



GREETINGS, ZORCHERS! WHAT'S HYPER-HAPPENING?

EKK! A MONSTER FROM SPACE
WHO SPEAKS A FOREIGN TONGUE.

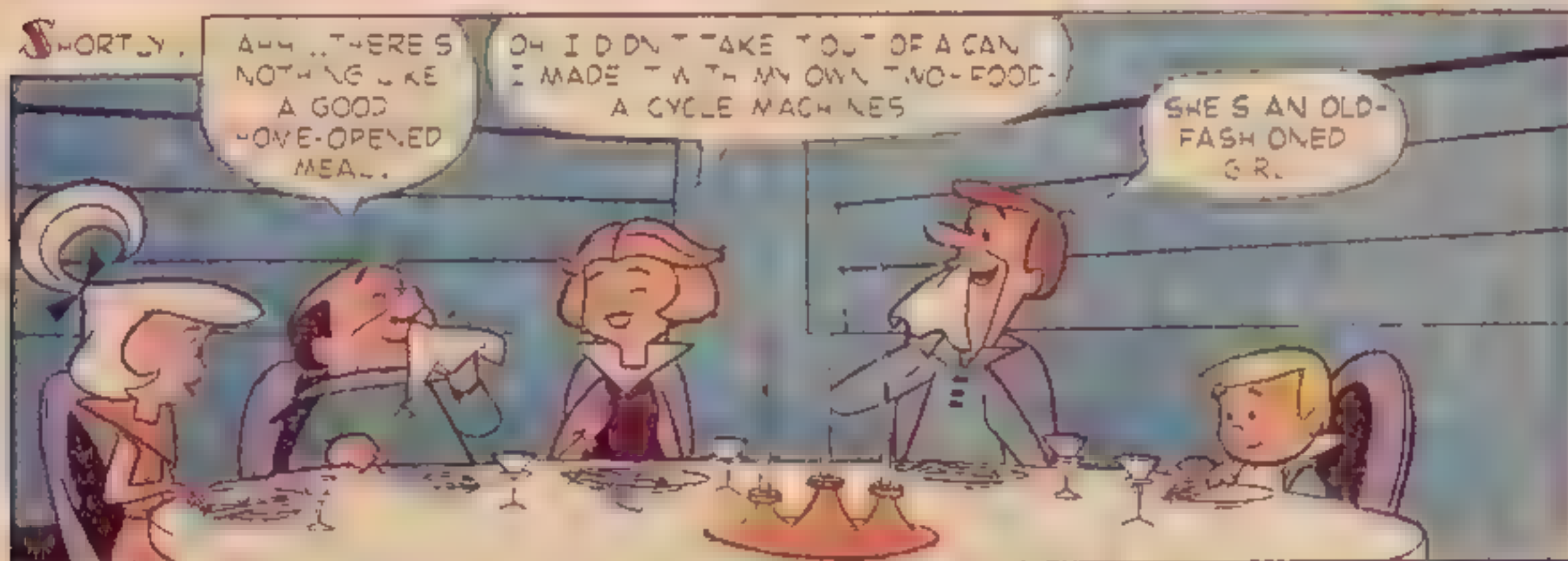


ER...YOU NEED A LITTLE REST.
LET'S GO OUT ON THE PATIO AND
WATCH THE SUNSET ON
TELEVISION.

MAYBE
YOU'RE
RIGHT.



FOR GOODNESS'S SAKE, JUDY, GET OUT OF THAT
LUNK AND GET DINNER READY, JANE! WE'LL BE
BACK IN TO EAT IN TEN MINUTES.

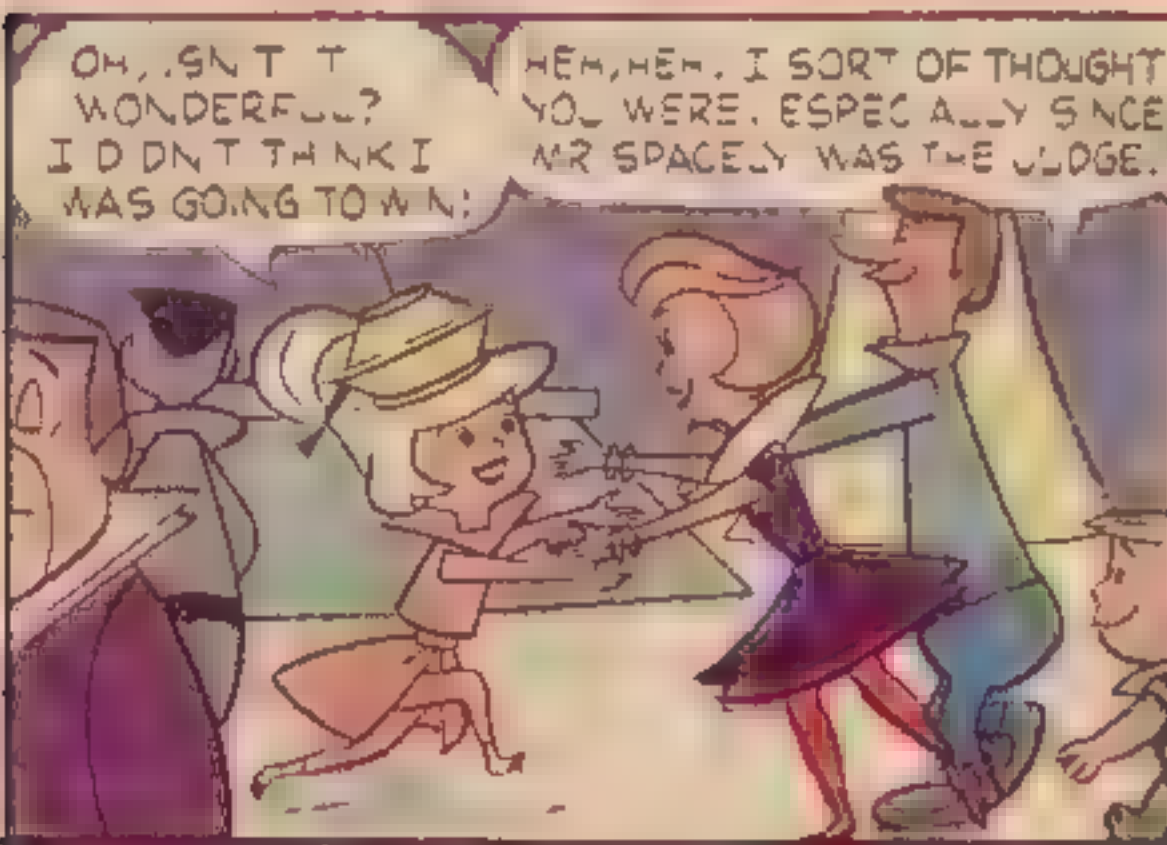
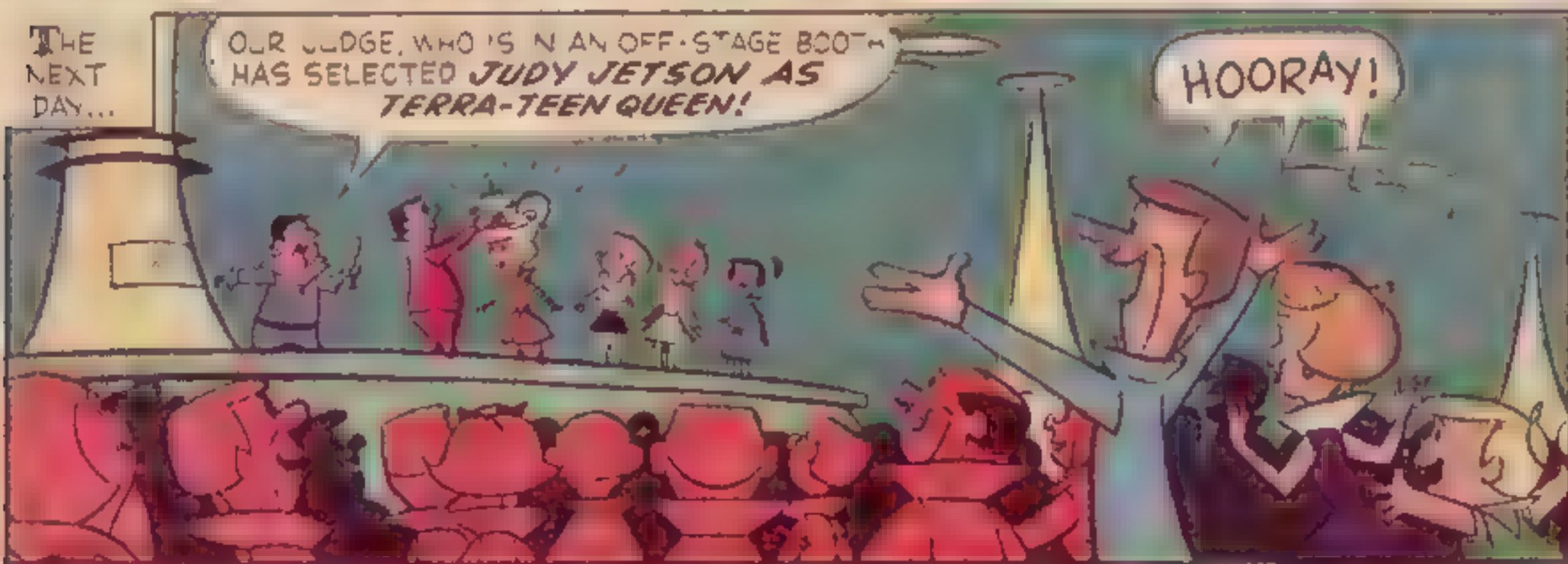
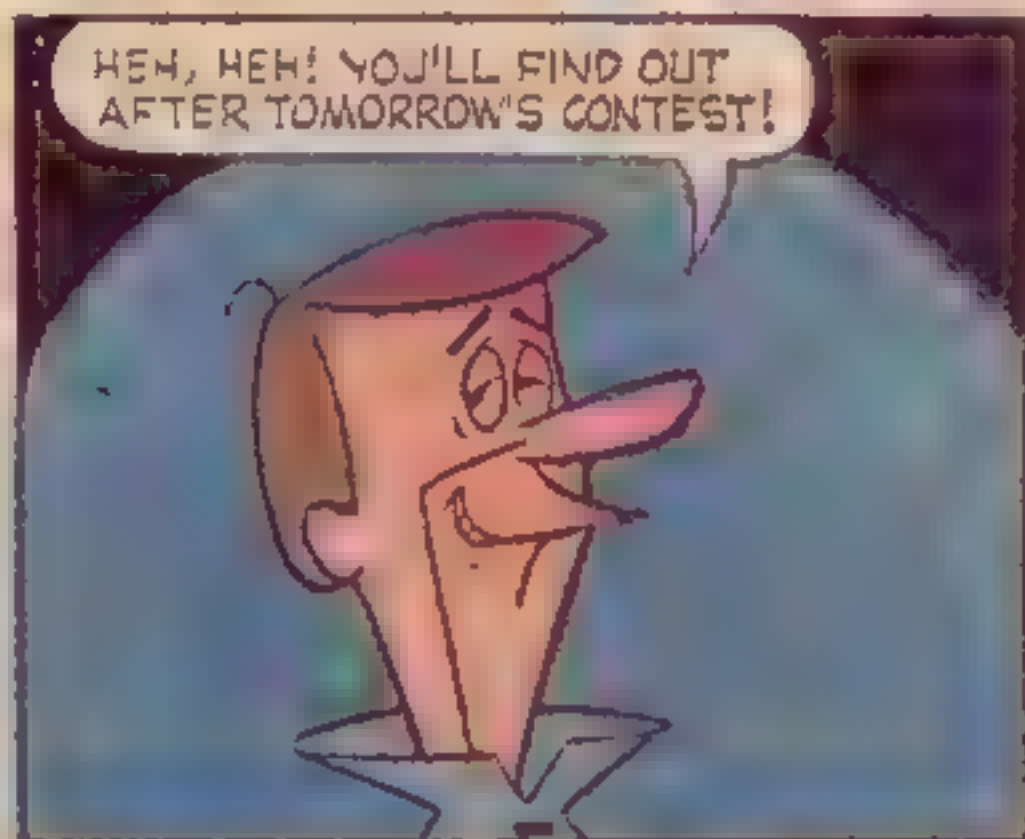
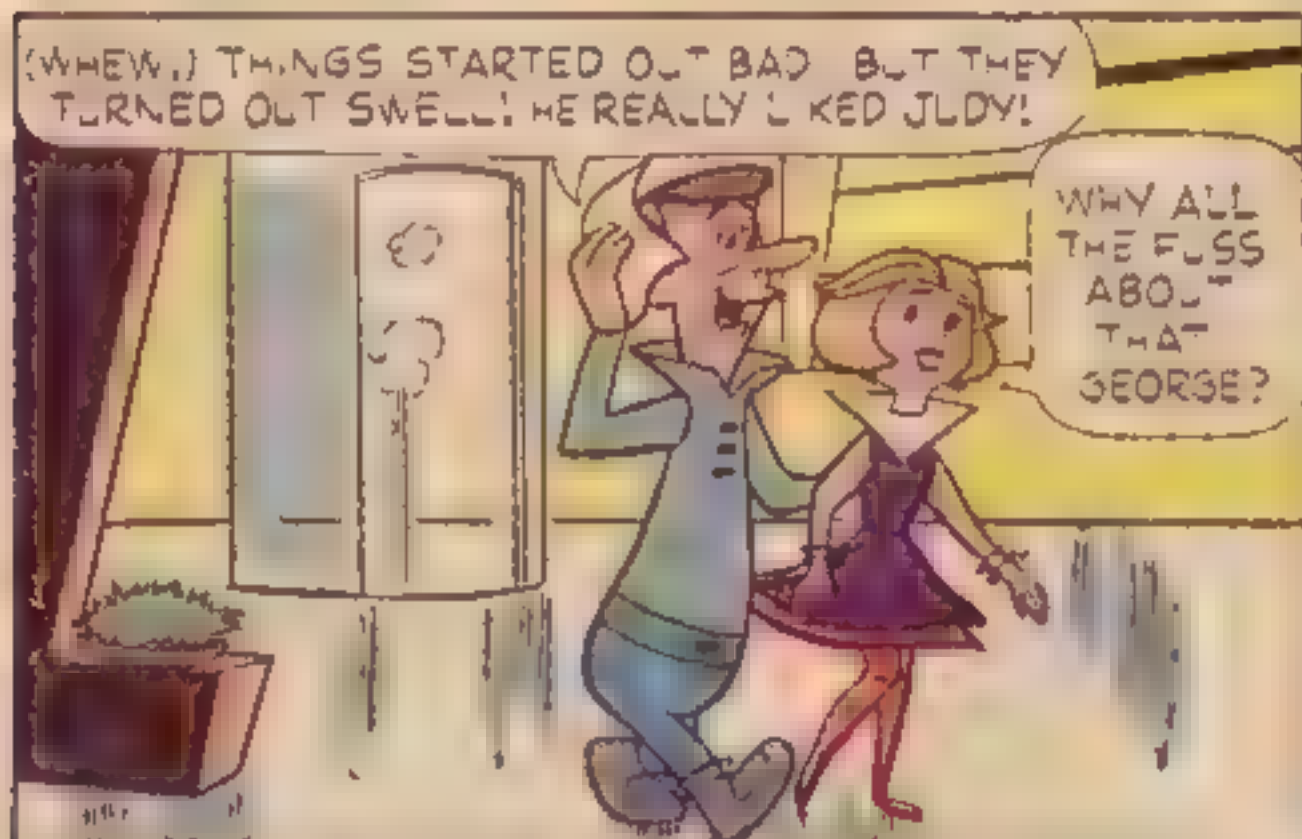
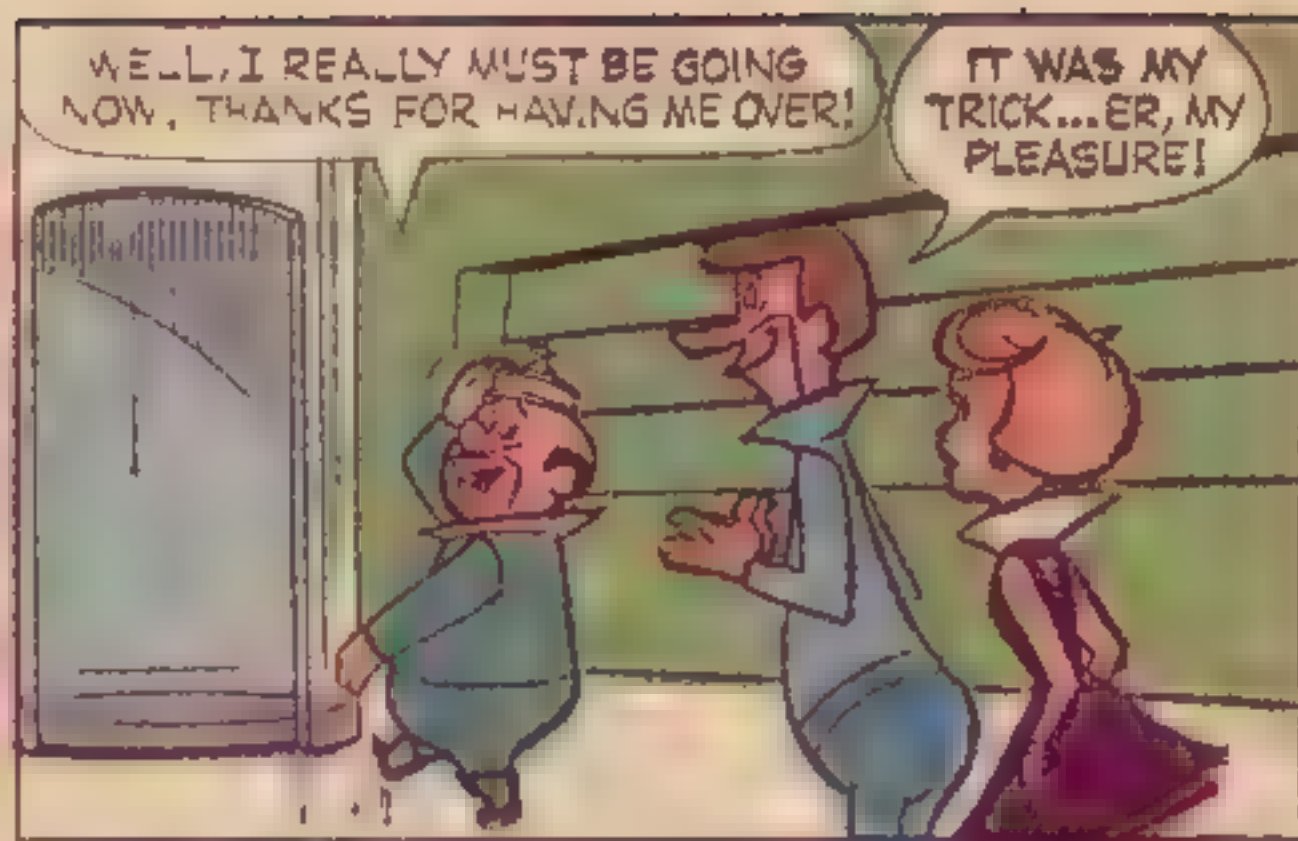
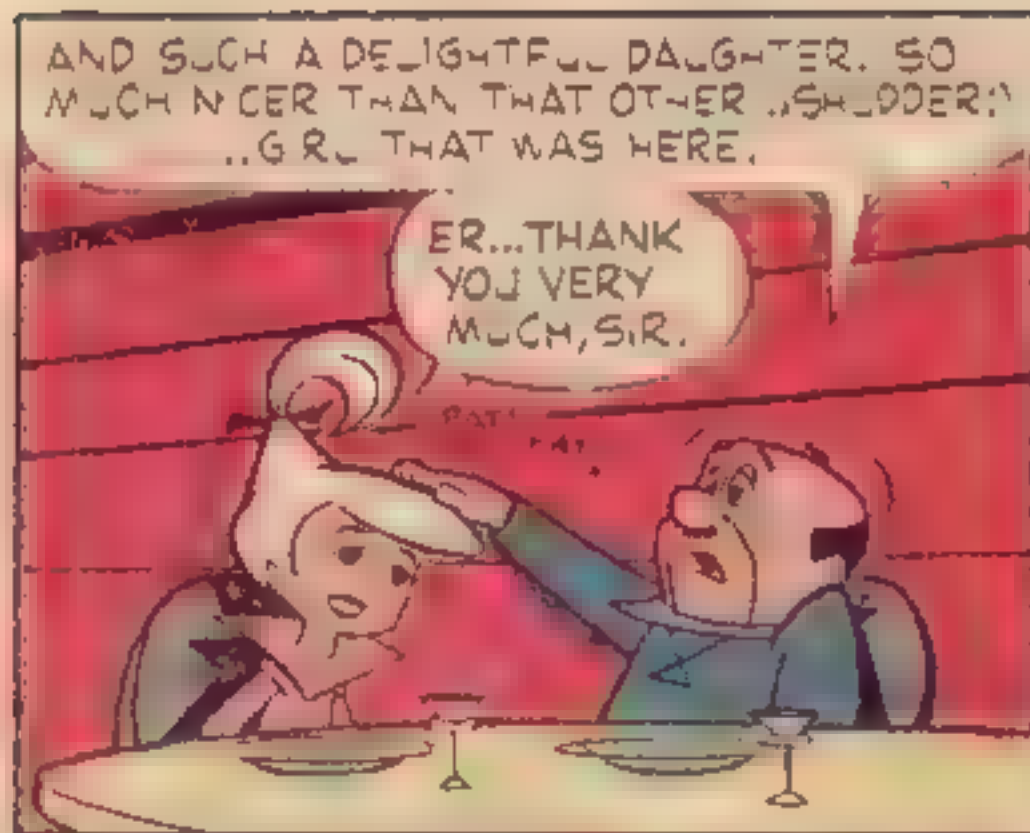


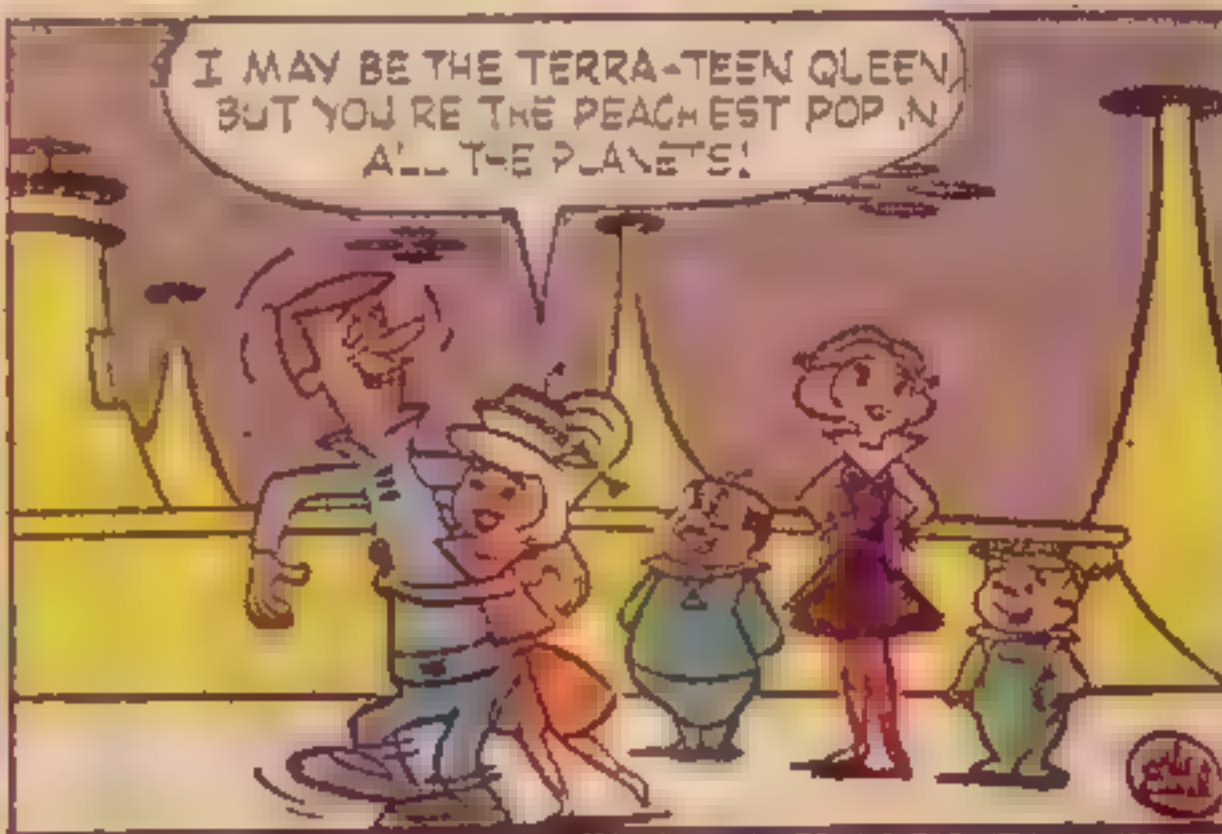
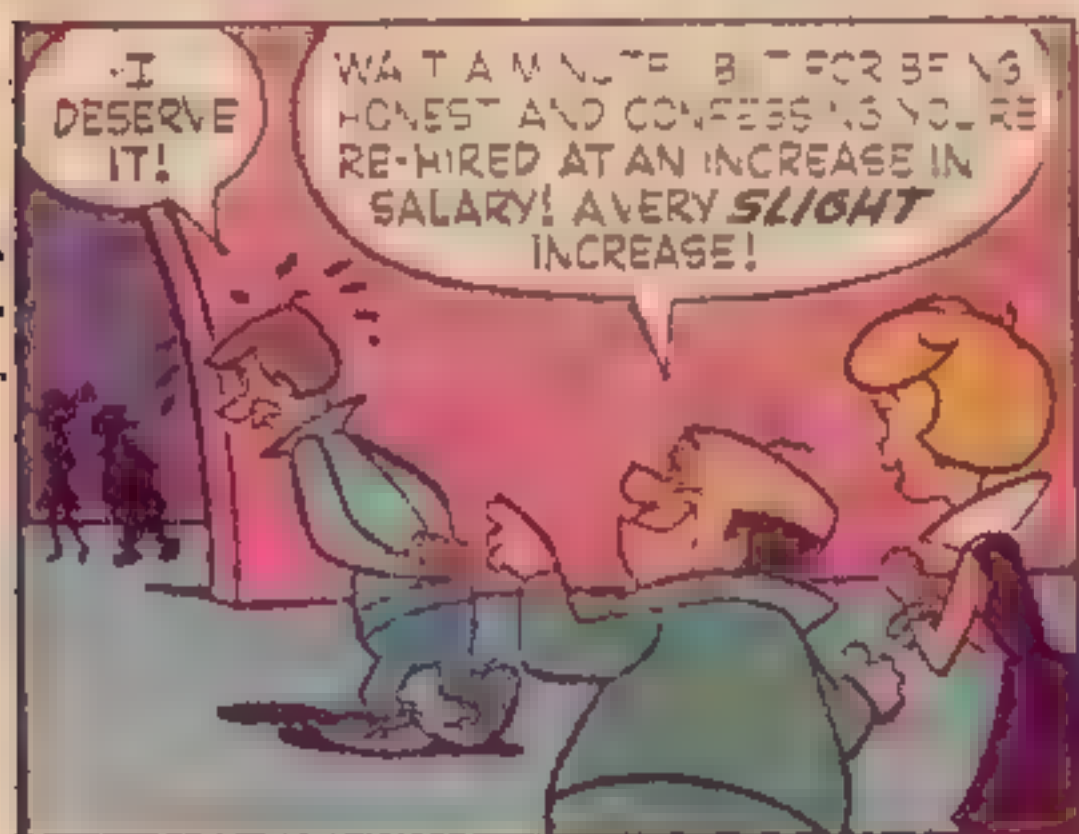
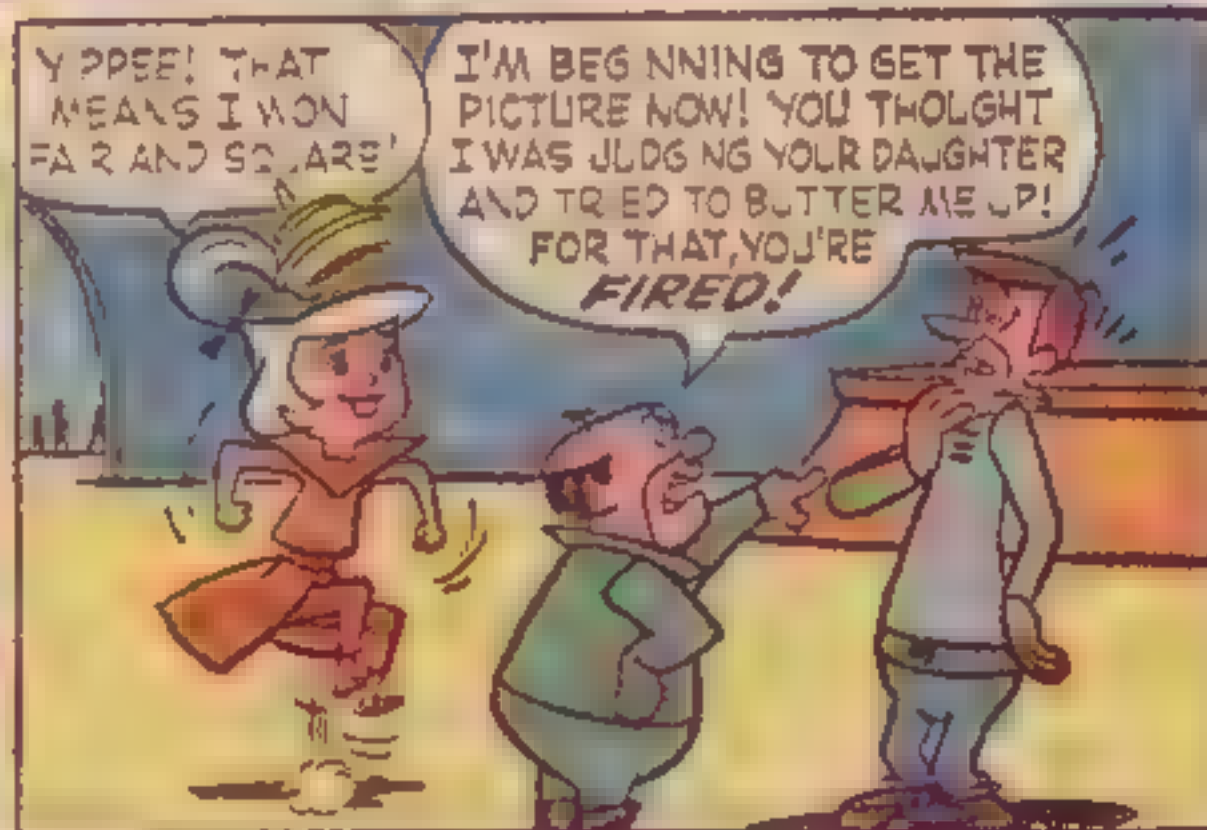
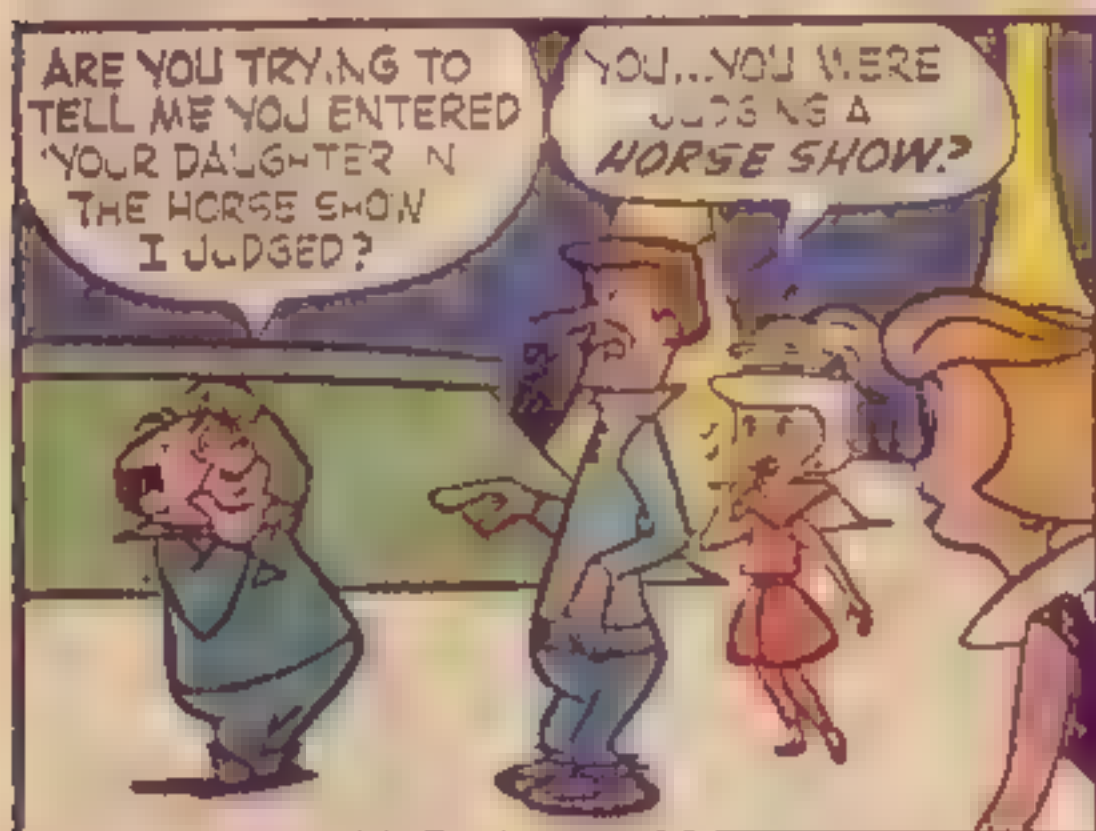
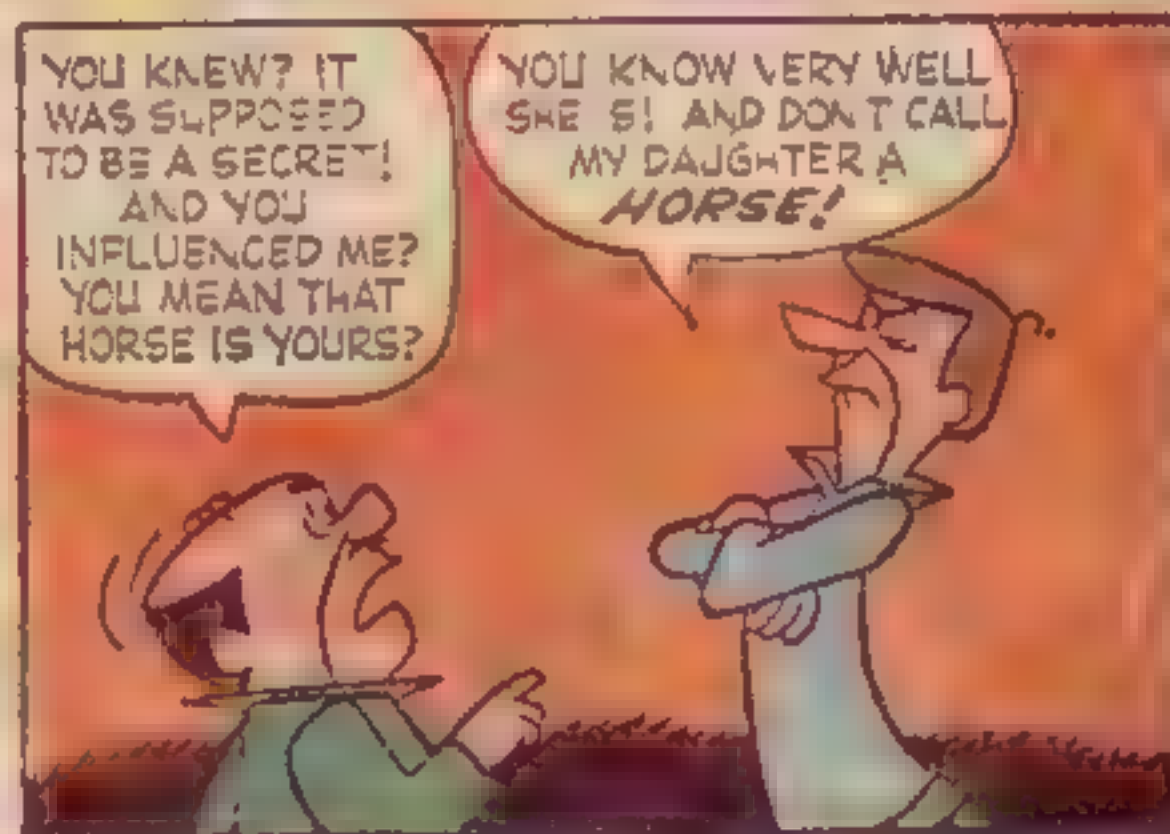
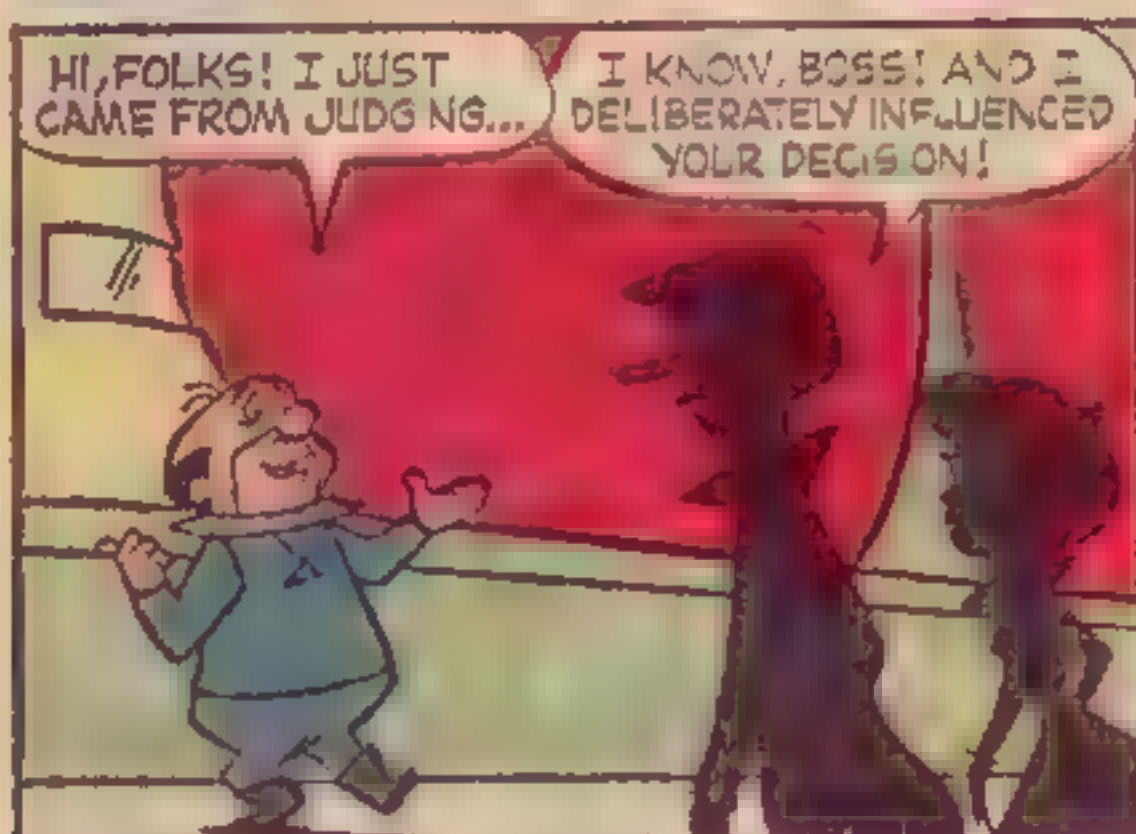
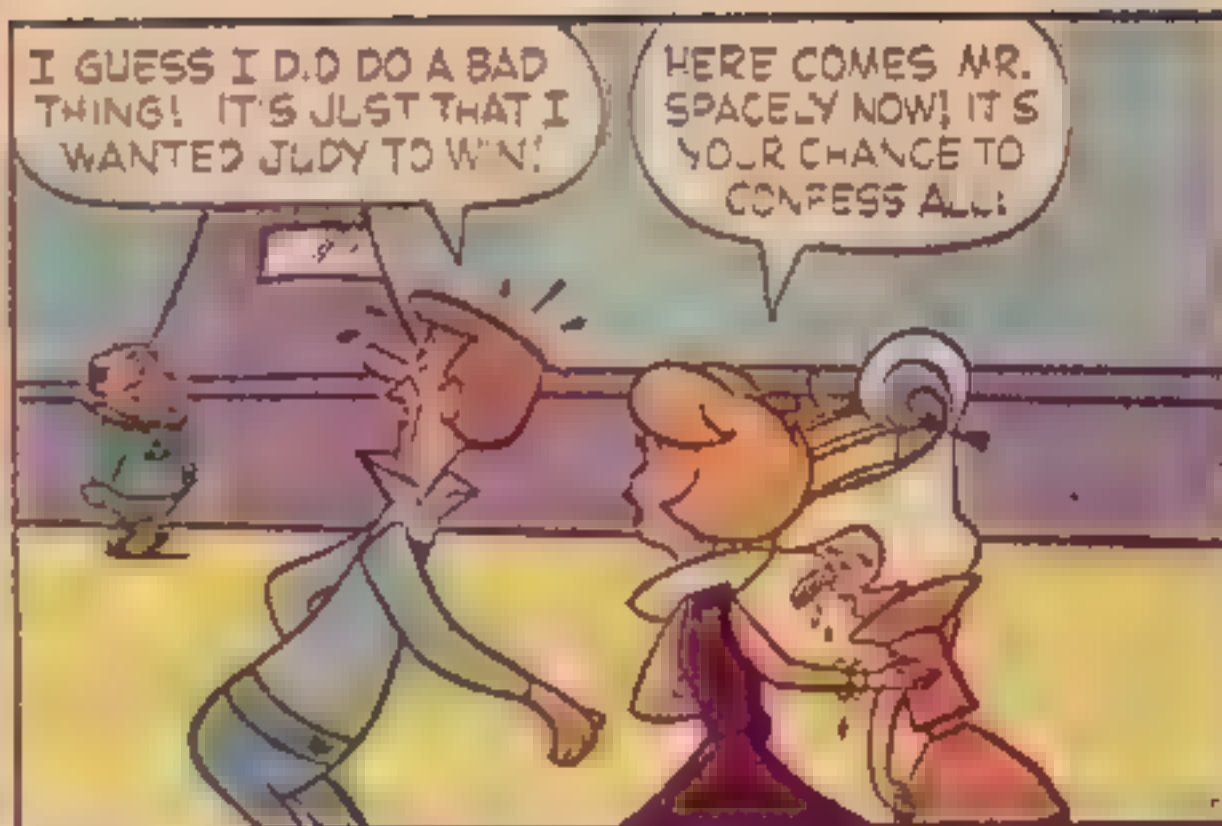
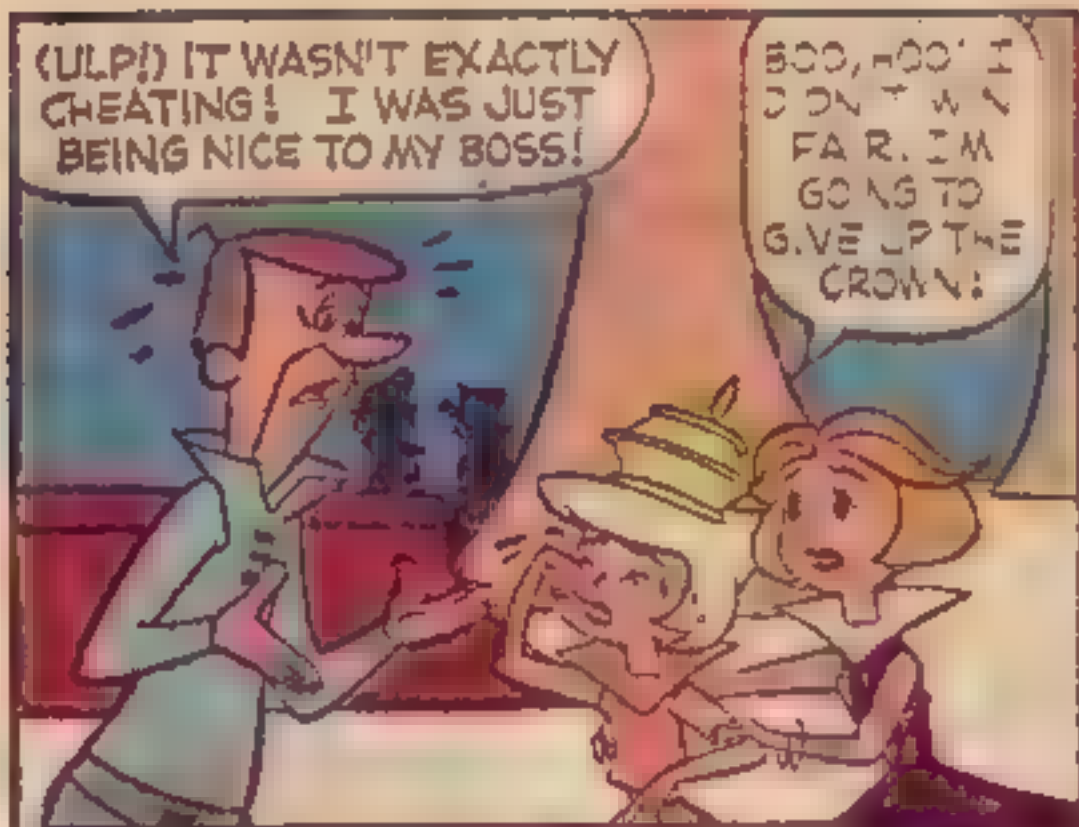
SHORTLY,

AWH...THERE'S
NOTHING LIKE
A GOOD
HOME-OPENED
MEAL.

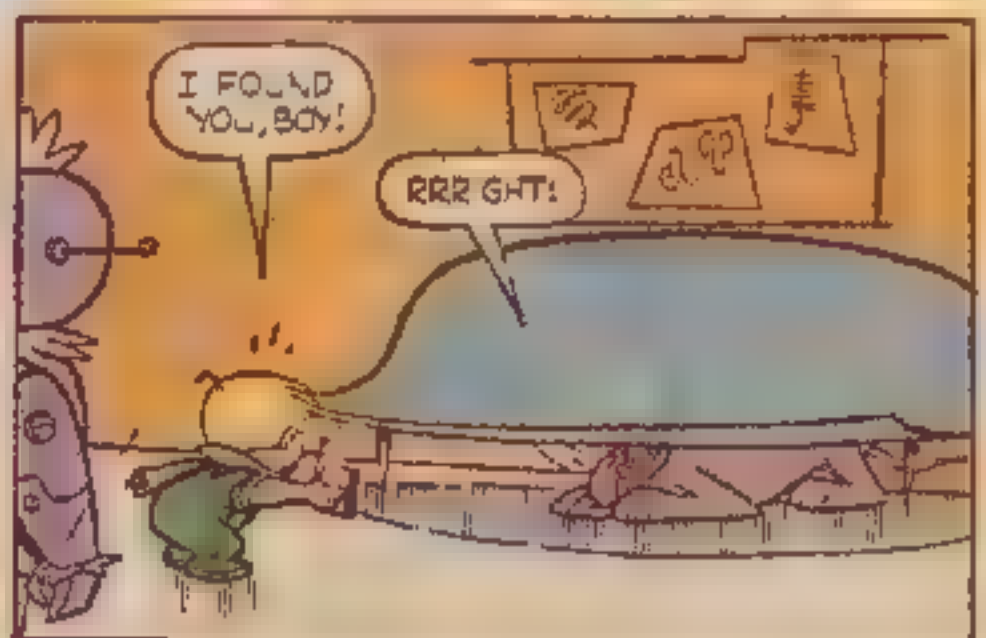
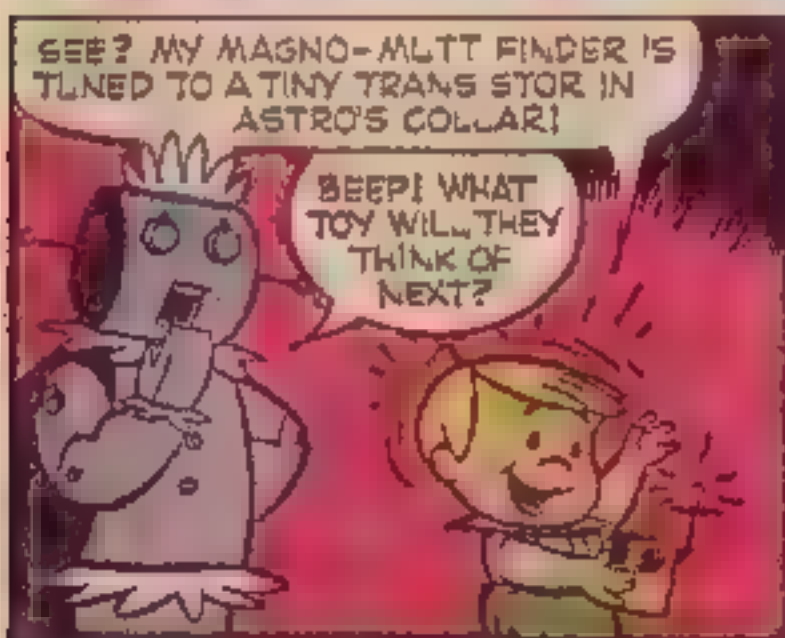
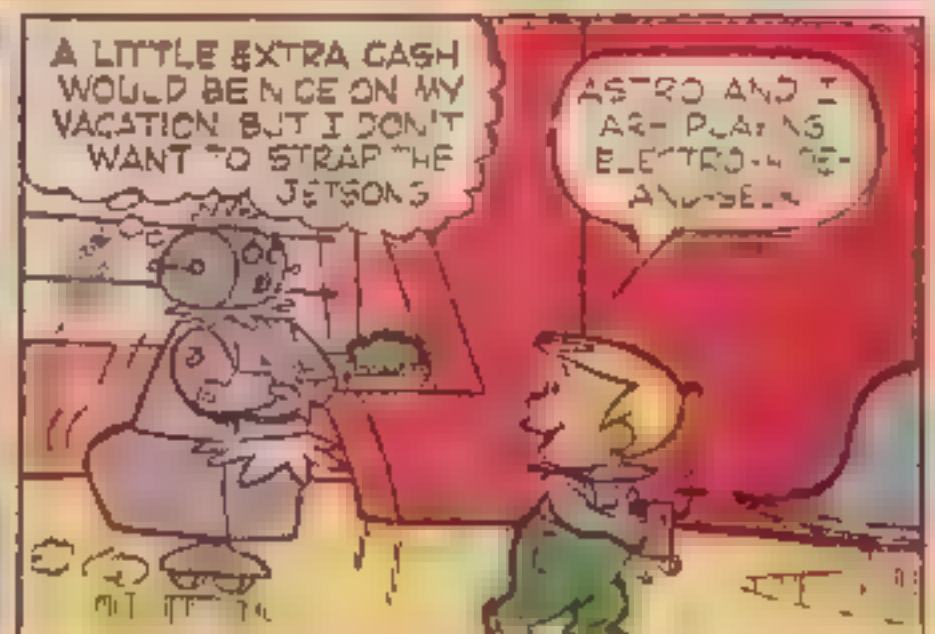
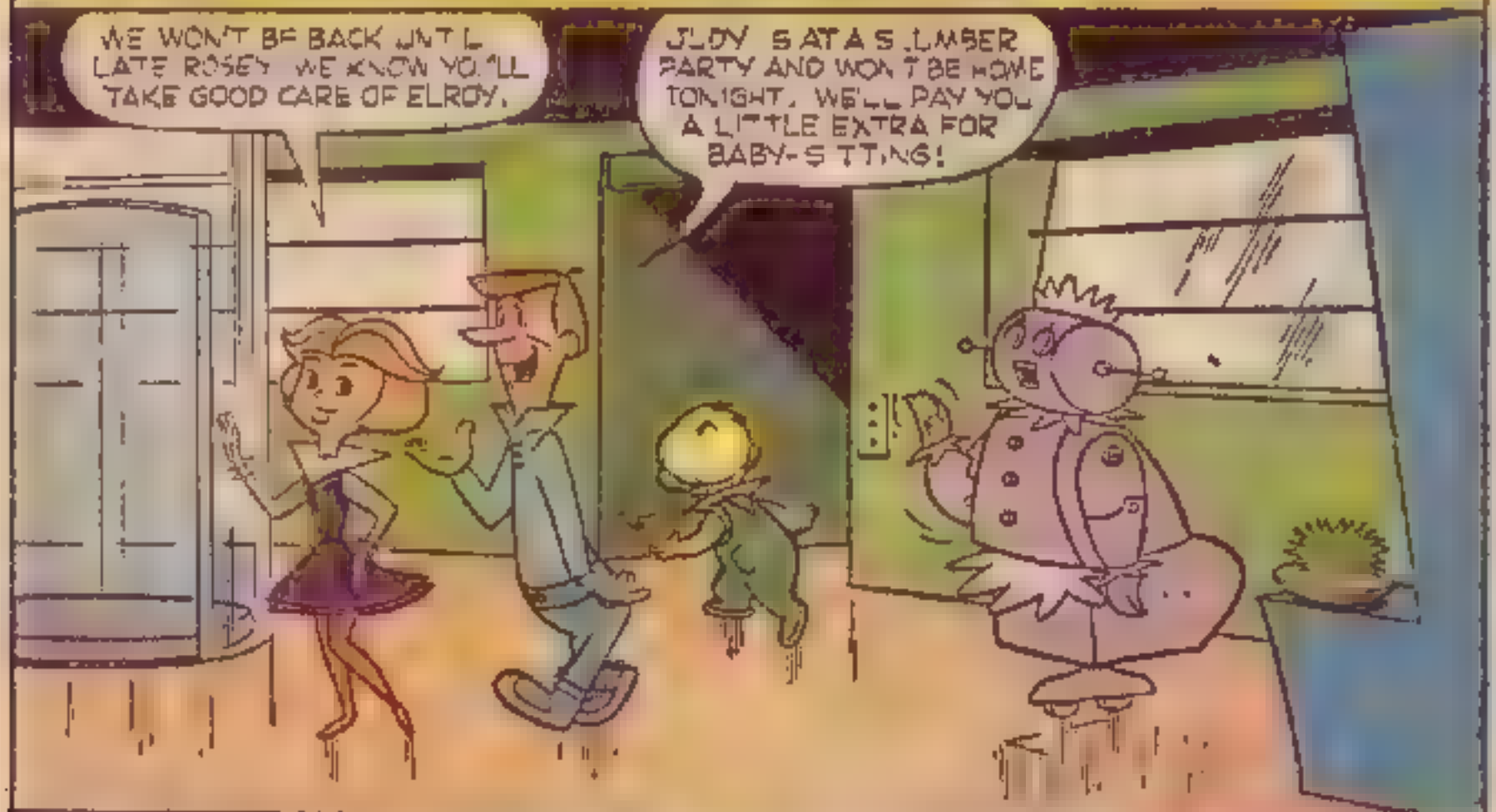
OH I DIDN'T TAKE IT OUT OF A CAN
I MADE IT WITH MY OWN TWO-FOOD-
A CYCLE MACHINES

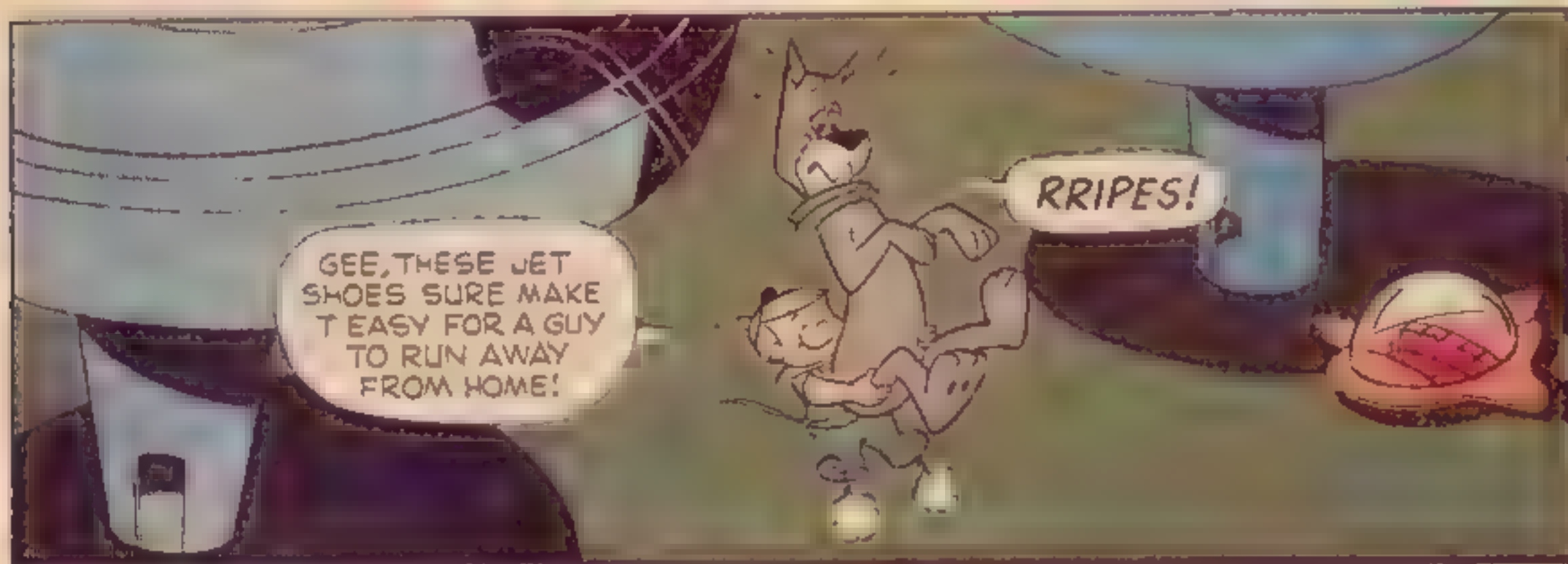
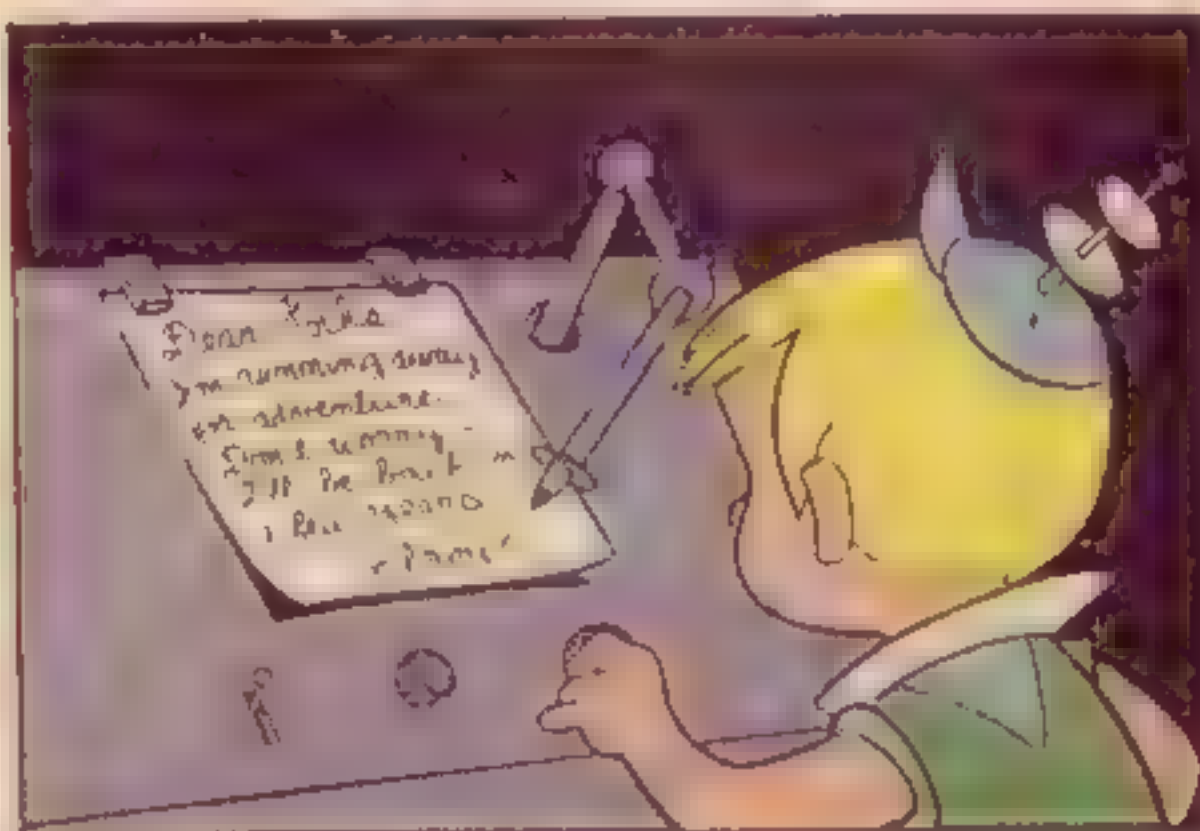
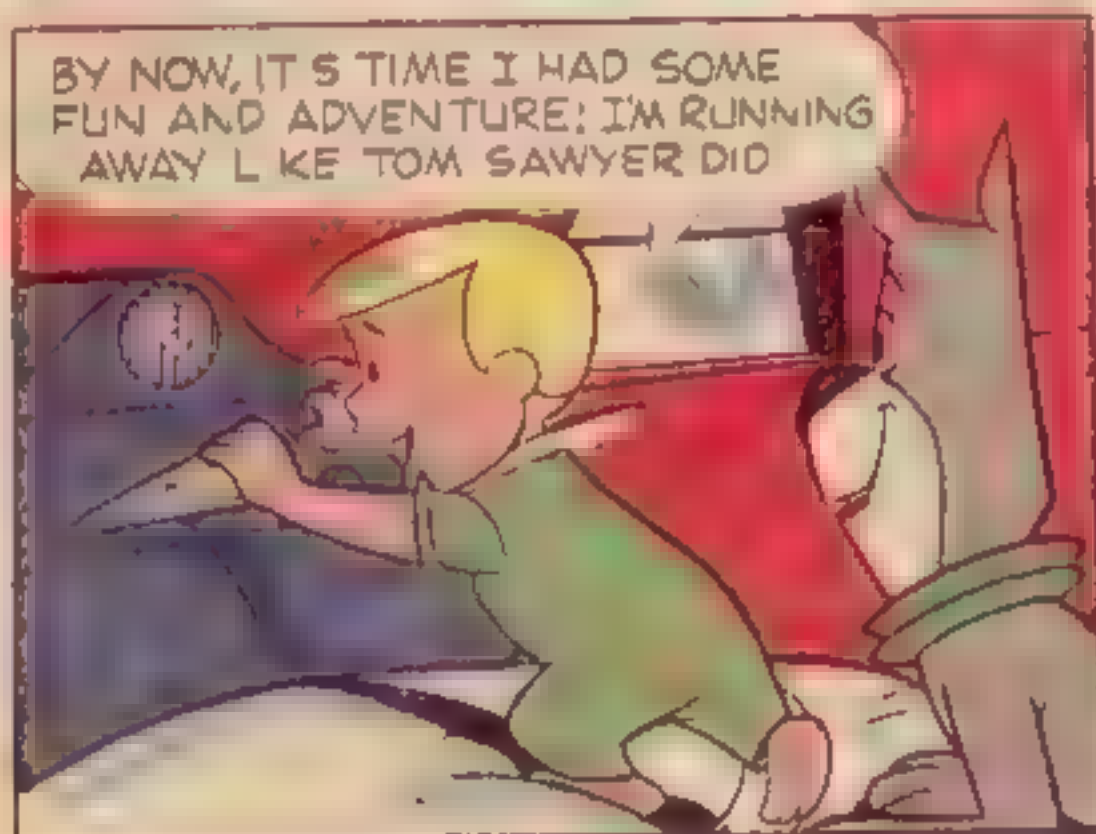
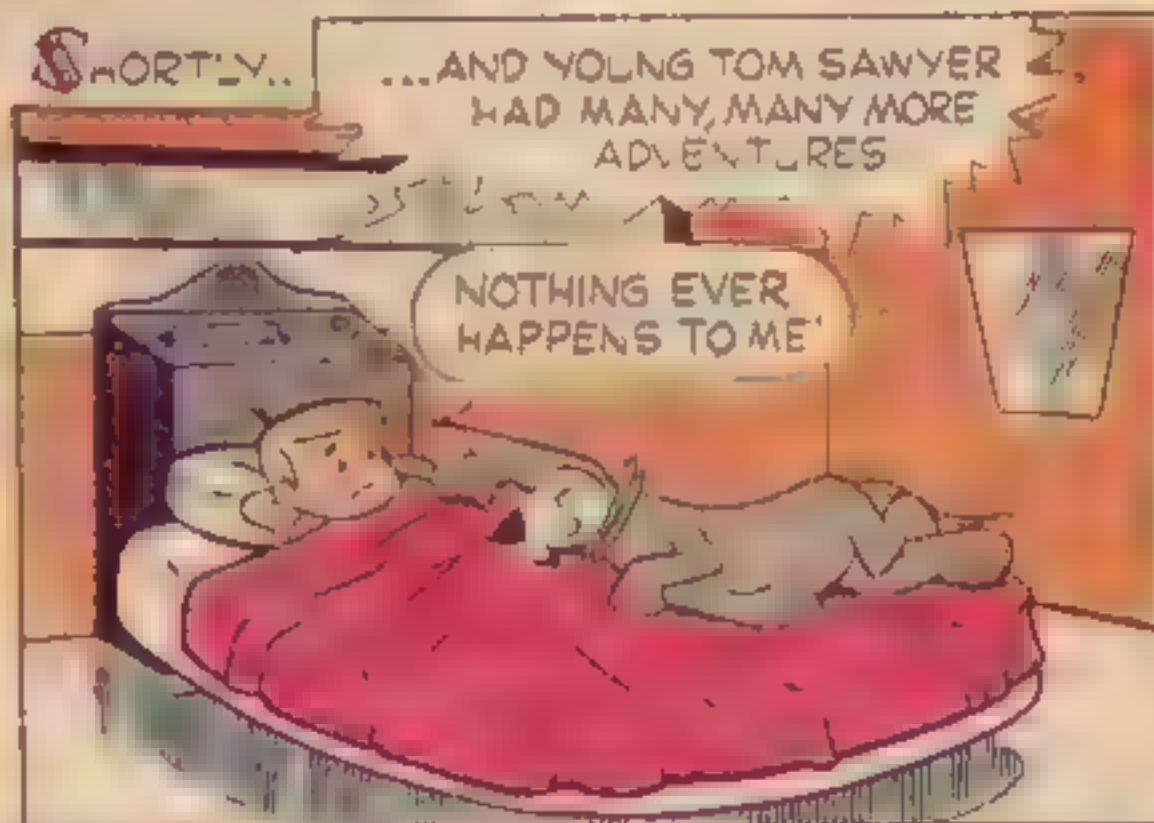
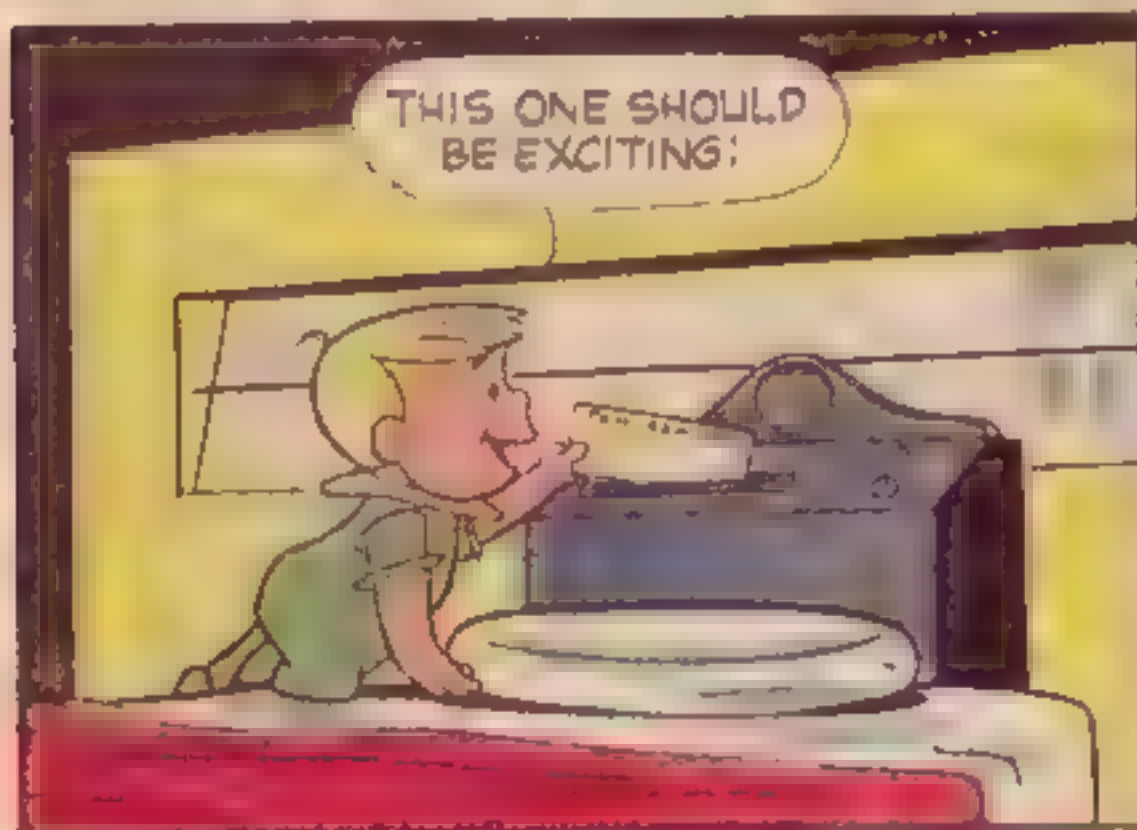
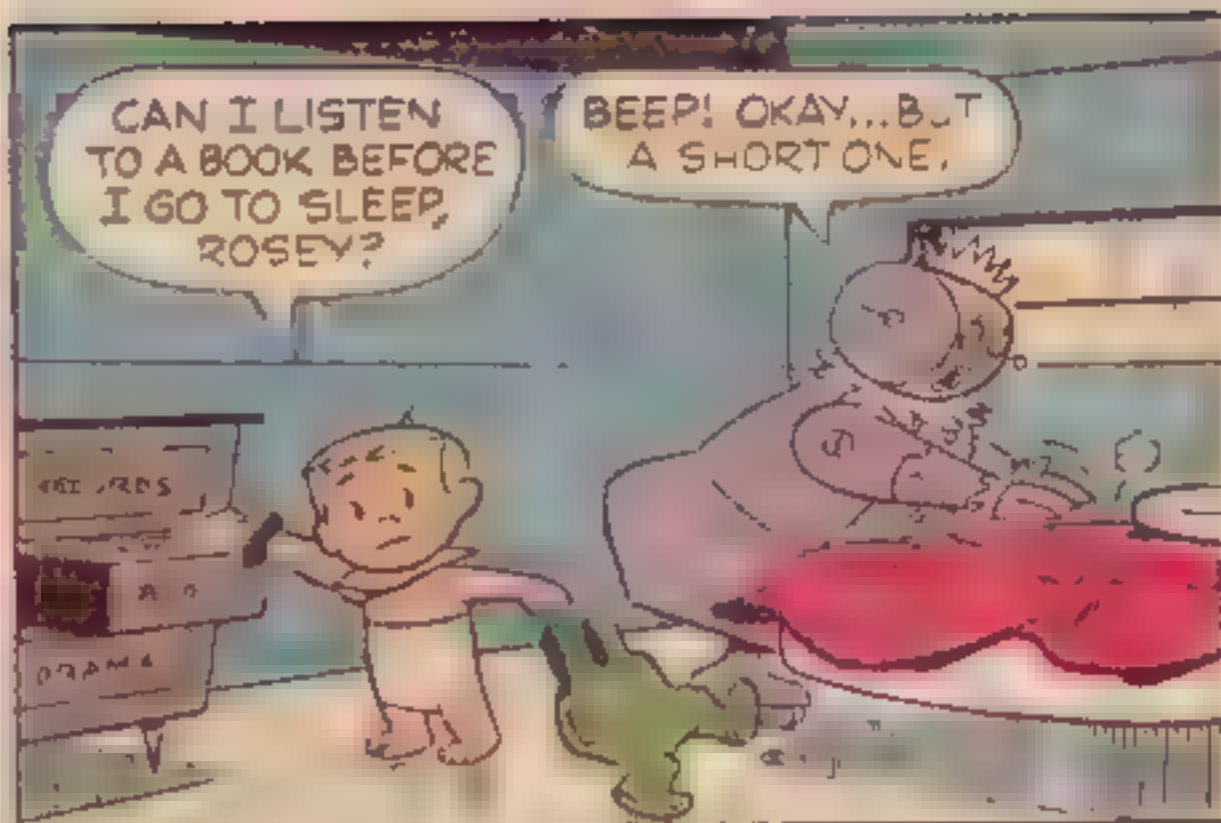
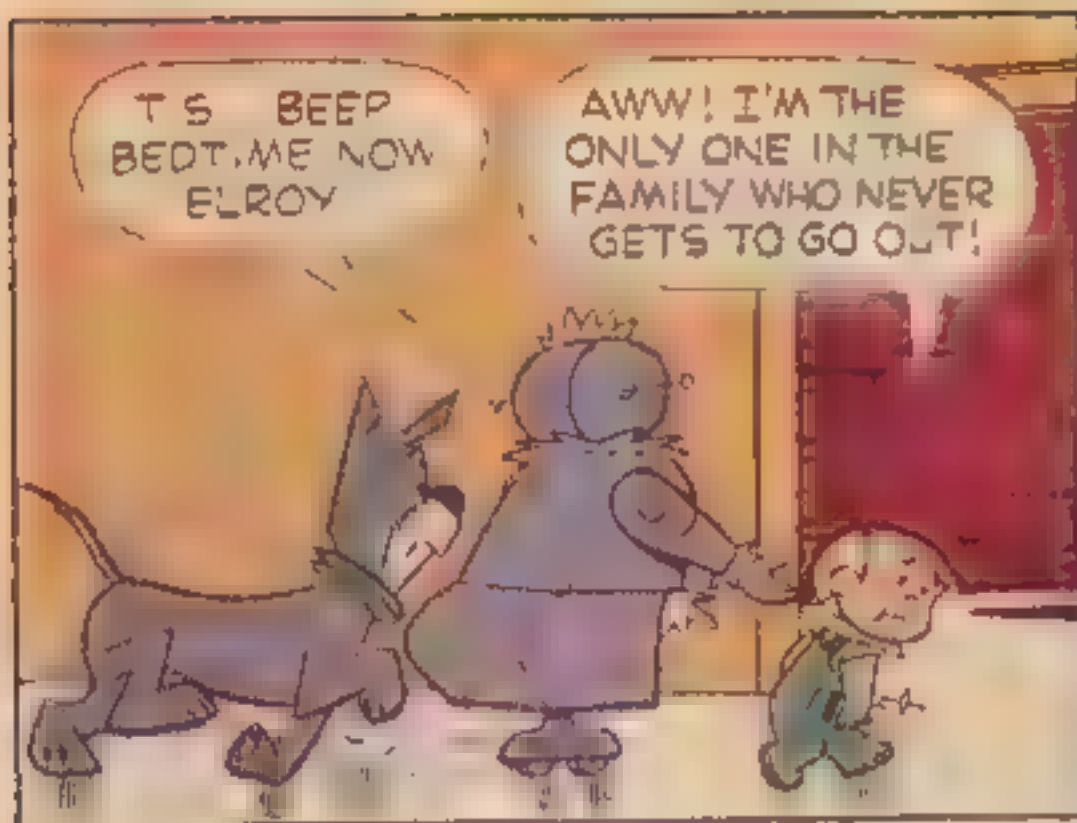
SHE'S AN OLD-
FASHIONED
G.R.

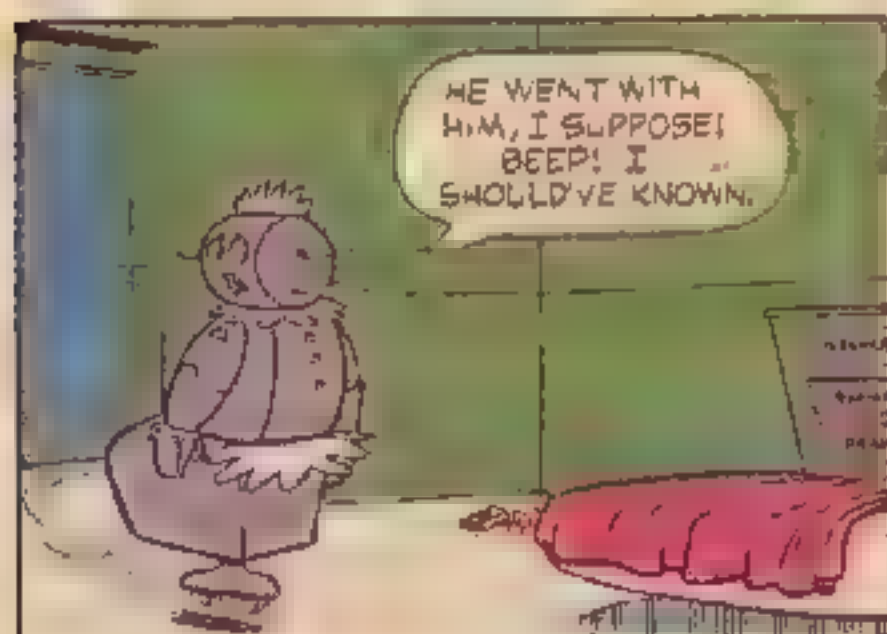
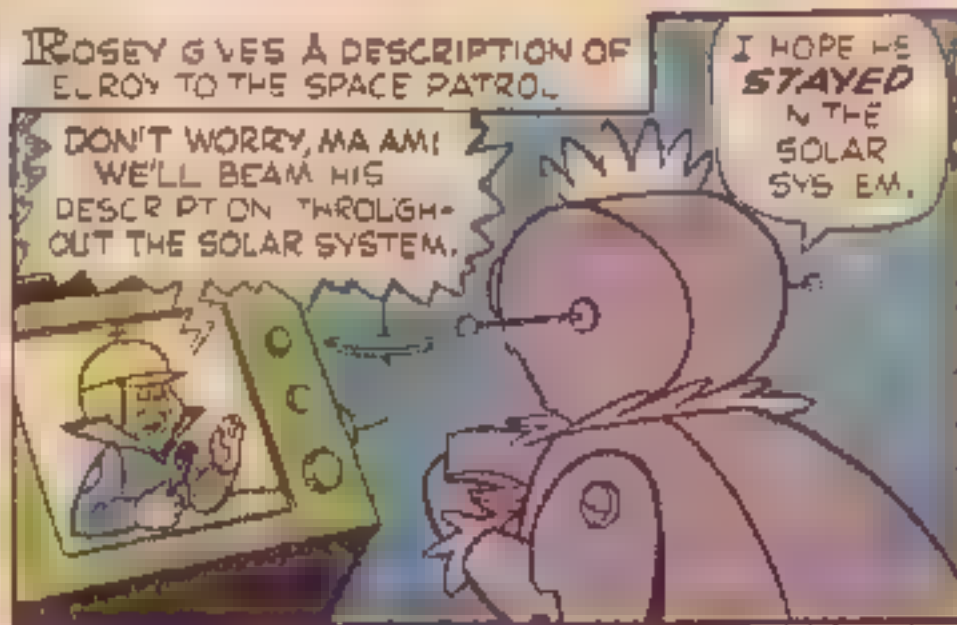
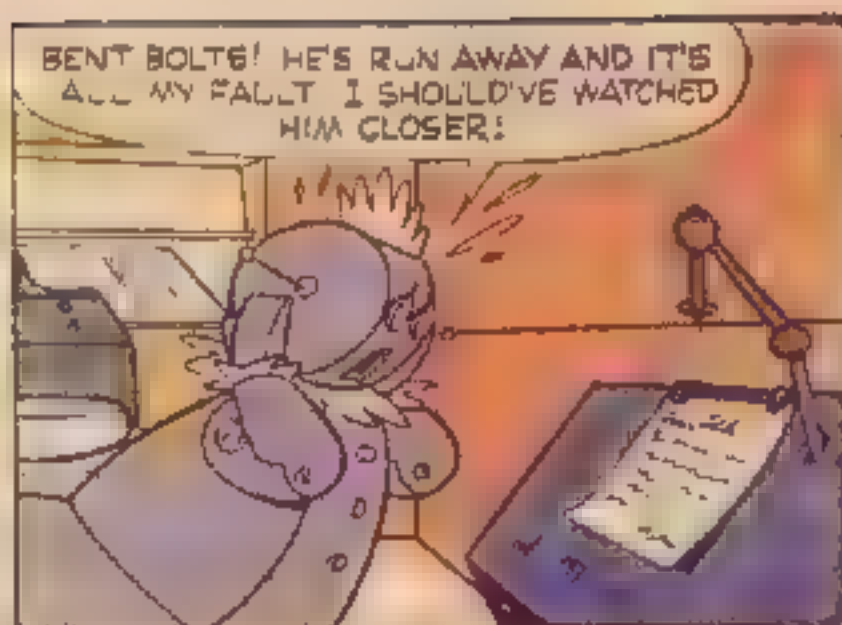
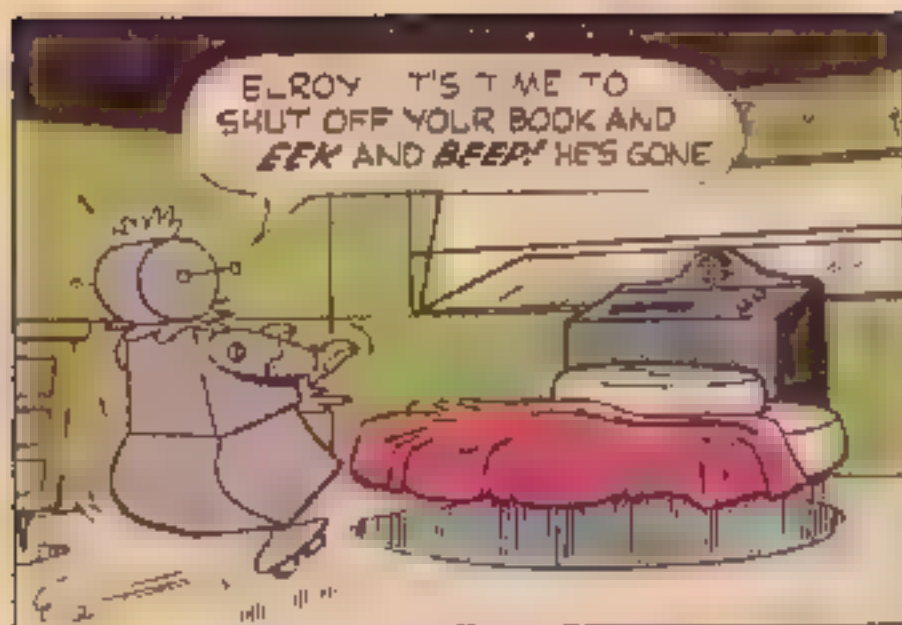


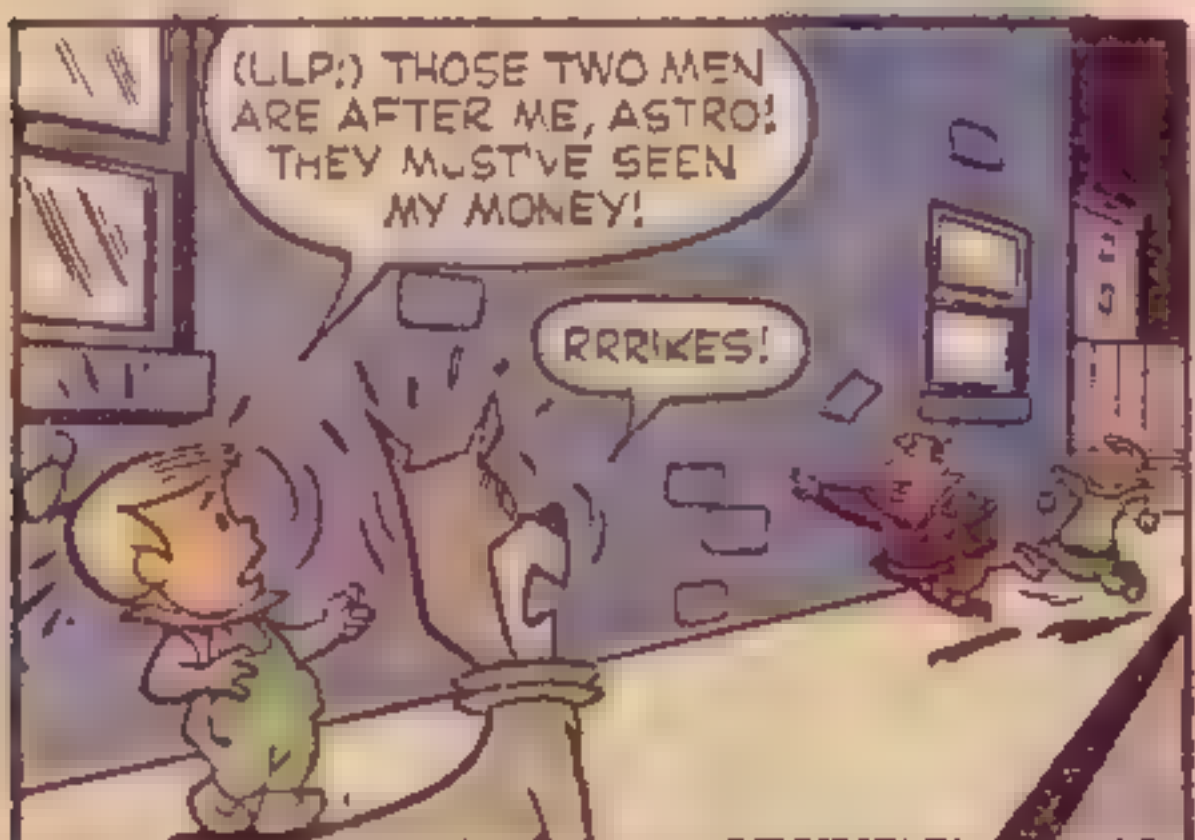
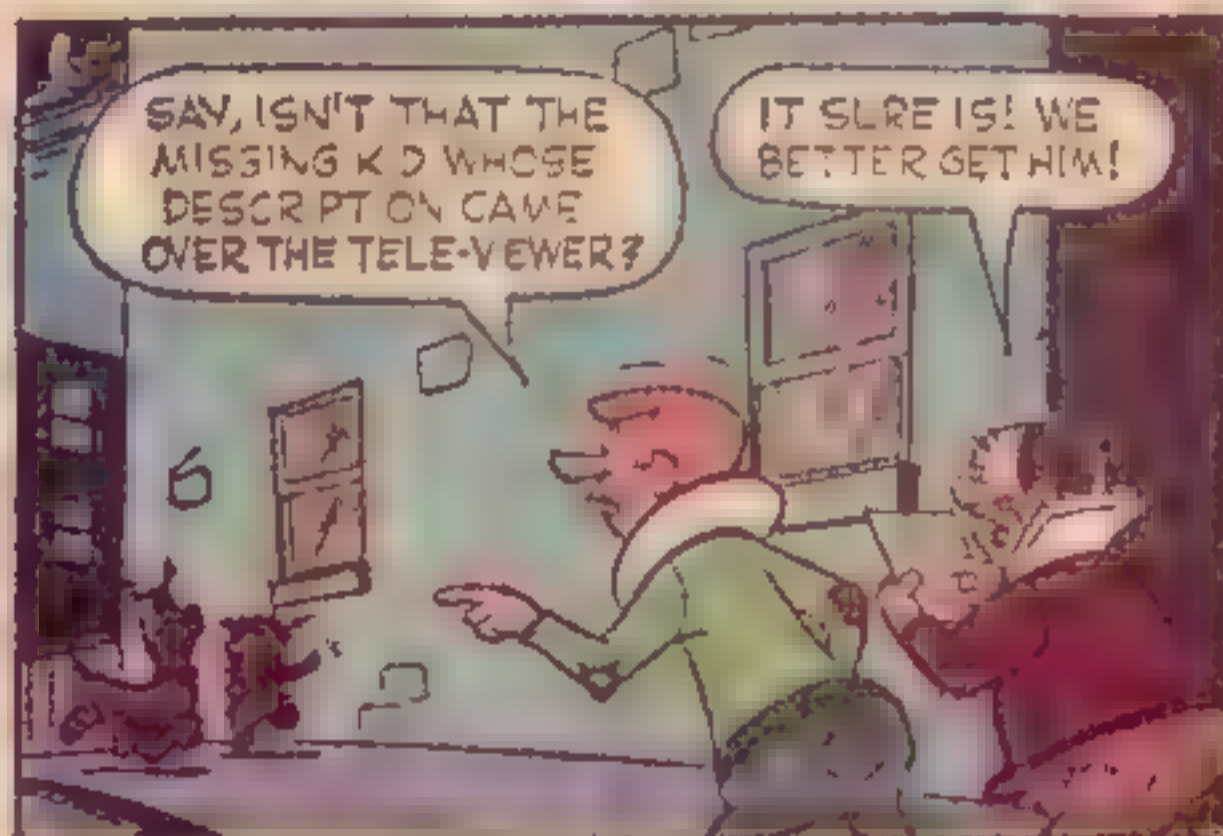
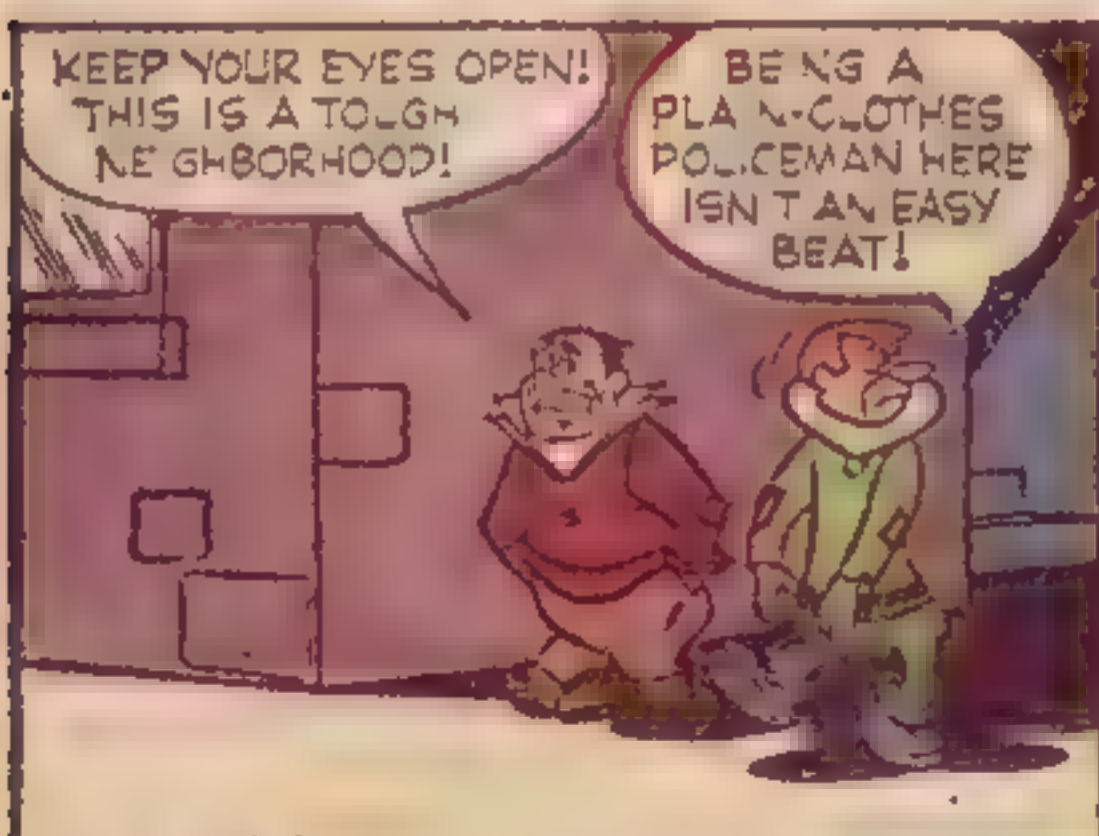
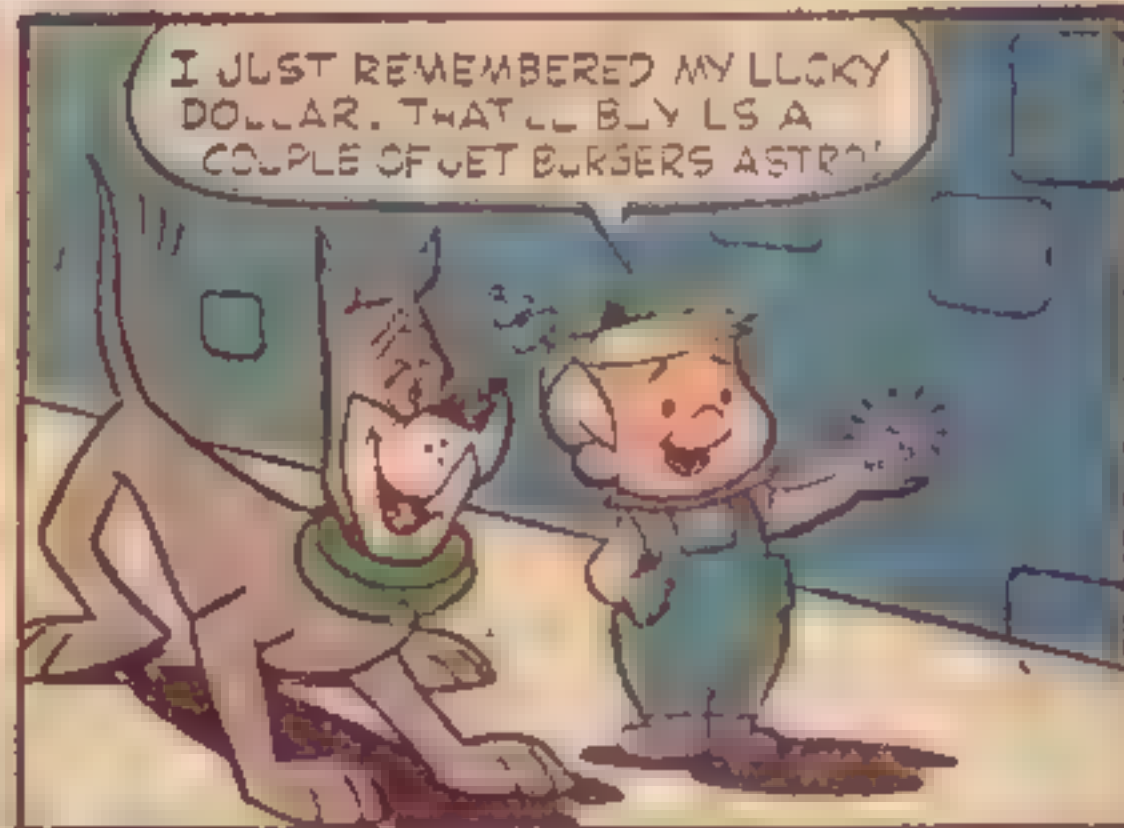
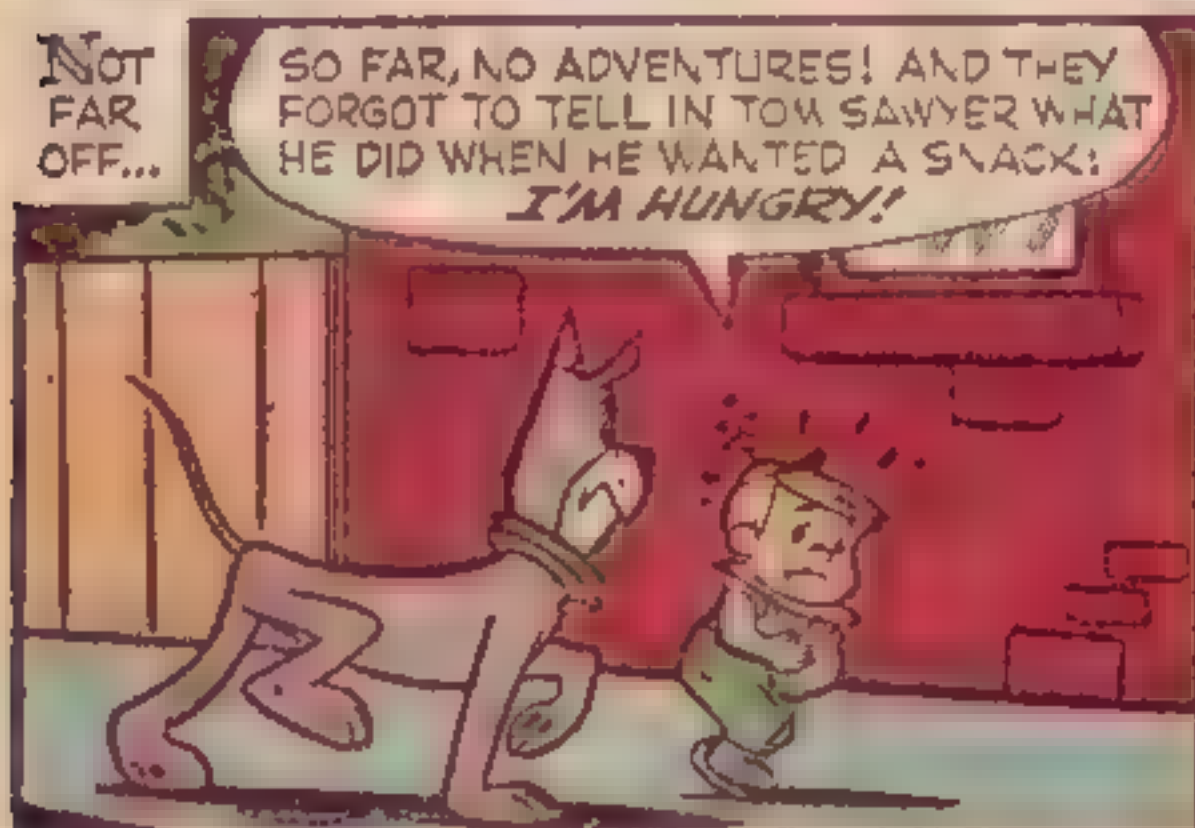
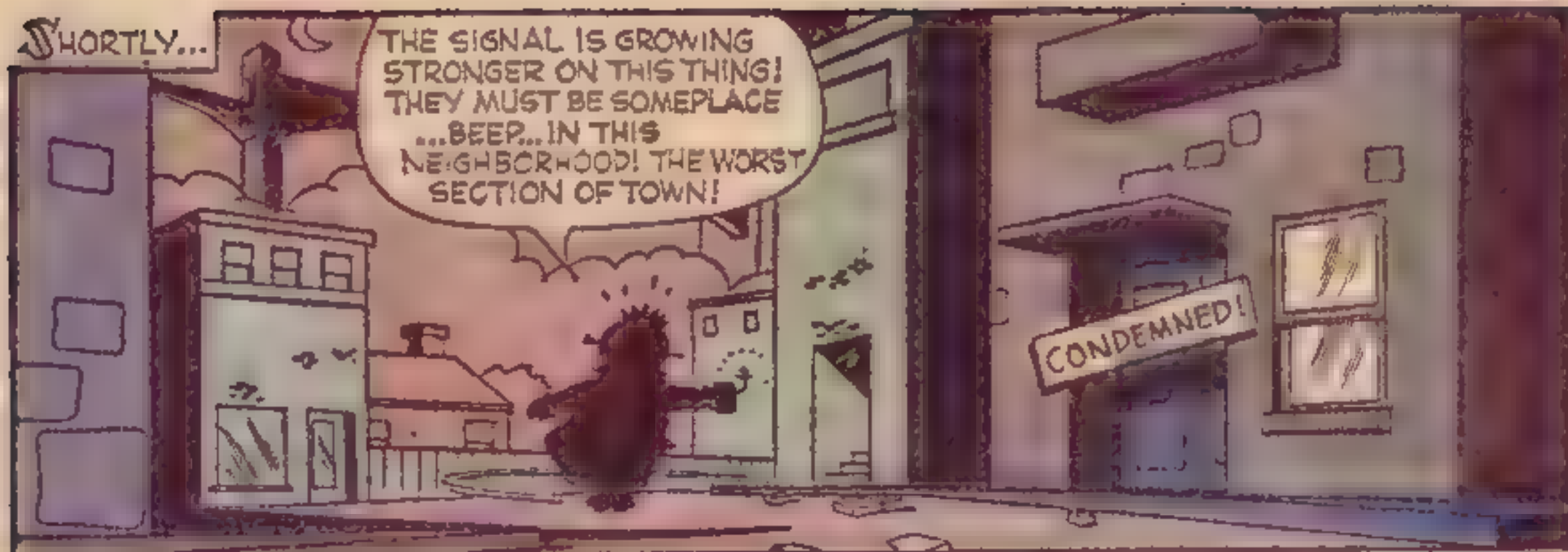


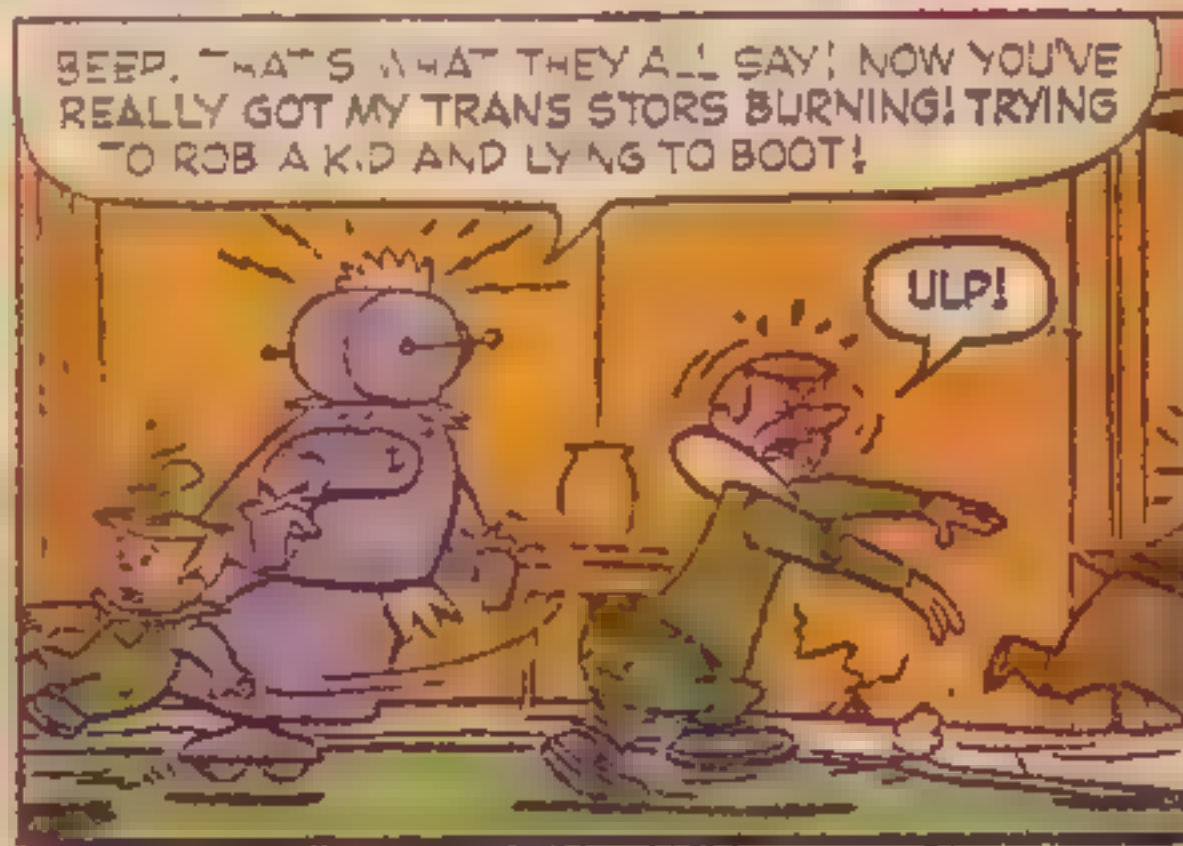
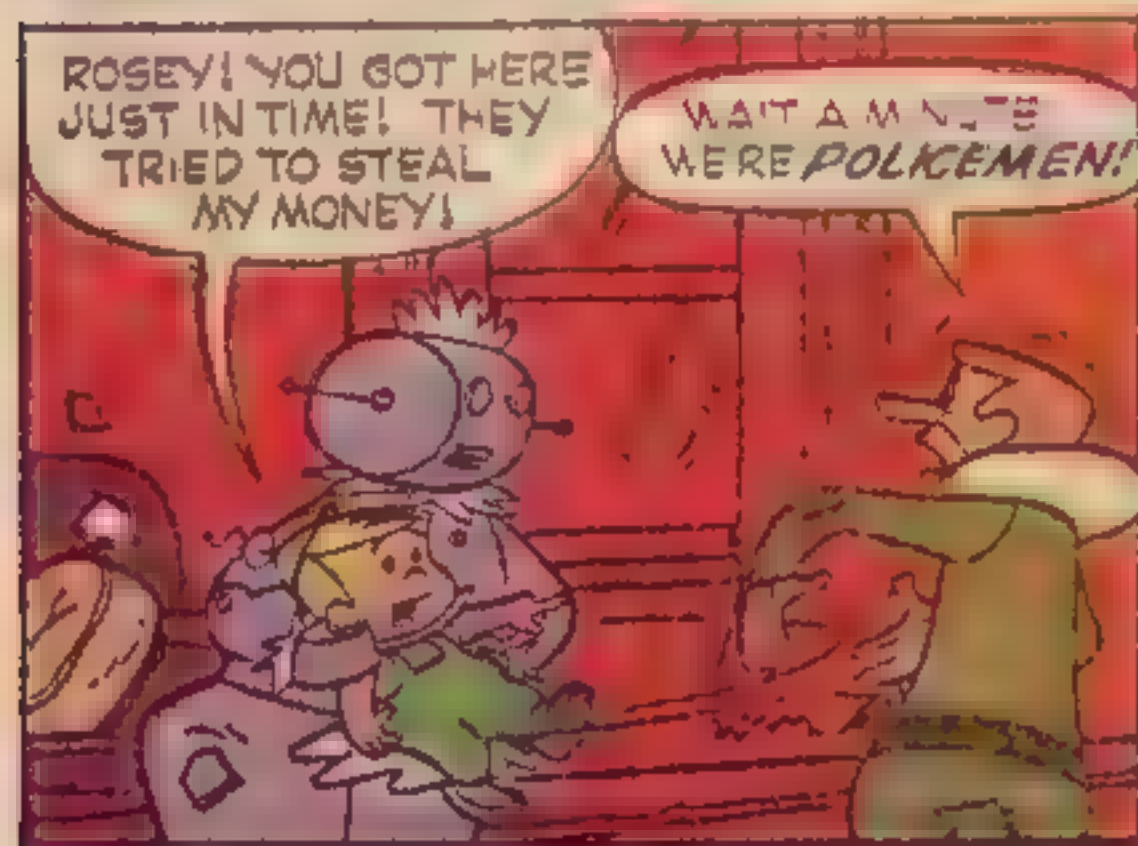
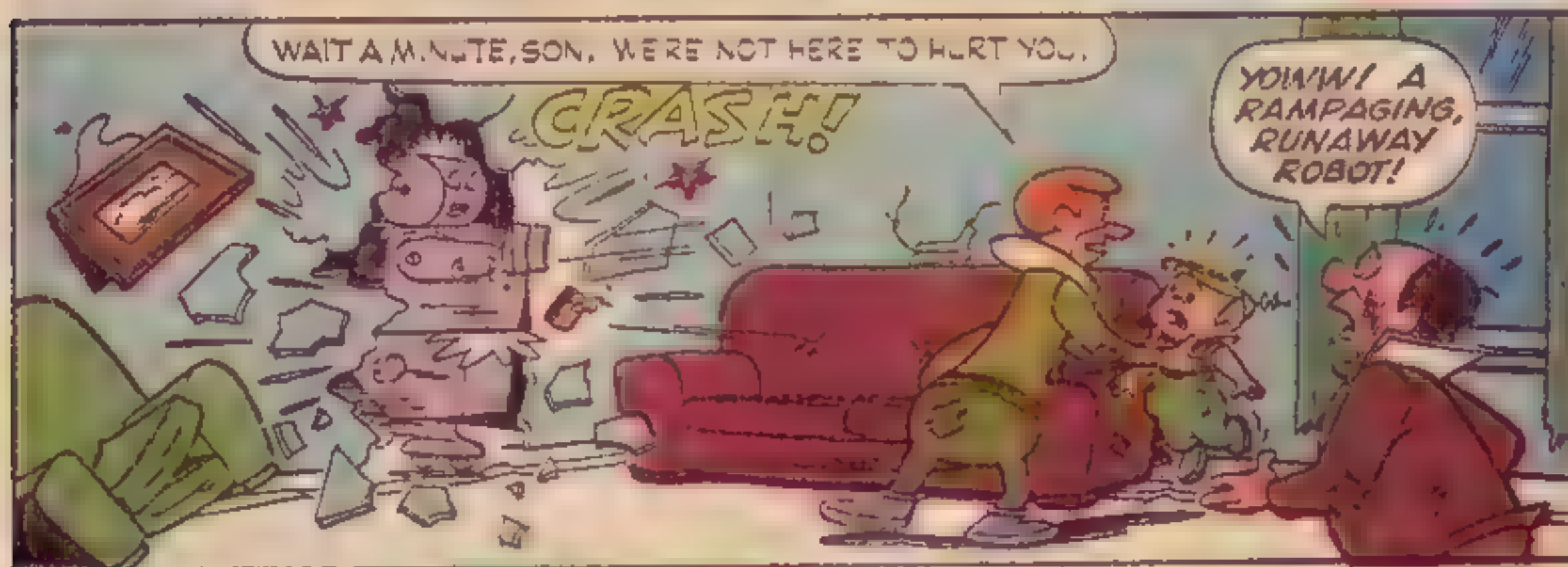
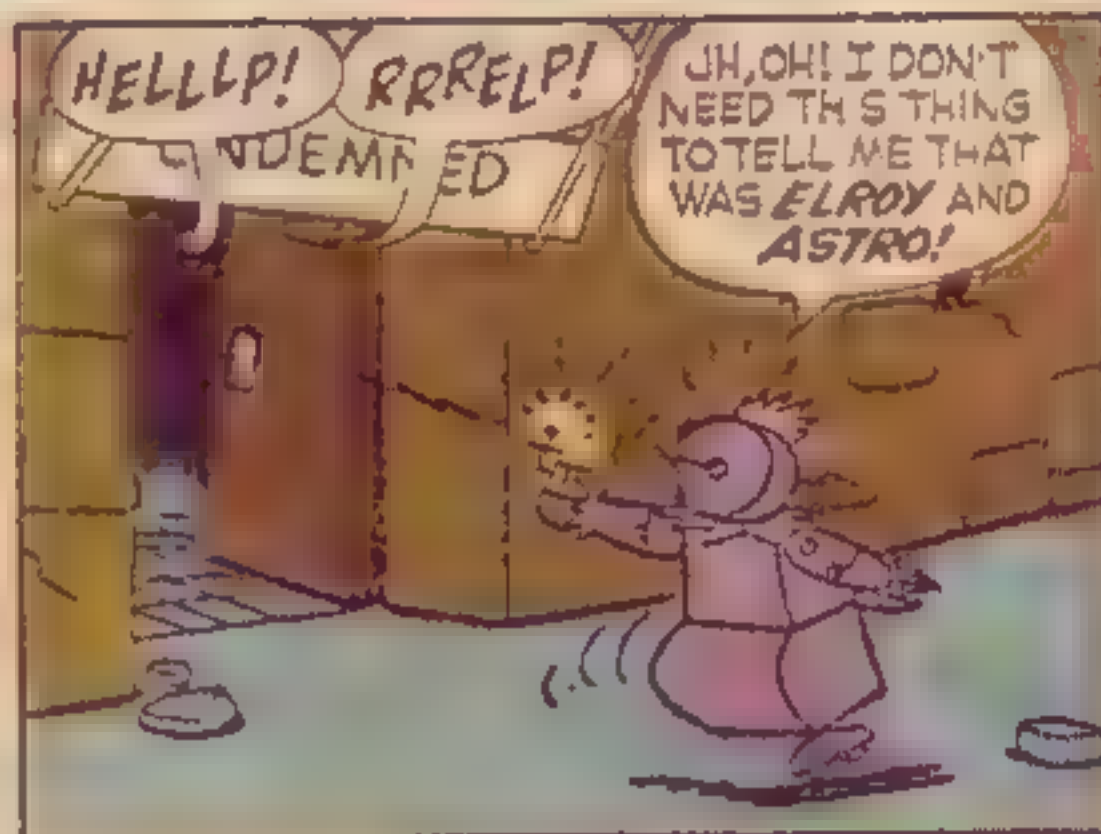
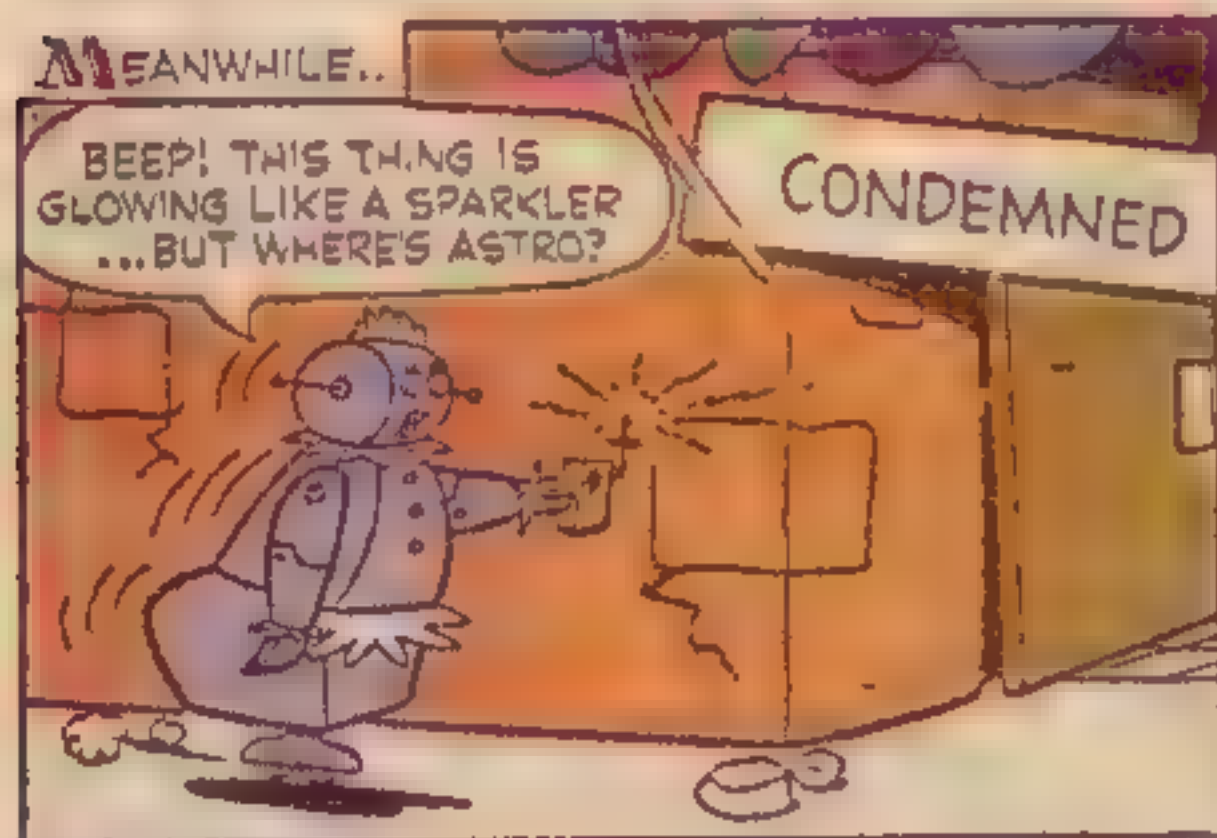
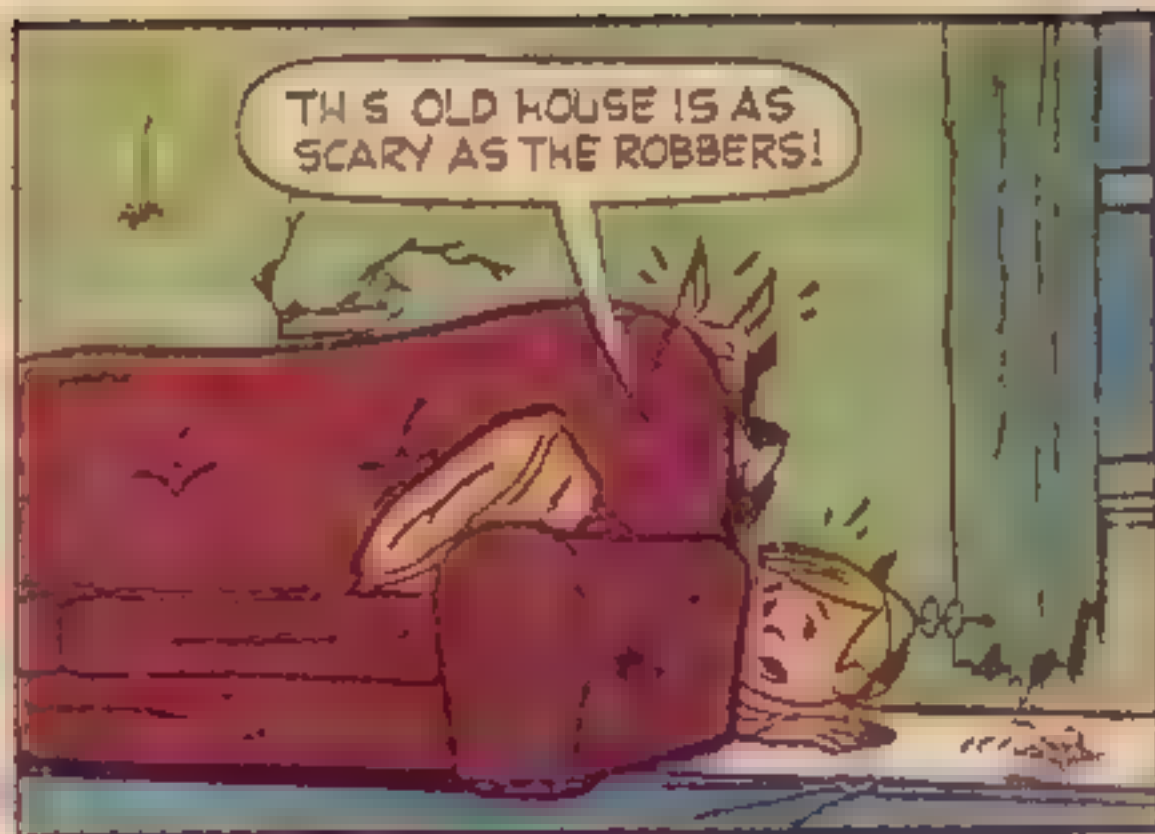
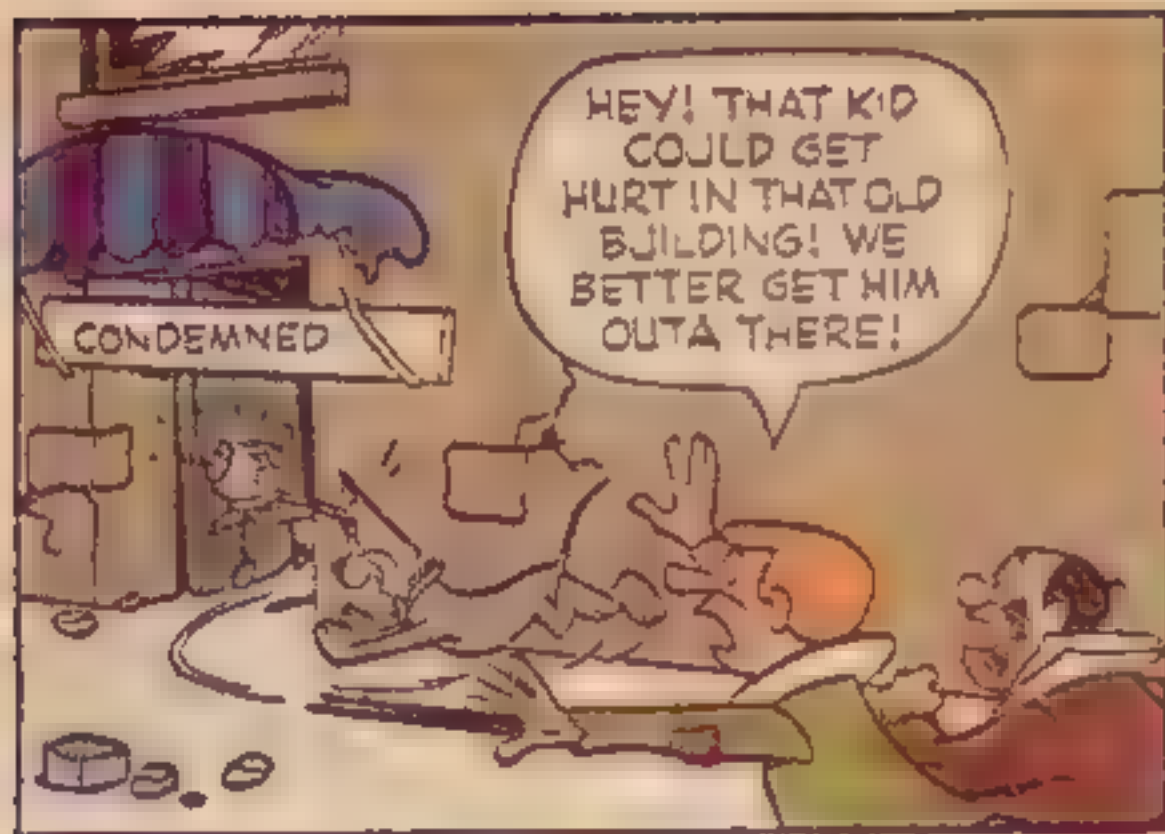
Hanna-Barbera *ROSEY, THE ROBOT*
THE HAPPY HOME WRECKER

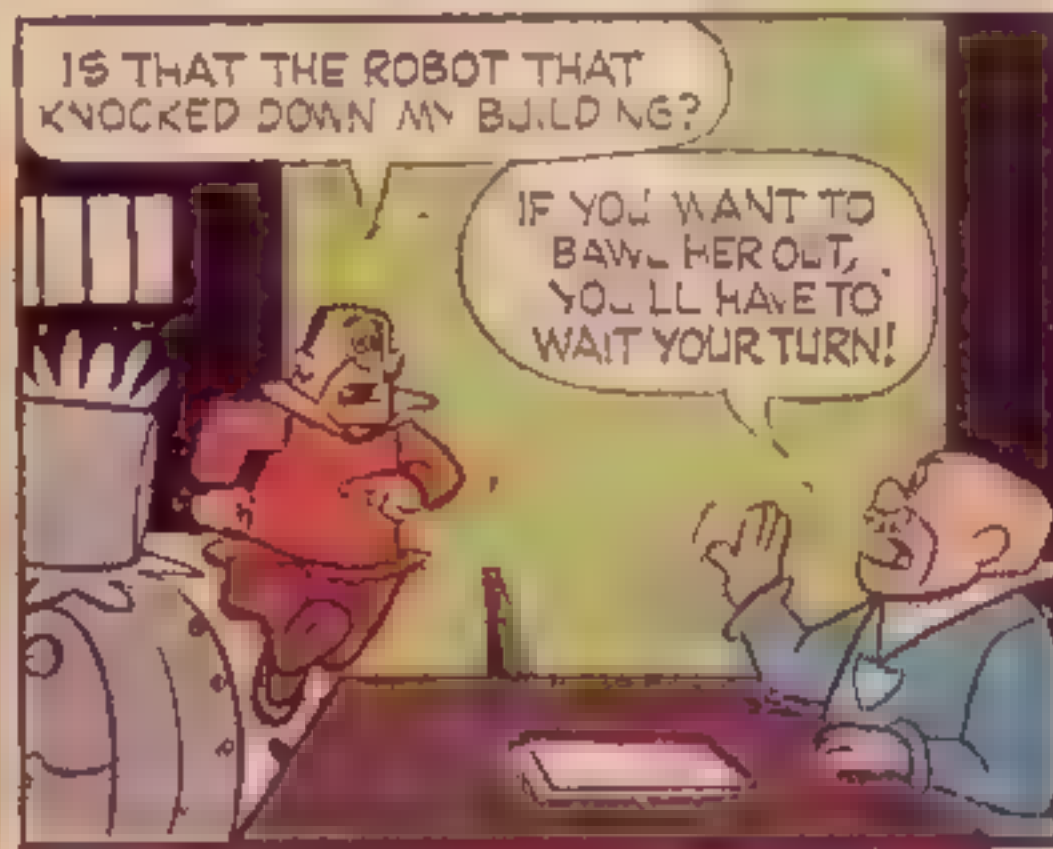
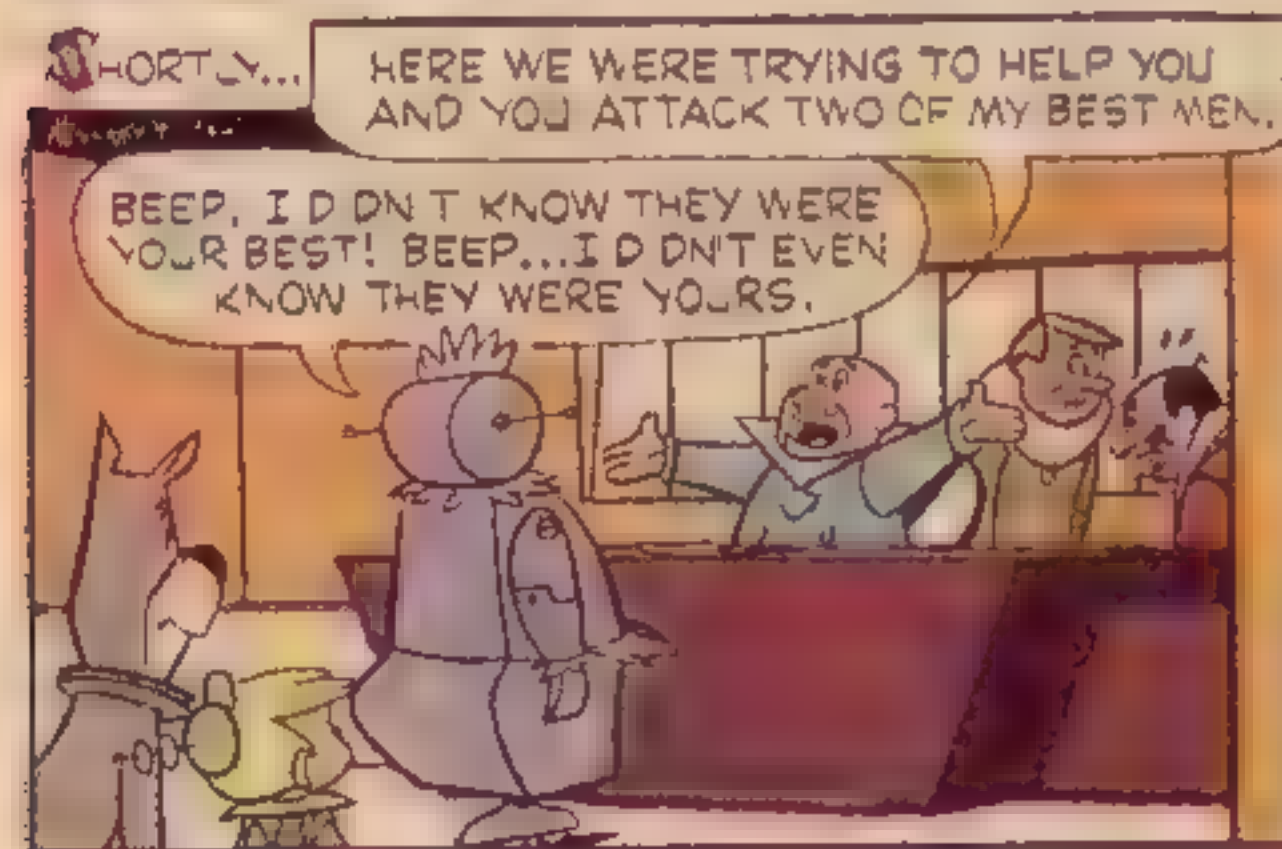
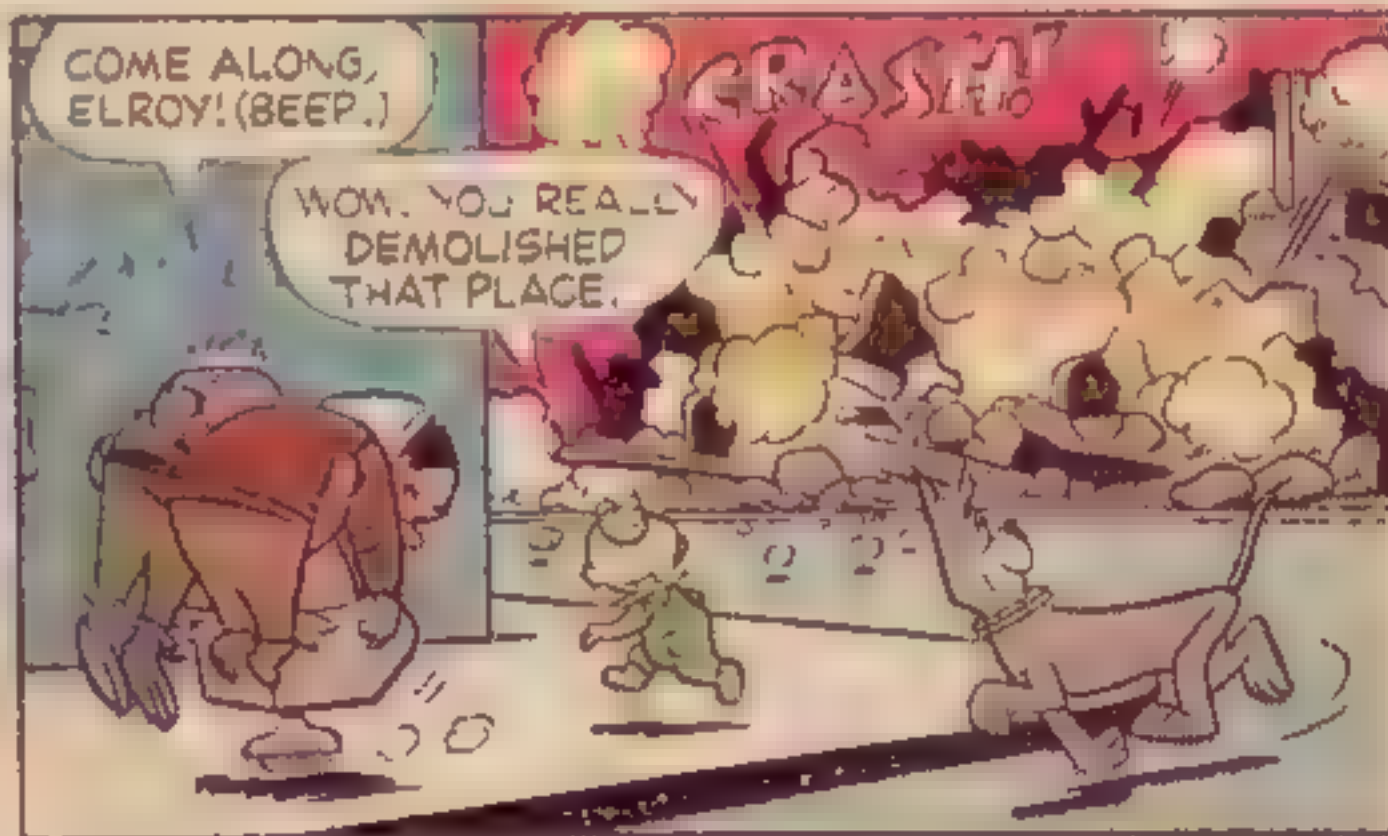
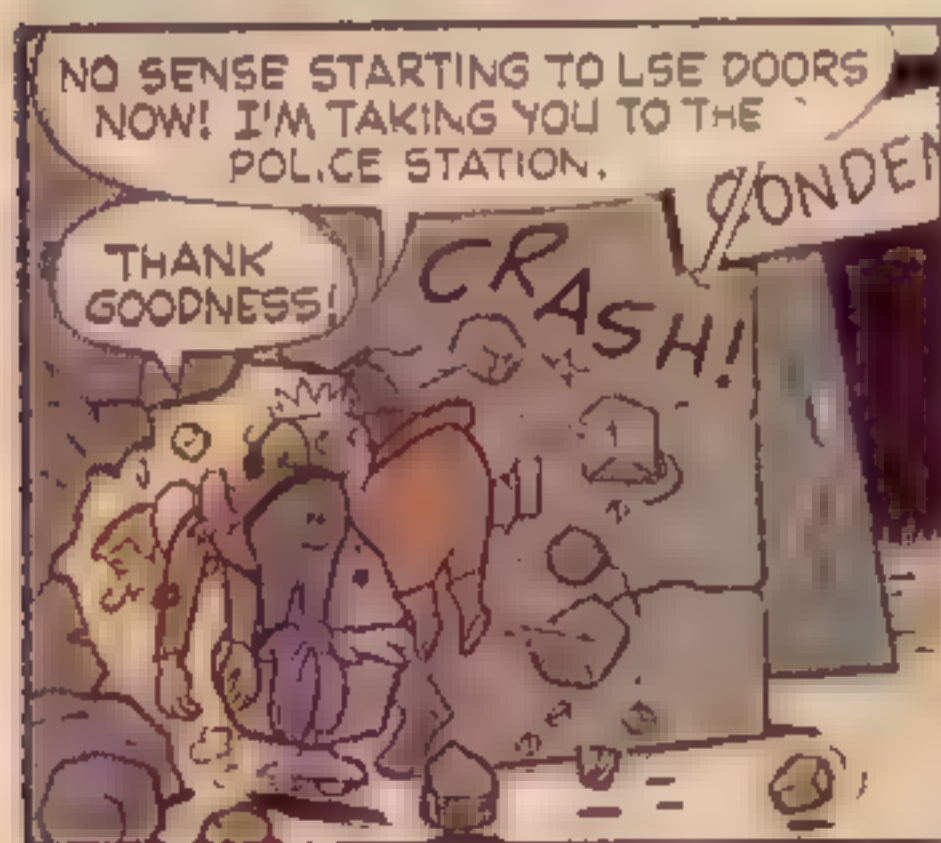
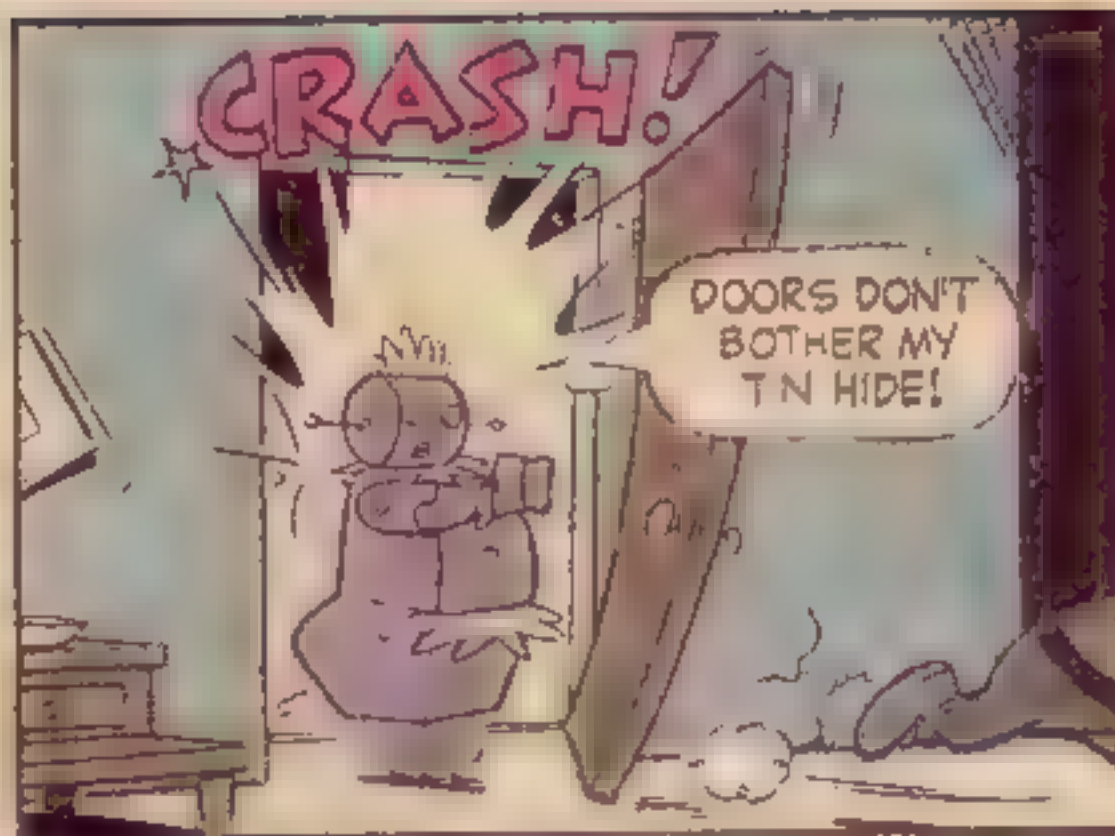
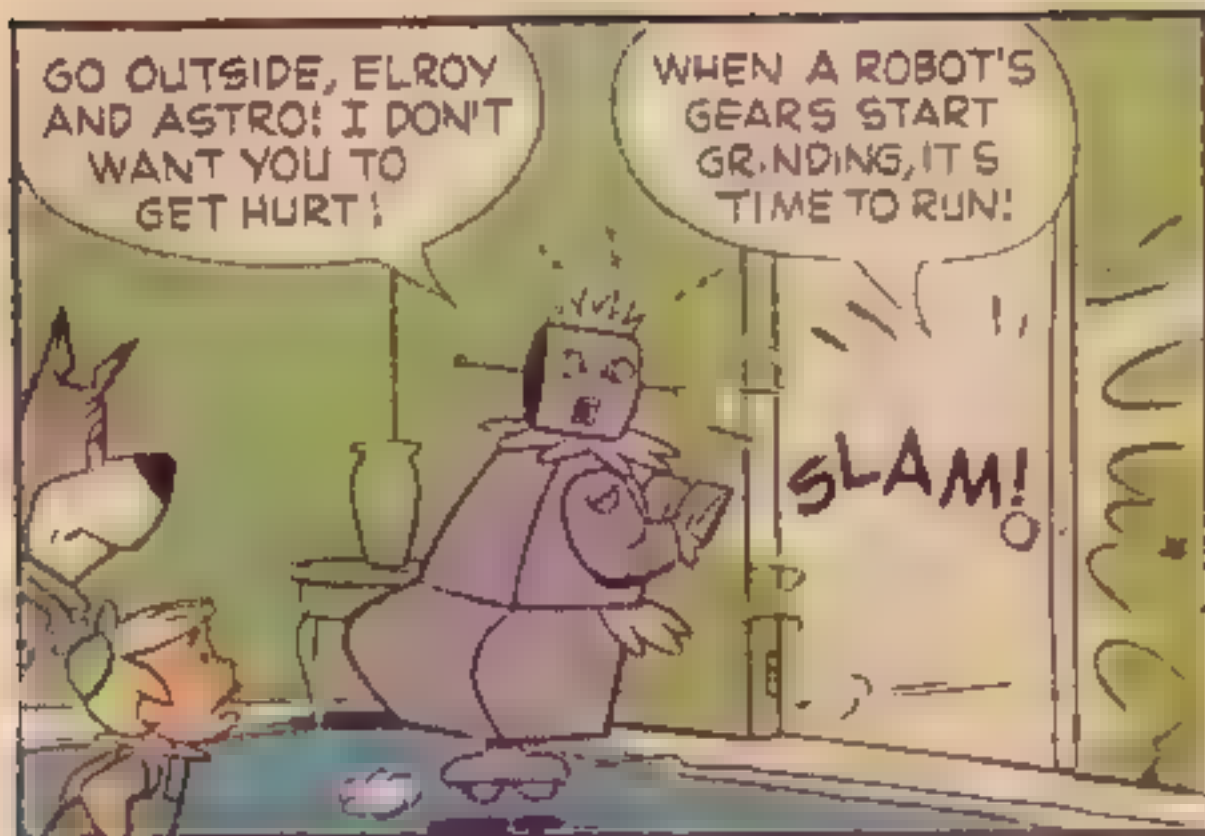


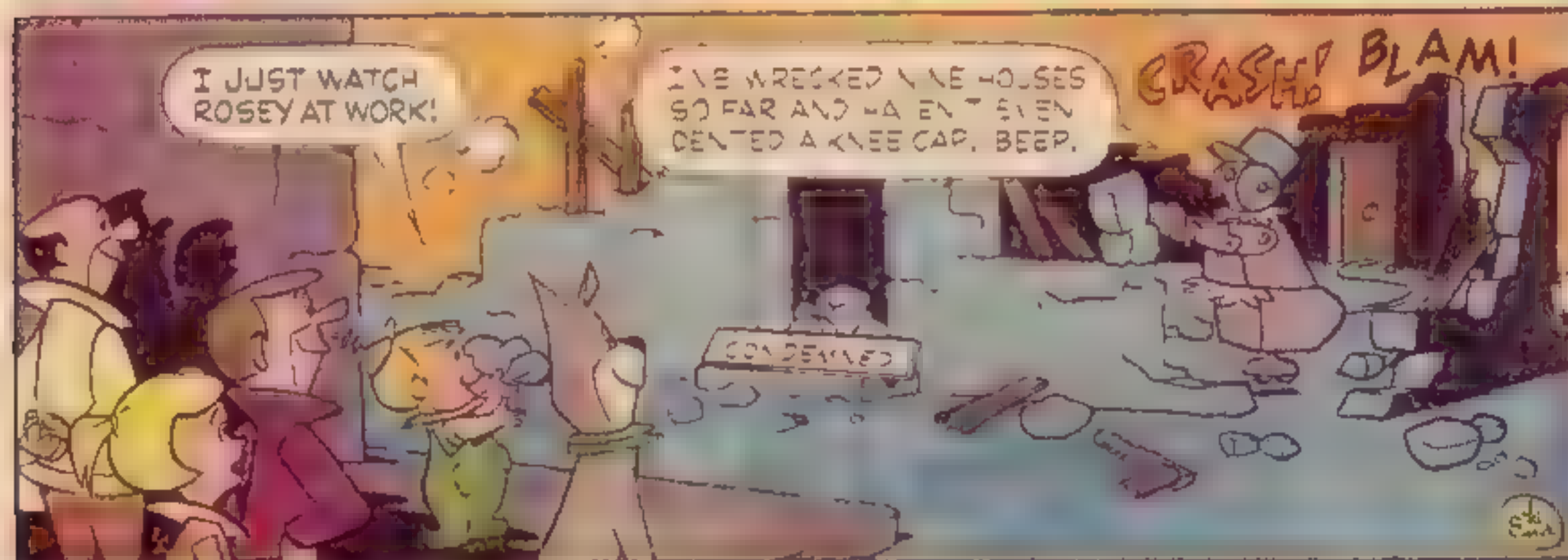
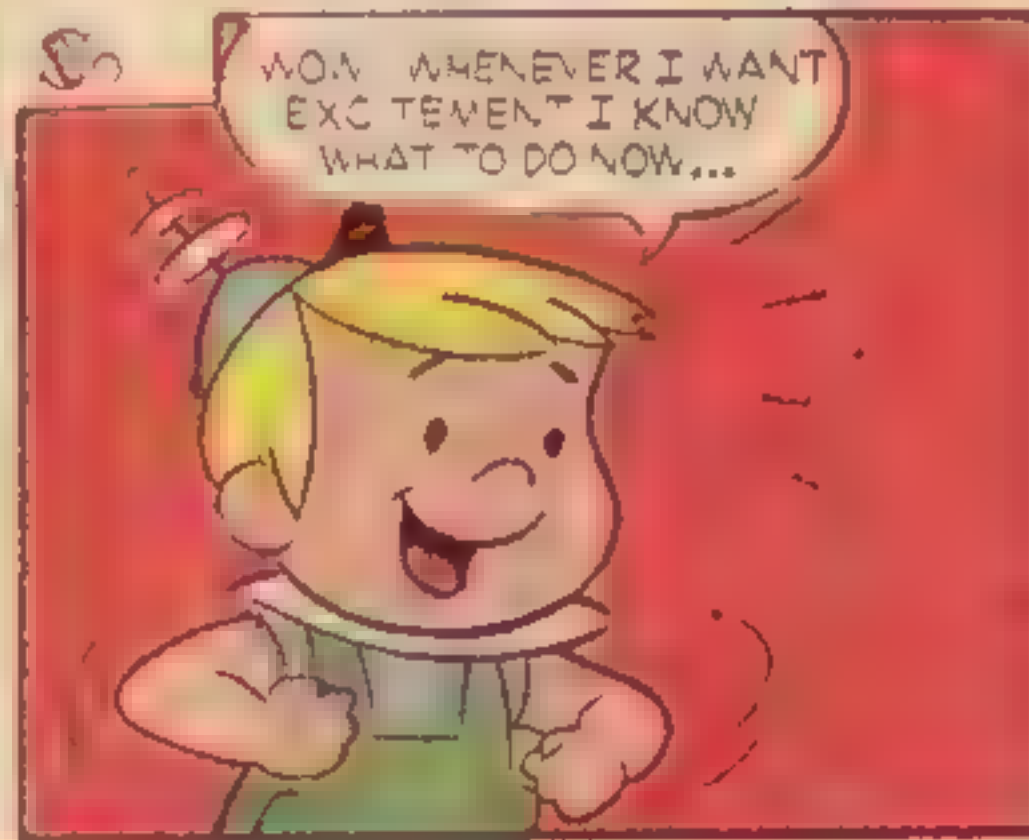
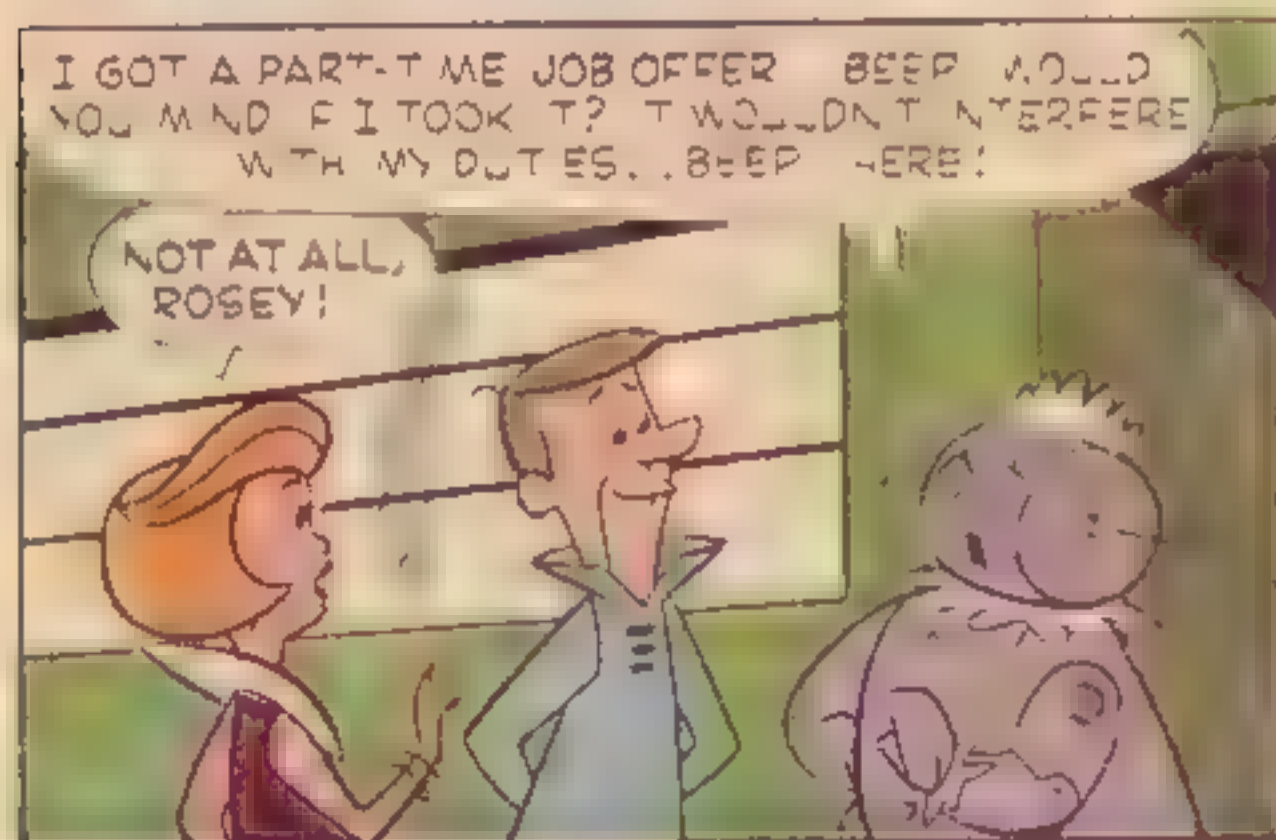
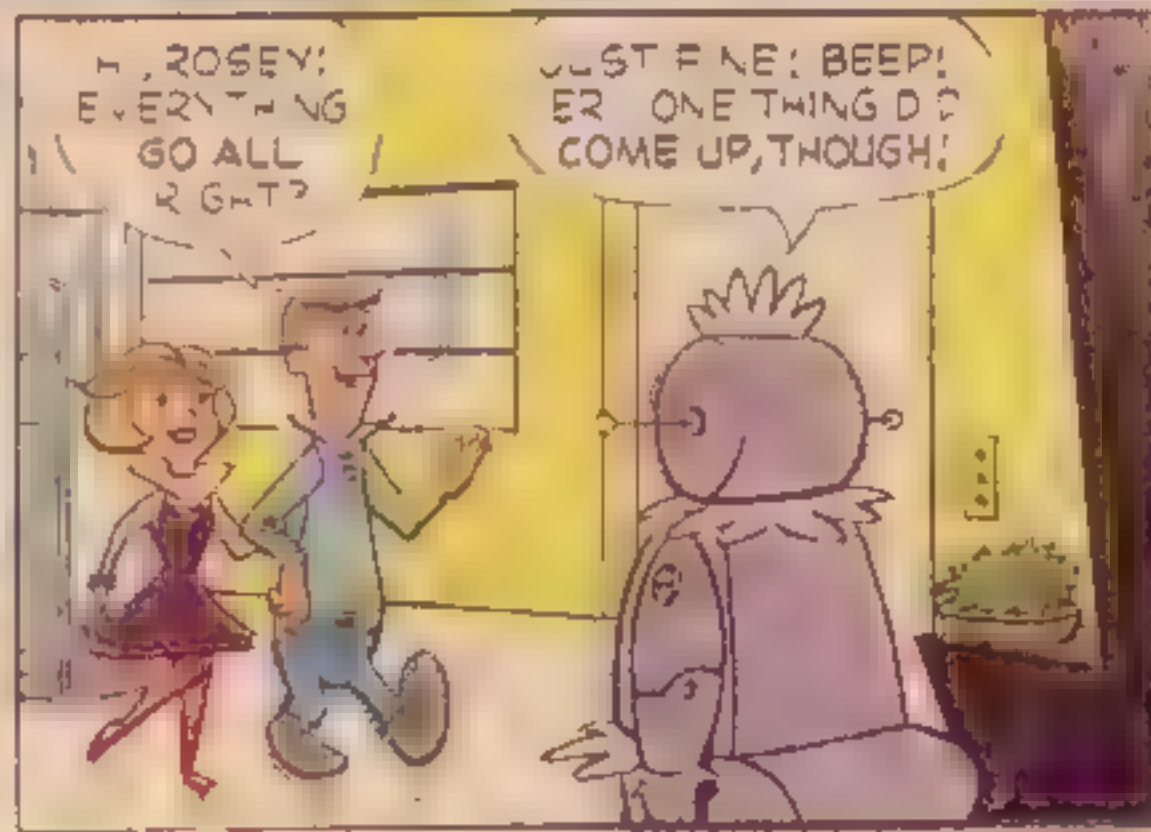
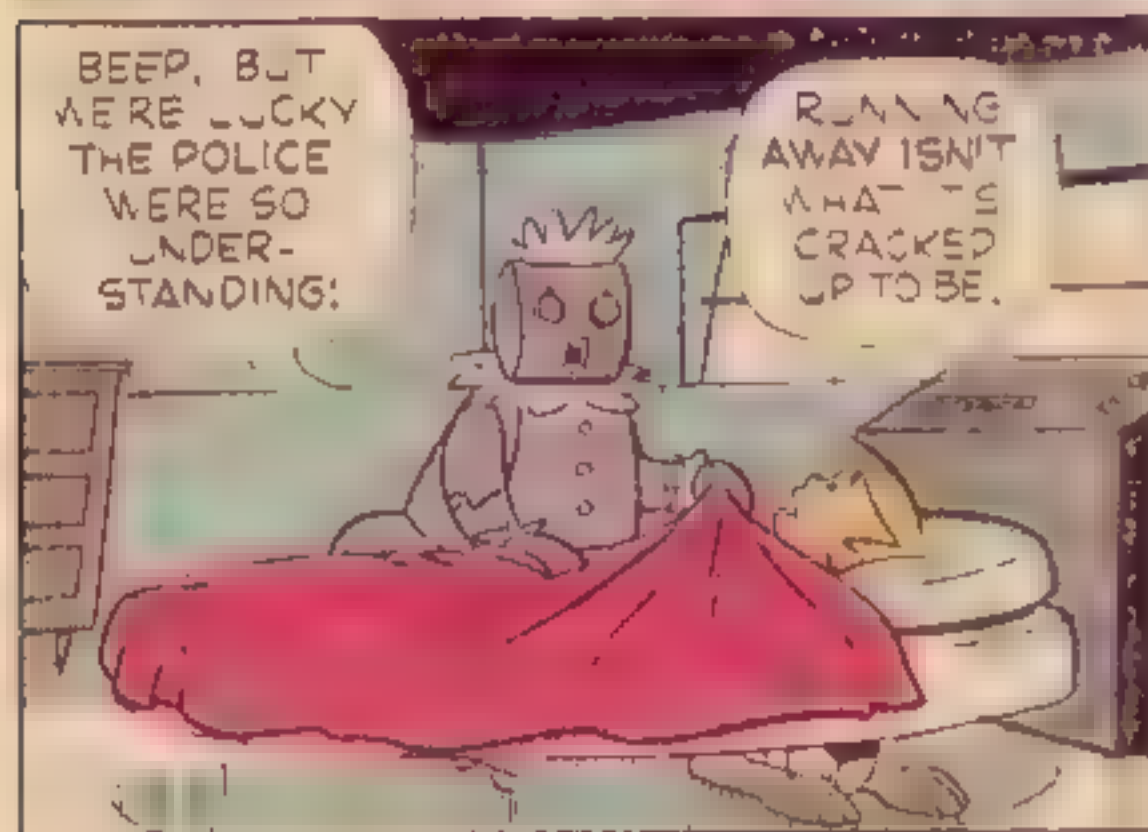
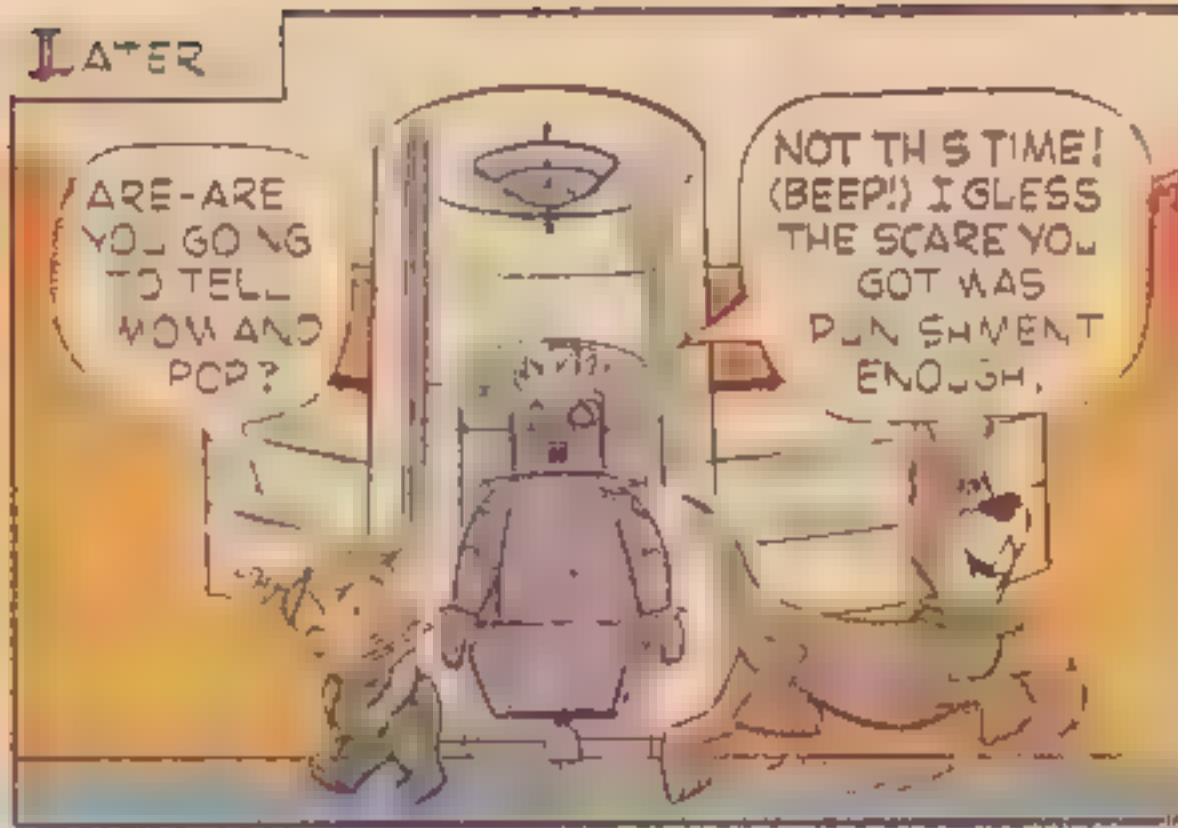
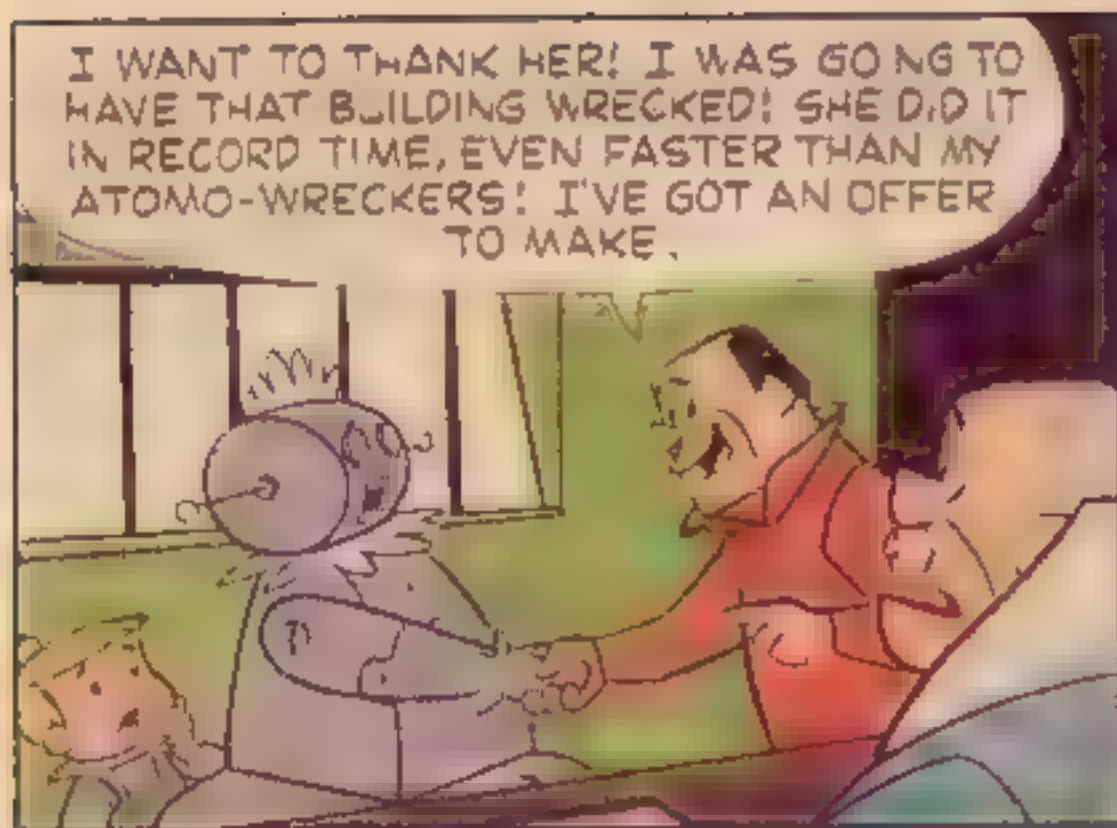




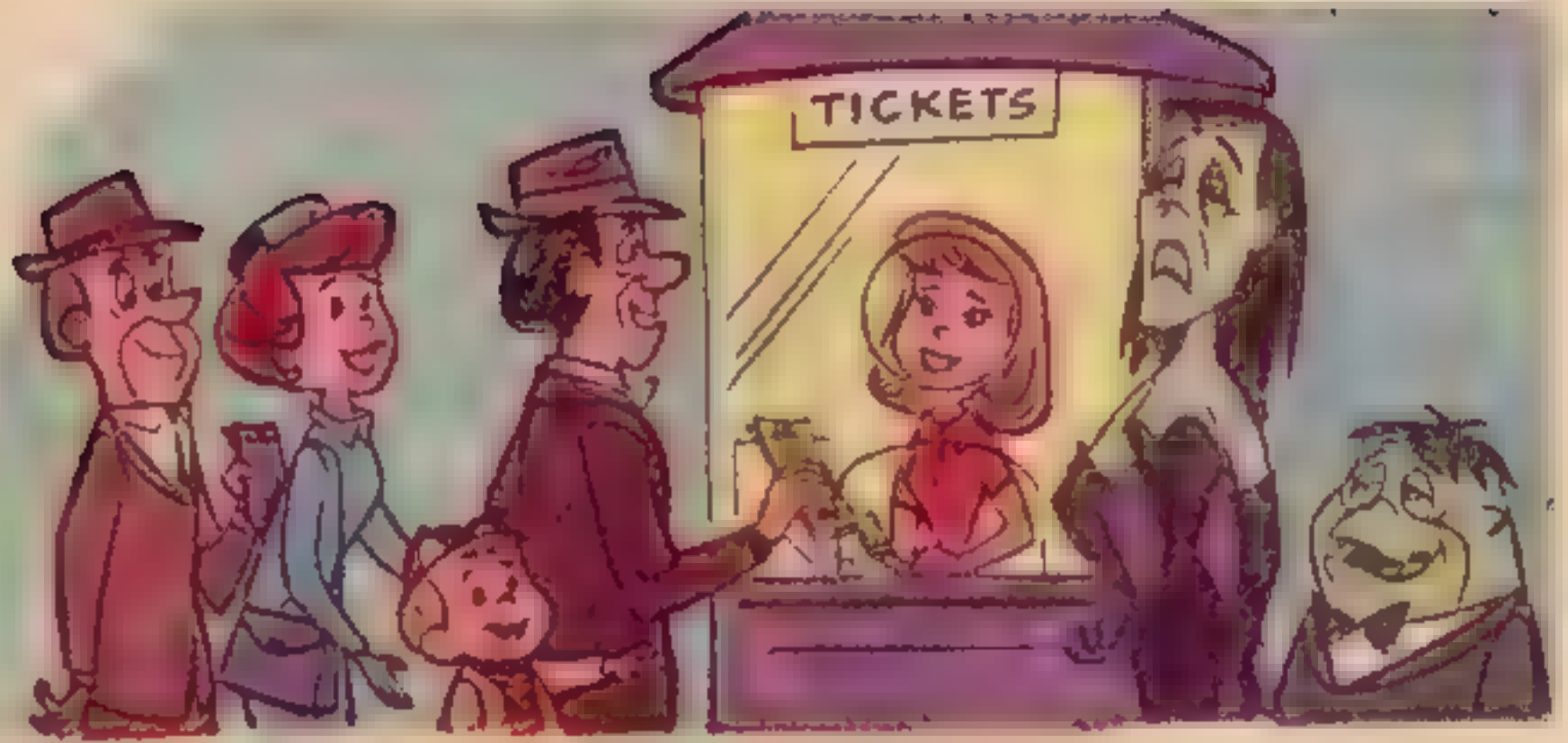








Big Night Out



Goonda walked into the laboratory where her husband, J. Evil Scientist, was busy working on his latest fiendish project.

"Dear, you aren't going to work all night again, are you?" she asked.

"Yes, I want to finish my latest horrible invention," J. Evil exclaimed.

"But I'm bored," Goonda whined. "I hoped you'd take me out tonight. We haven't been out together since the laboratory exploded."

"Then we were out cold together," J. Evil chuckled. "But a night out would be relaxing. I've been working too hard lately."

"Oh, goody . . . pardon the expression," Goonda exclaimed. "There's a new Frankenstein show playing in town. Let's go see that."

So they both dressed up in their best shrouds. Goonda put on her sallow makeup, and J. Evil put a weed in his lapel. Then they drove the hearse into town and parked it around the corner from the theater.

"I hope we don't have to wait in a long line for the show," Goonda sighed.

"We won't," chuckled J. Evil. "One ghoul-ish growl from me will scare them all away!"

But J. Evil didn't have to scare anyone away because there was no one there to scare. Even the girl selling tickets was sound asleep from boredom.

"Hmm! It looks like monster movies aren't as popular as they used to be," J. Evil observed with a sad grimace.

Just then, the girl woke up and looked at the horrible pair's repulsive faces, and naturally she screamed. J. Evil and Goonda thought that very flattering.

The theater manager heard the scream and ran out, but when he saw the gruesome two-some, he wished he hadn't.

"Wh-why, you're perfect m-monsters," the manager managed to say.

"Come, now! No one's perfect, but thanks for the compliment," Goonda said.

"I must still be asleep," exclaimed the ticket seller. "I'm having a nightmare!"

People heard the commotion and a crowd began to gather.

"Look at the monsters!" a passerby cried, pointing to Goonda and J. Evil. "They must be advertising the movie."

"If the monsters in the movie are as scary as these two, it should be a good show," exclaimed another man enthusiastically.

A line was beginning to form at the box office, which made the manager very happy.

"You two are great publicity for the show," he exclaimed, once he had worked up enough nerve to talk to his strange-looking benefactors. "I'll pay you well if you'll just stand here in front of the theater."

"Hmmm! I could use the money," J. Evil admitted. "Parts for fiendish inventions don't come cheap these days."

"And I could use a new fur coat," Goonda exclaimed. "That old werewolf fur of mine is nearly worn out."

So Goonda and J. Evil took the job and stood out in front of the theater until it closed. Then they drove home.

"We went out to get you away from work, but you ended up working, anyway," Goonda complained. "And to top it off, I had to work, too, and we didn't even get to see the movie," she sighed.

"Well, we needed the money," J. Evil exclaimed, "and frankly I'm glad we didn't get to see the movie. Those monster pictures scare me half to death!"

Hanna-Barbera Lippy Lion and Hardy Har Har

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

LIPPY AND HARDY HAVE SET OUT ON A SEARCH FOR THE END OF THE RAINBOW AND A POT OF GOLD...

OH, DEAR, I JUST *KNOW* THAT POT OF GOLD TALE IS A FAKE!

COME, COME, HARDY, YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE FAITH! STOP BEING A SPOILSPORT!

HEY, WE'RE LUCKY! MAYBE SOMEBODY IN THIS FOREST KNOWS WHERE WE CAN FIND THE POT OF GOLD.

OH ME.

ENCHANTED FOREST

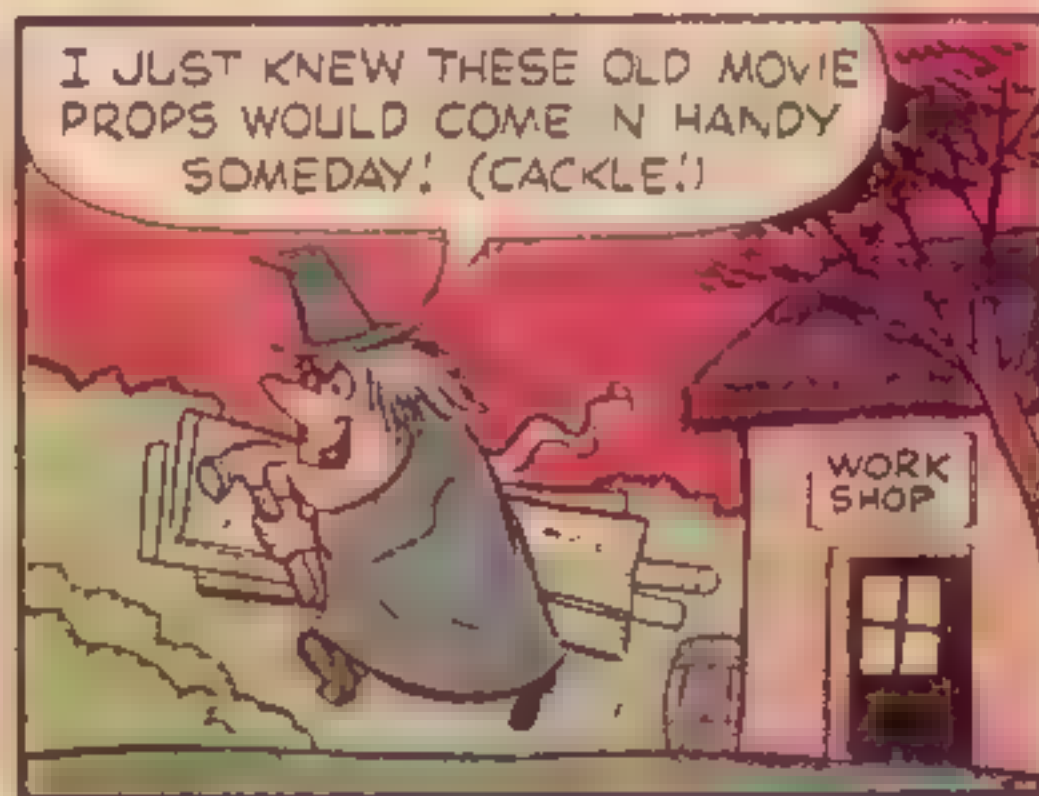
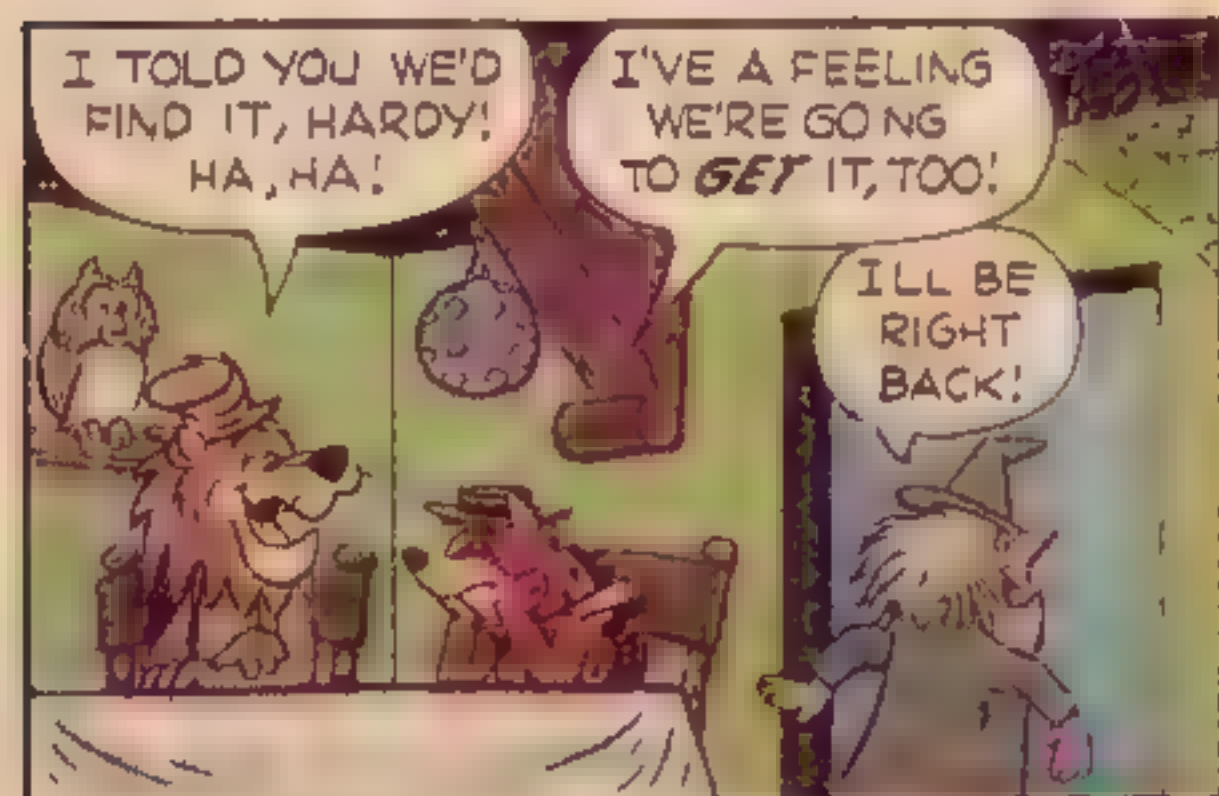
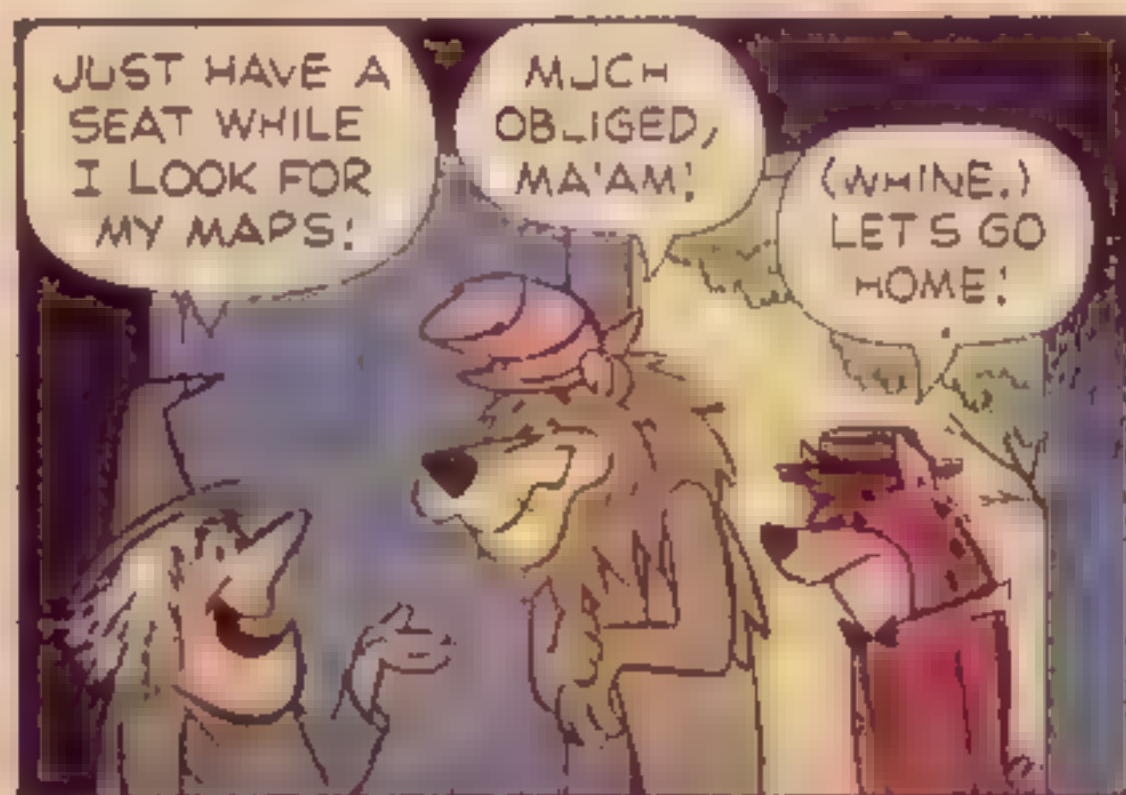
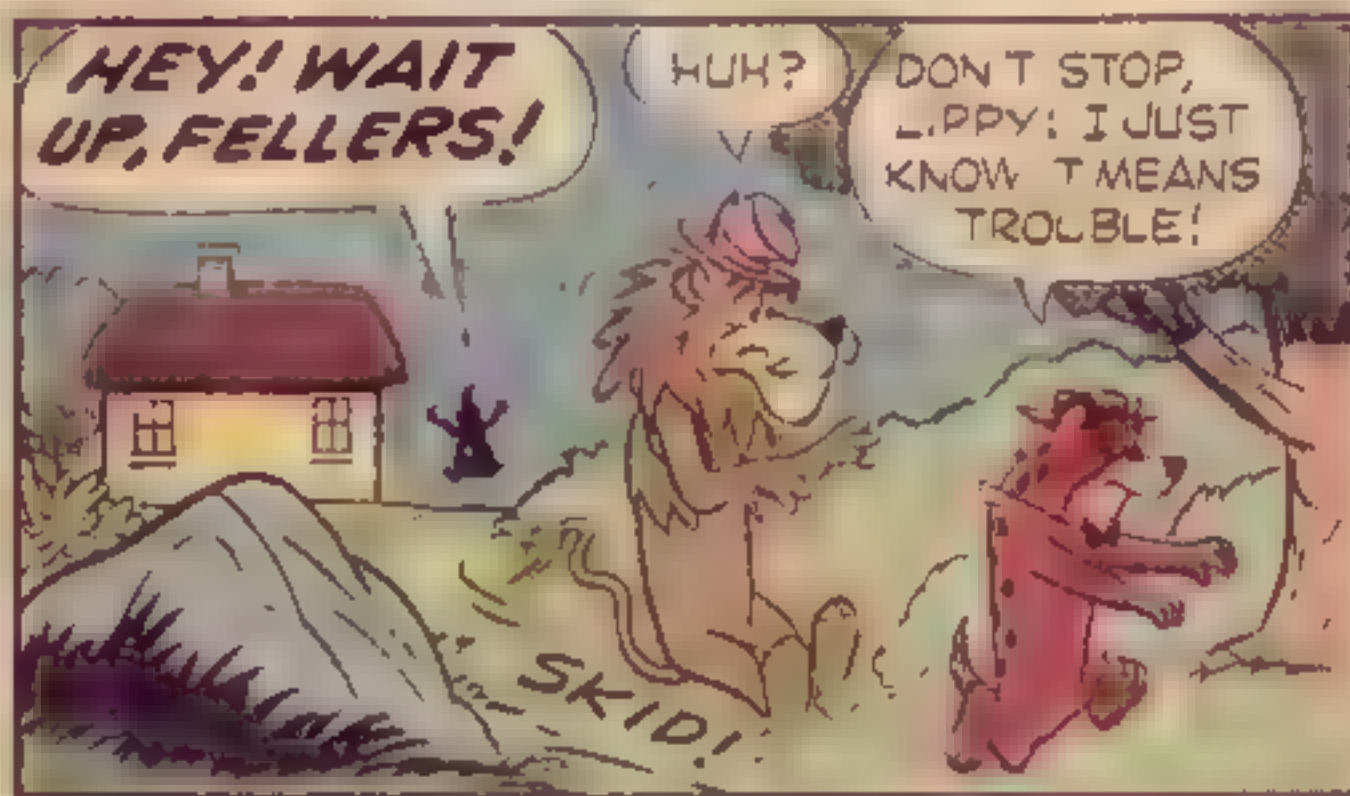
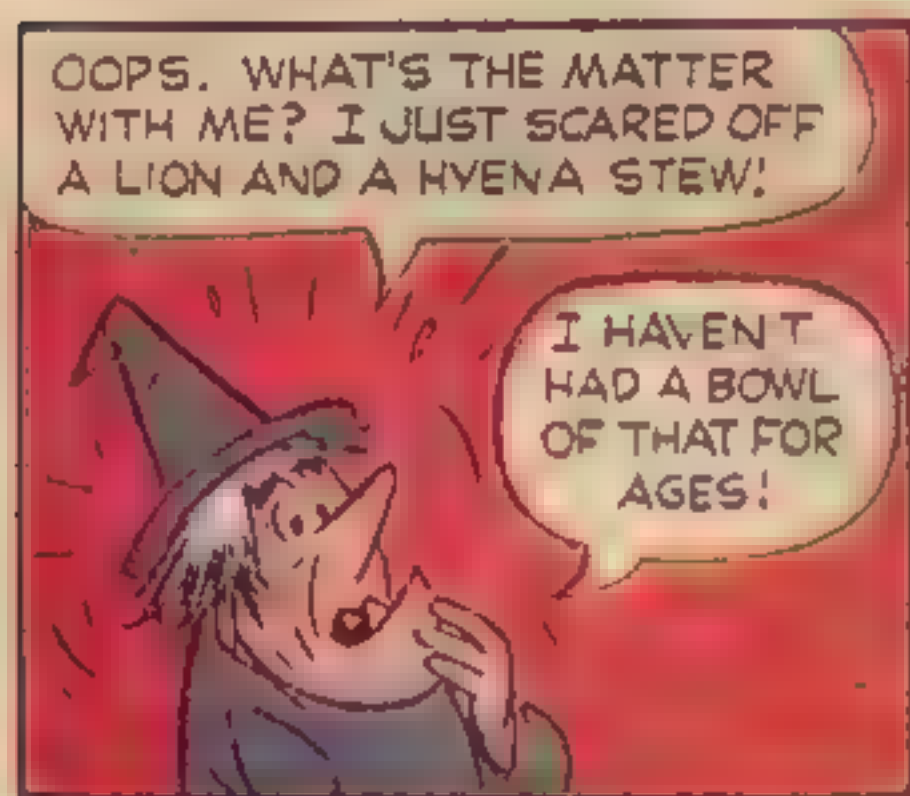
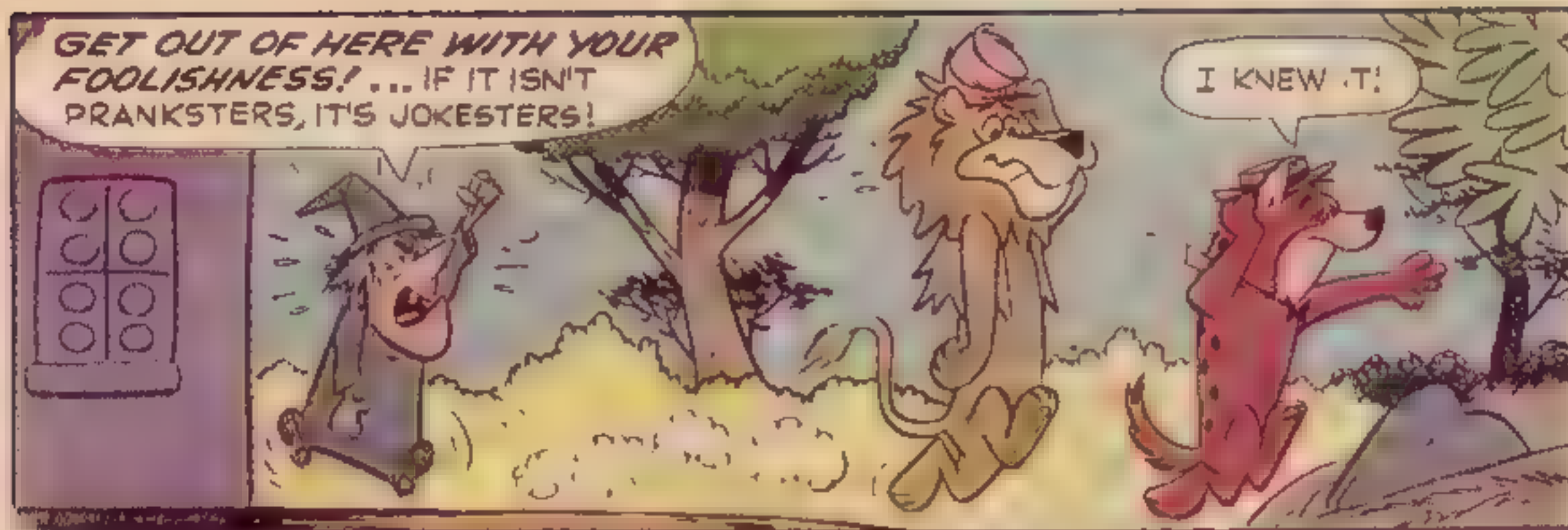
CHIN UP, HARDY. LEAVE THINGS TO ME. I'LL JUST RING THIS HERE DOORBELL.

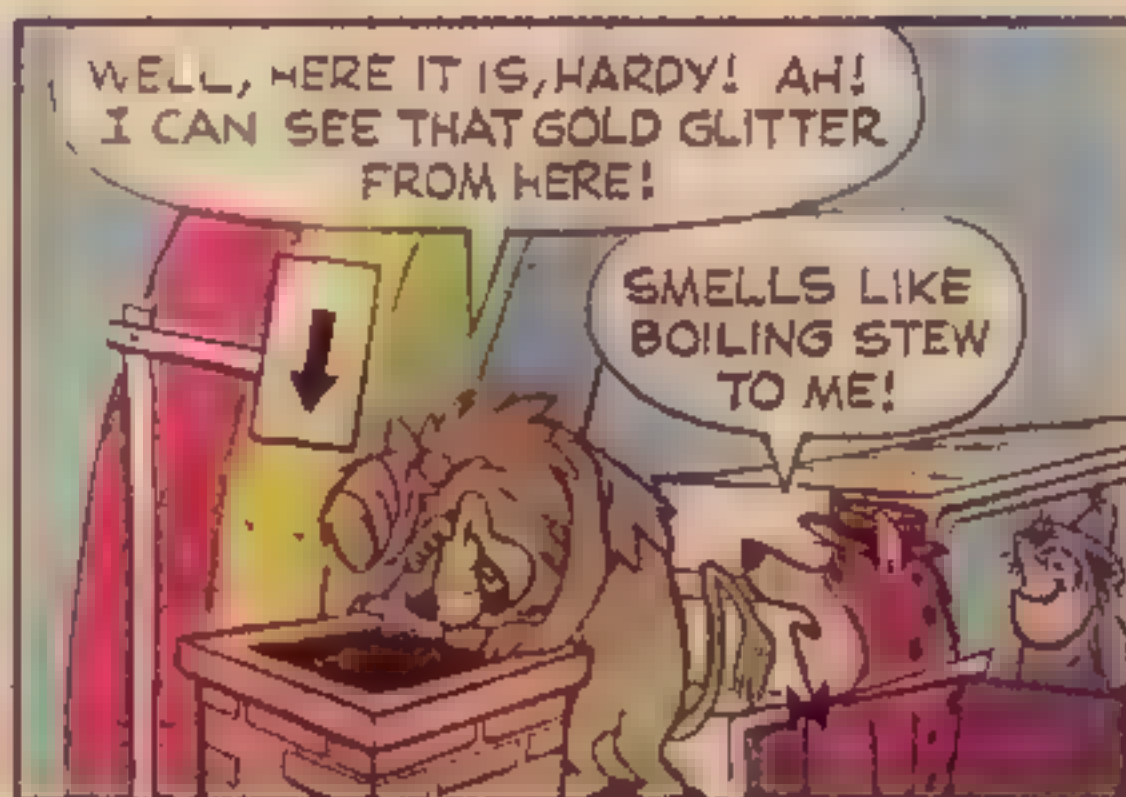
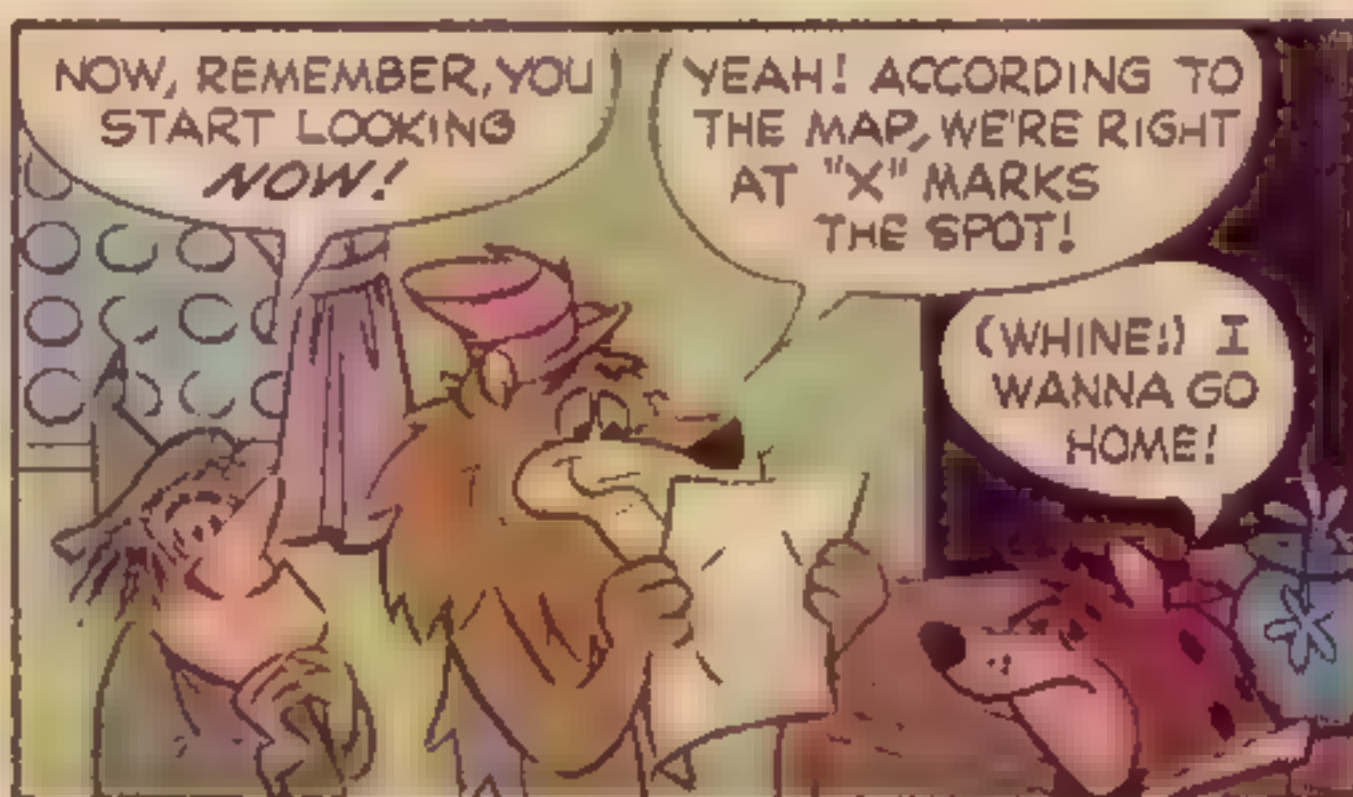
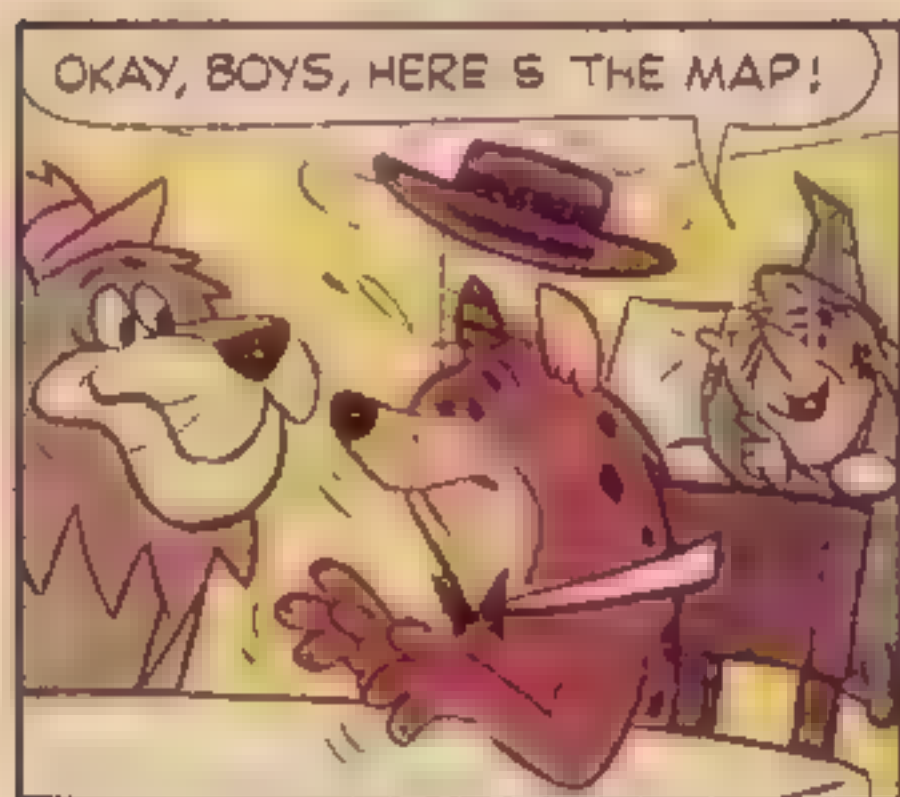
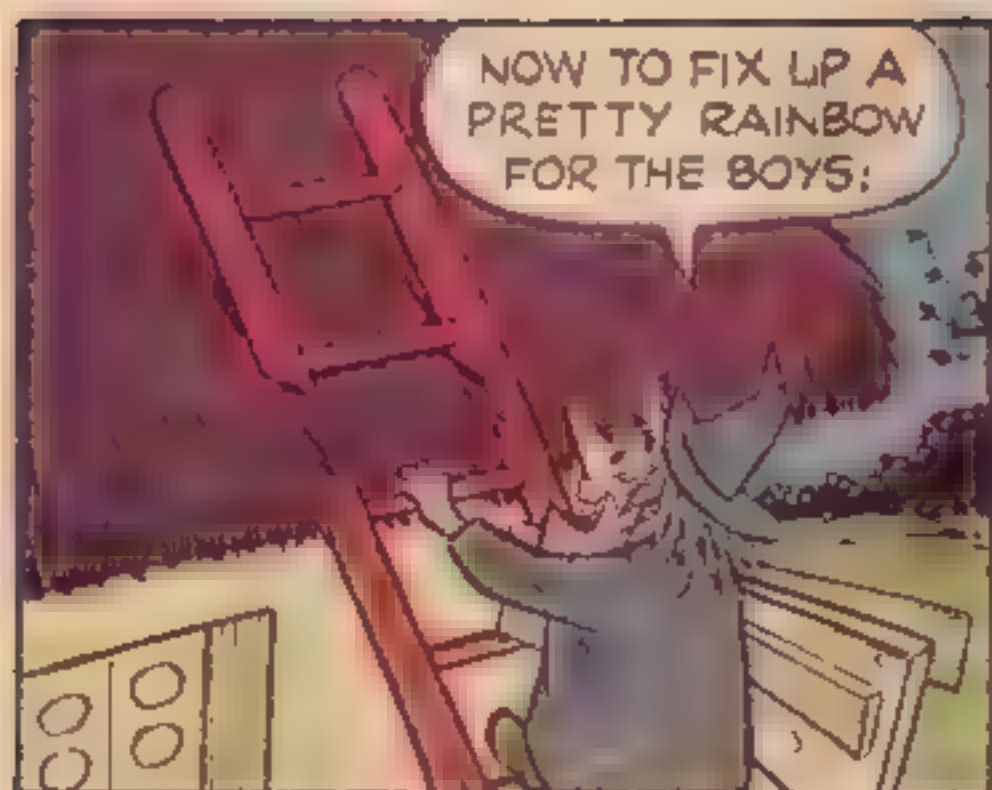
WELL?

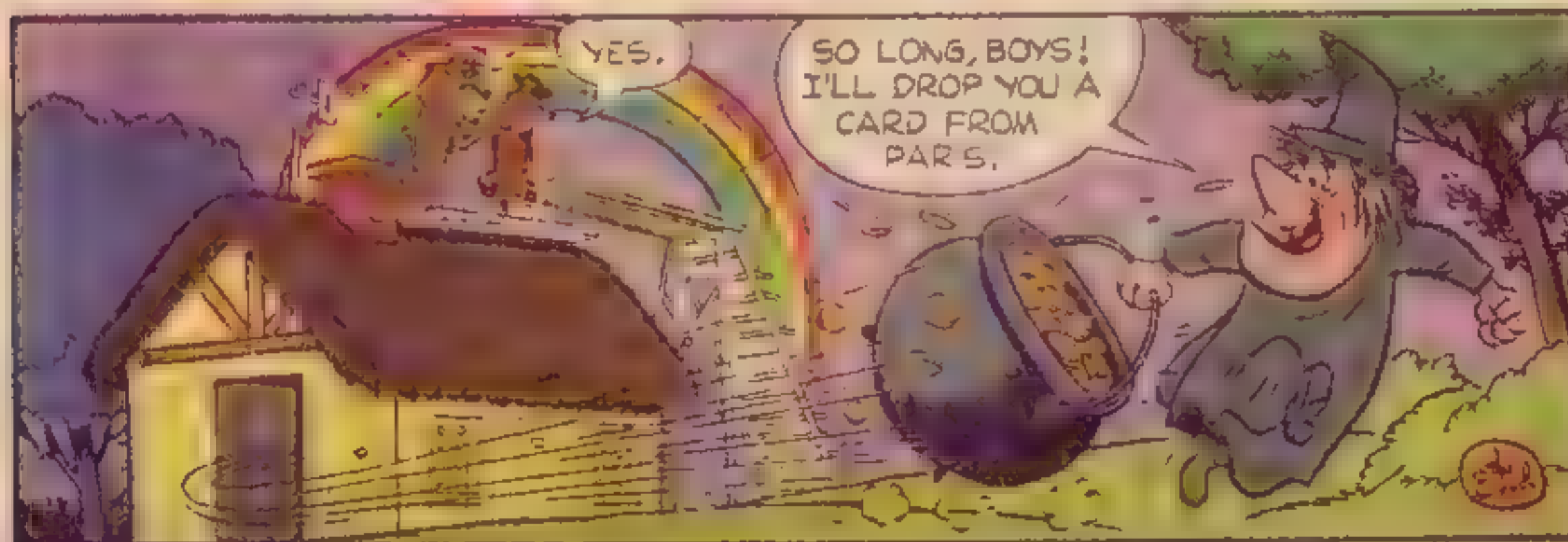
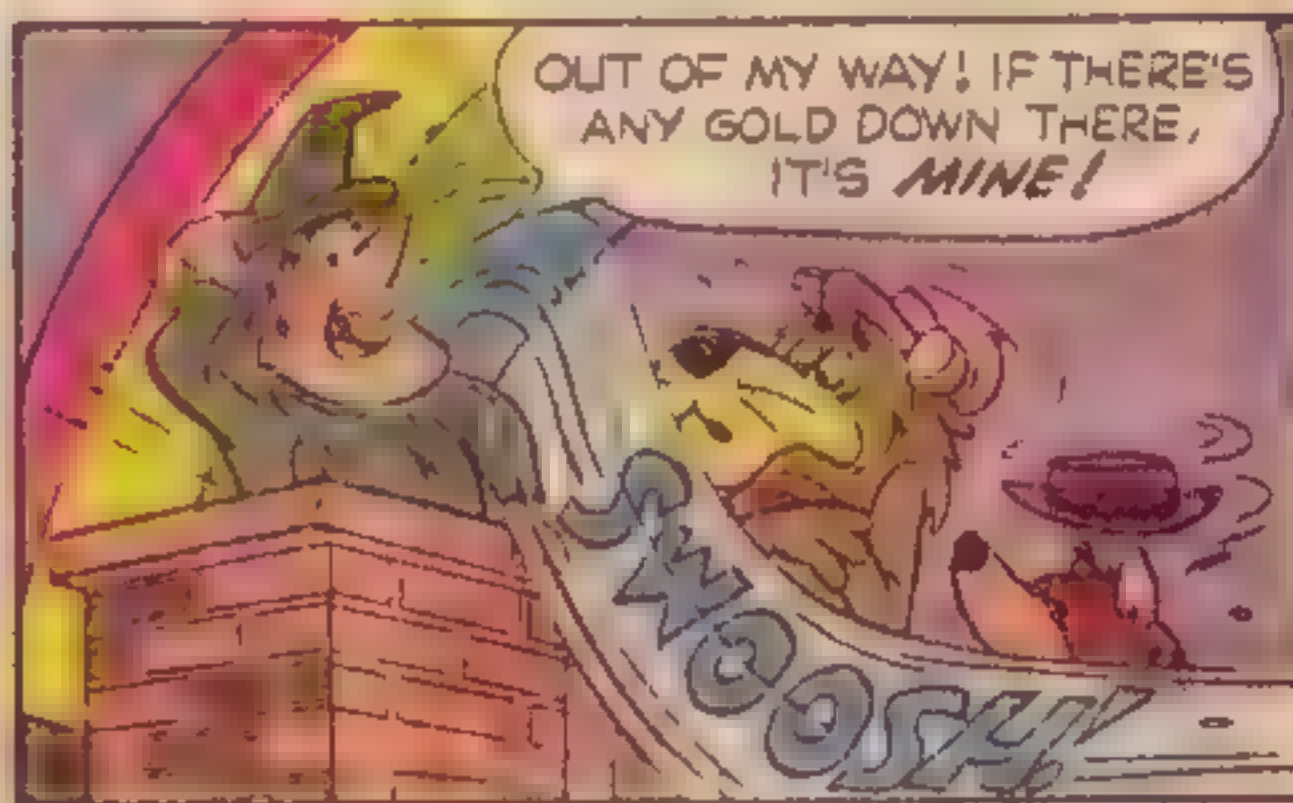
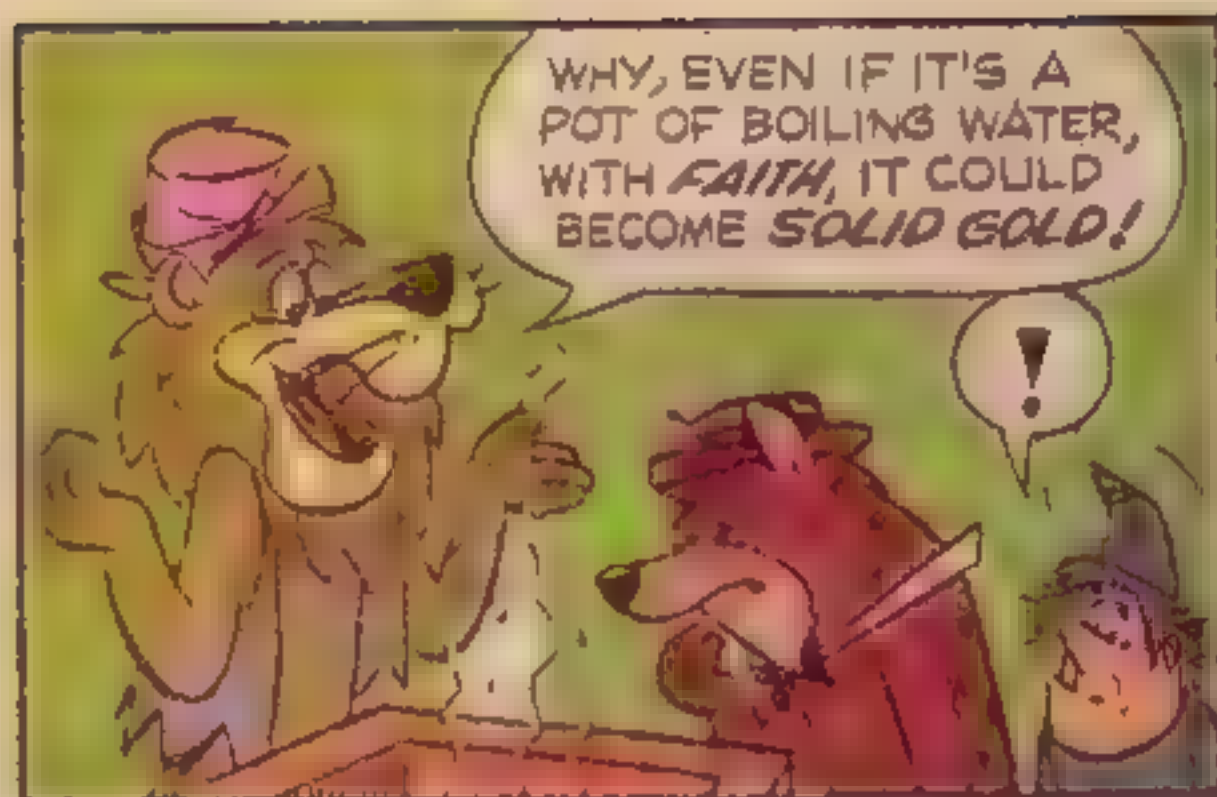
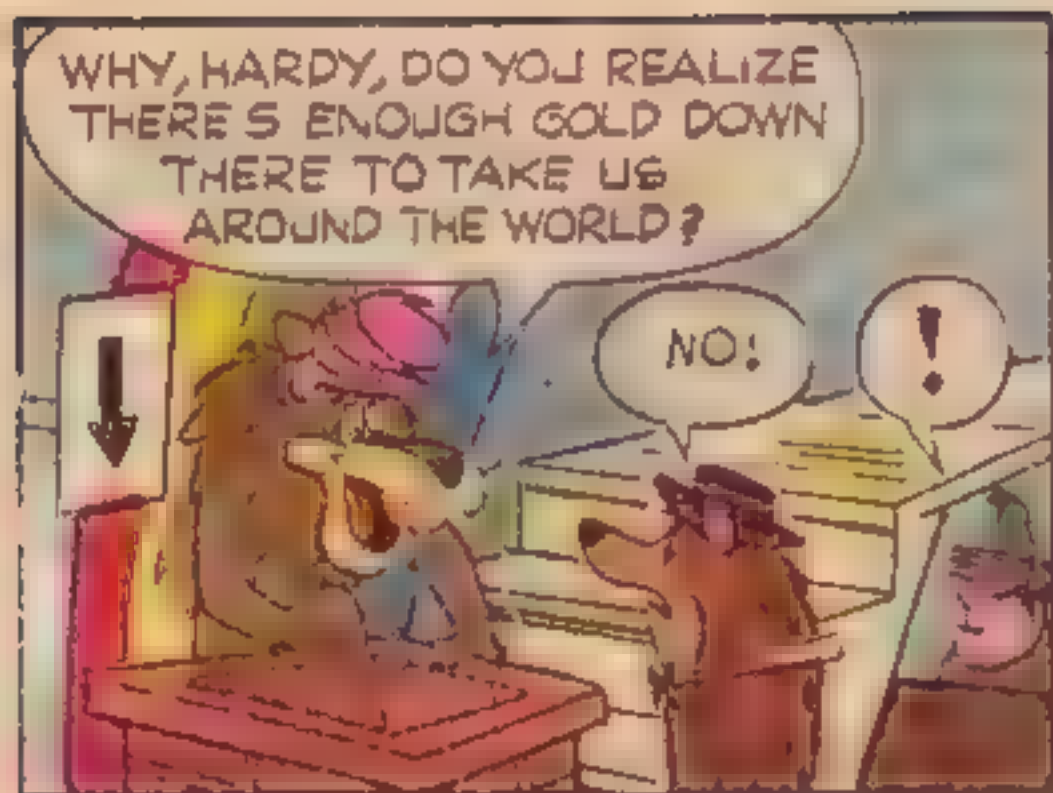
OOPS

PARDON ME, SIR... ER, MA'AM— WE'RE INQUIRING ABOUT THE POT OF GOLD AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW!

THE *WHAT?*







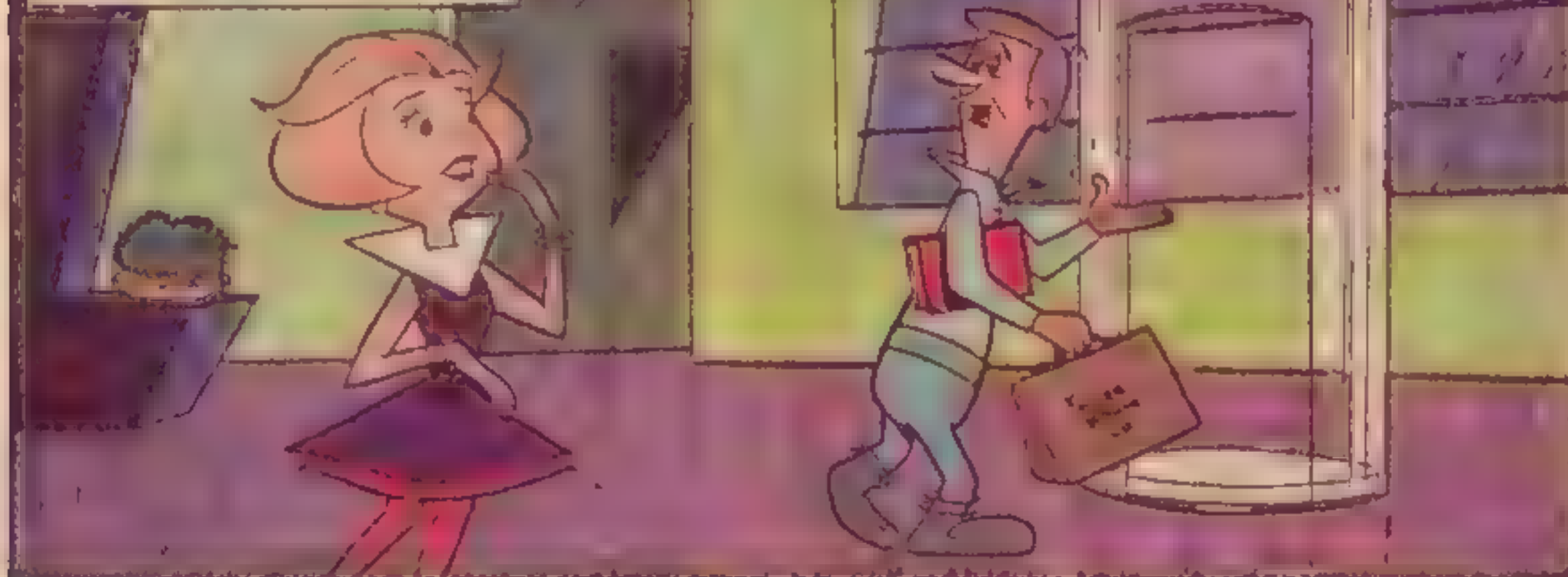
Hanna-Barbera

THE JETSON STELLAR SALESMAN

THE FUTURE BRINGS MANY CHANGES BUT ONE THING DOESN'T CHANGE THE POWER OF DREAMS. AS LONG AS THERE ARE DOORS THERE WILL BE DOOR-TO-DOOR SALESMEN.

ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO DO THIS, GEORGE?

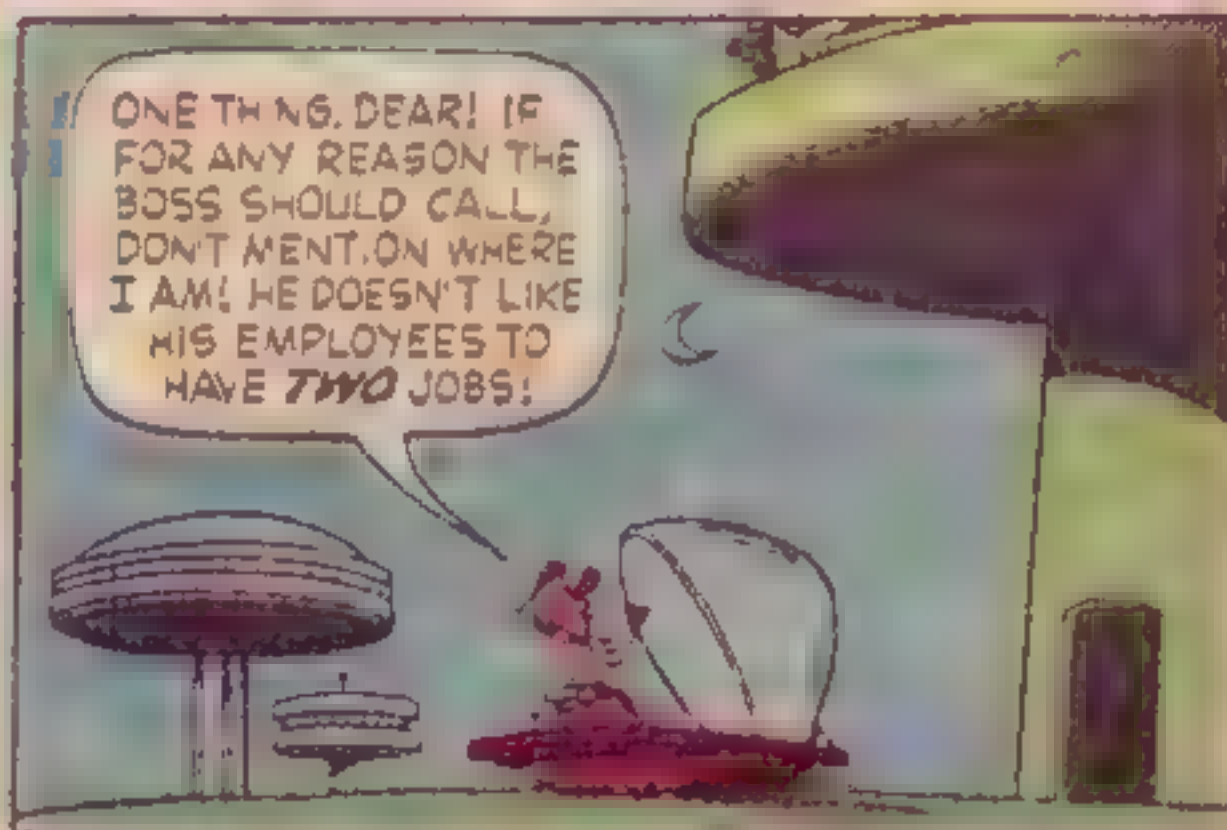
WANT TO? I HAVE TO!



SINCE OLD MAN SPACELY WON'T GIVE ME A PROMOTION AND RAISE, I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THIS PART-TIME JOB SELLING BRUSHES!

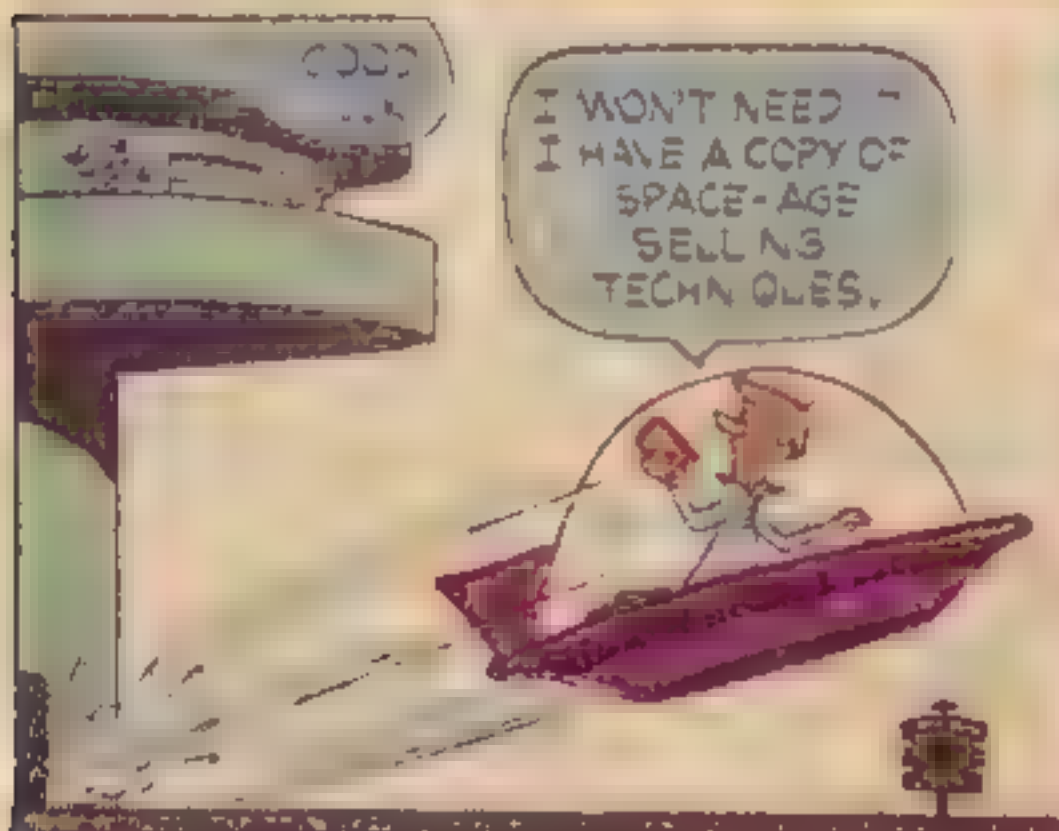


ONE THING, DEAR! IF FOR ANY REASON THE BOSS SHOULD CALL, DON'T MENTION WHERE I AM! HE DOESN'T LIKE HIS EMPLOYEES TO HAVE TWO JOBS!



GOOD...

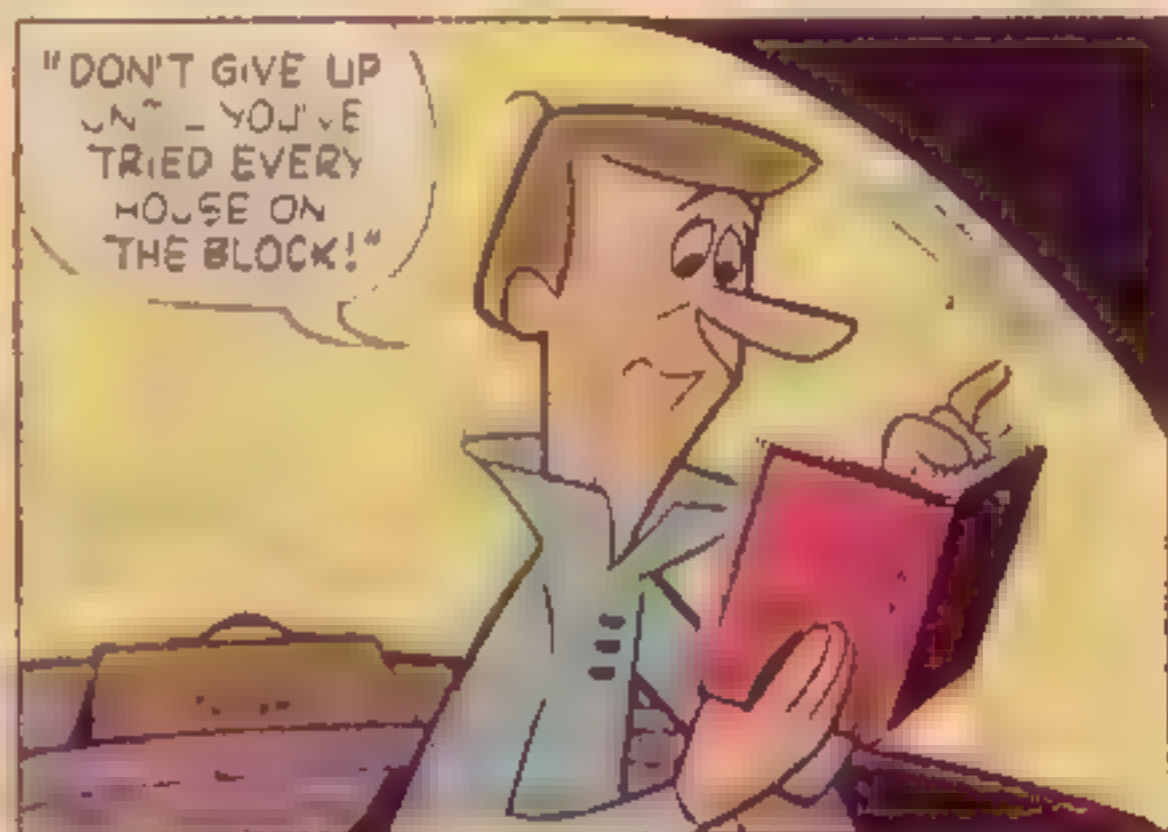
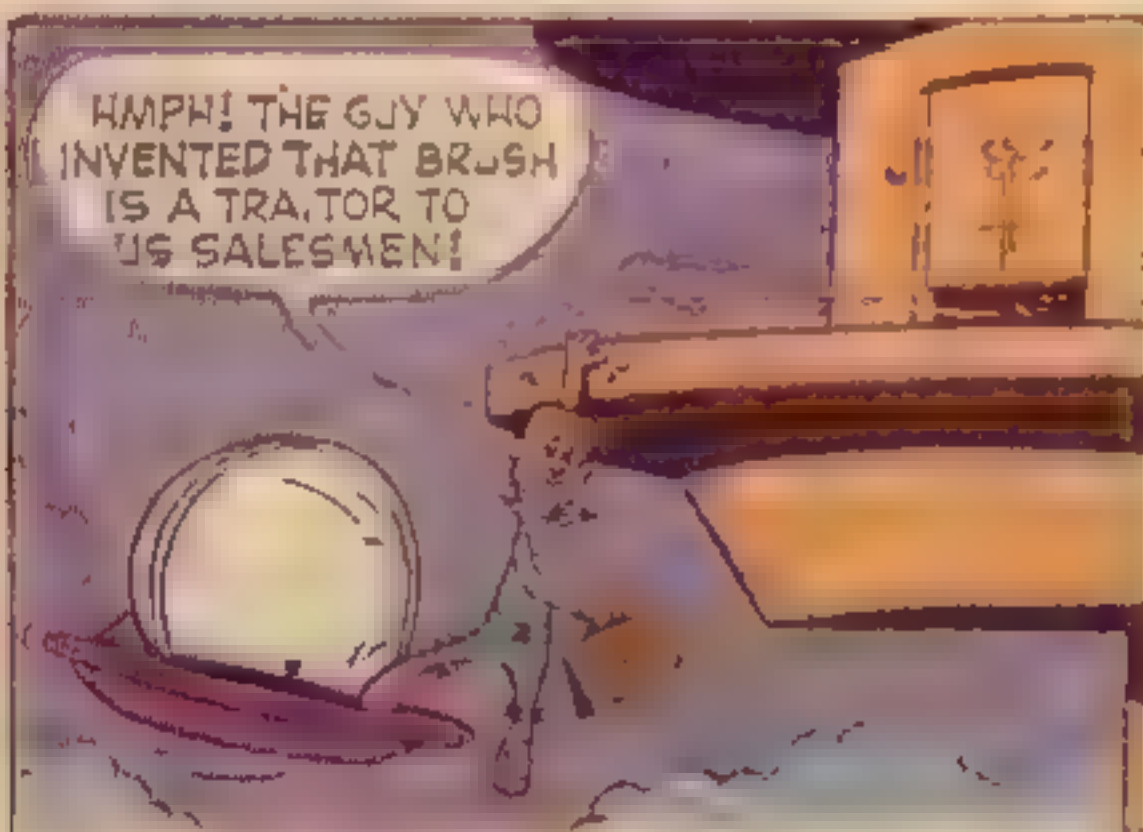
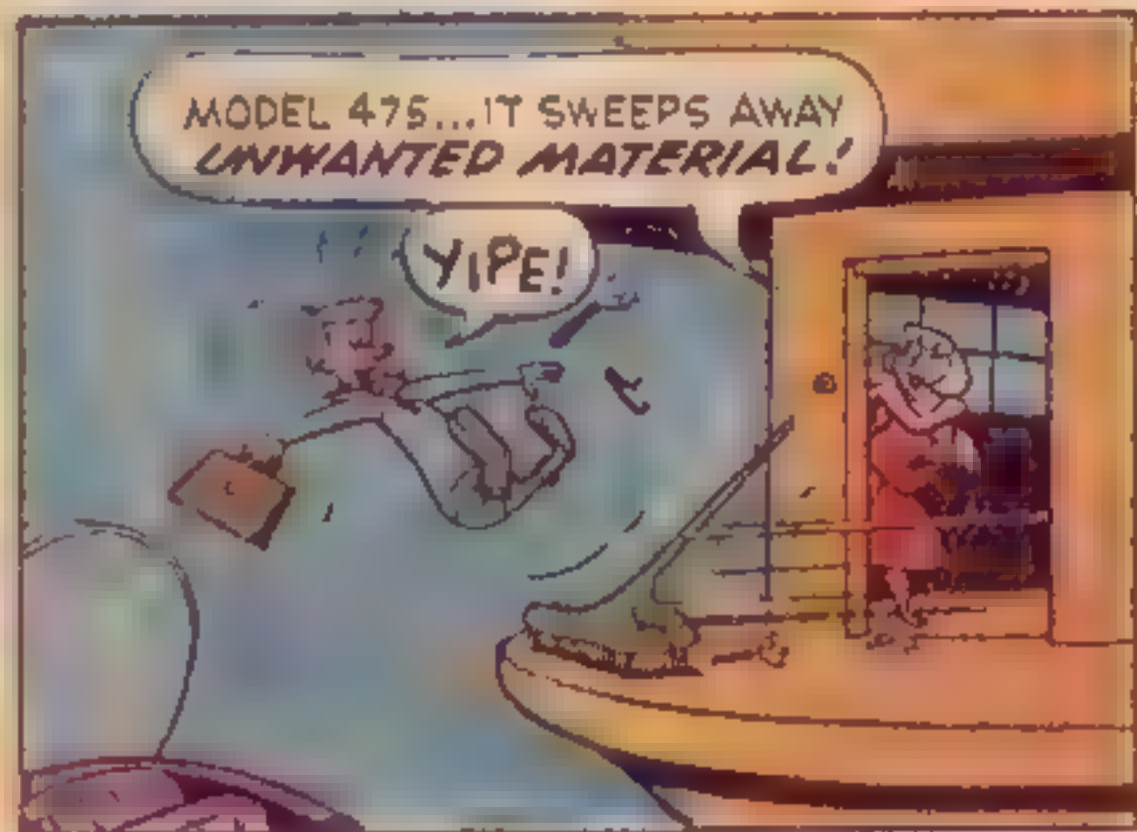
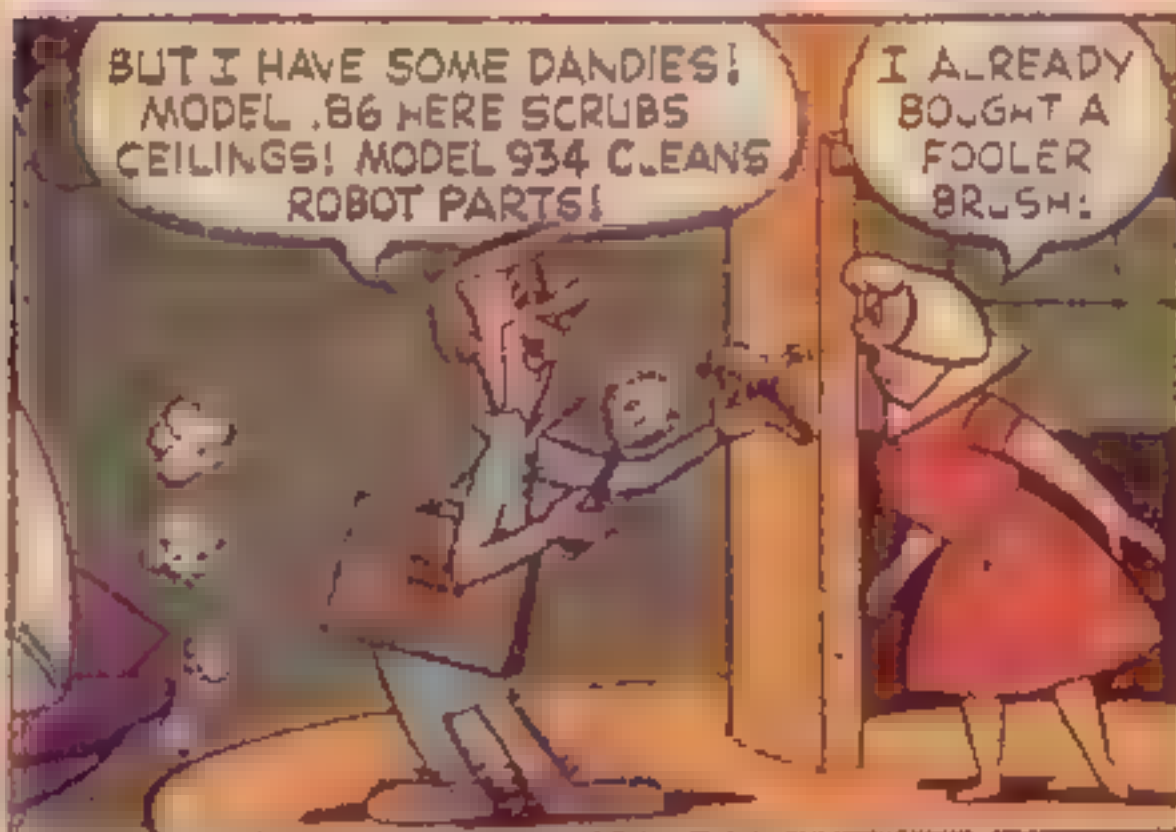
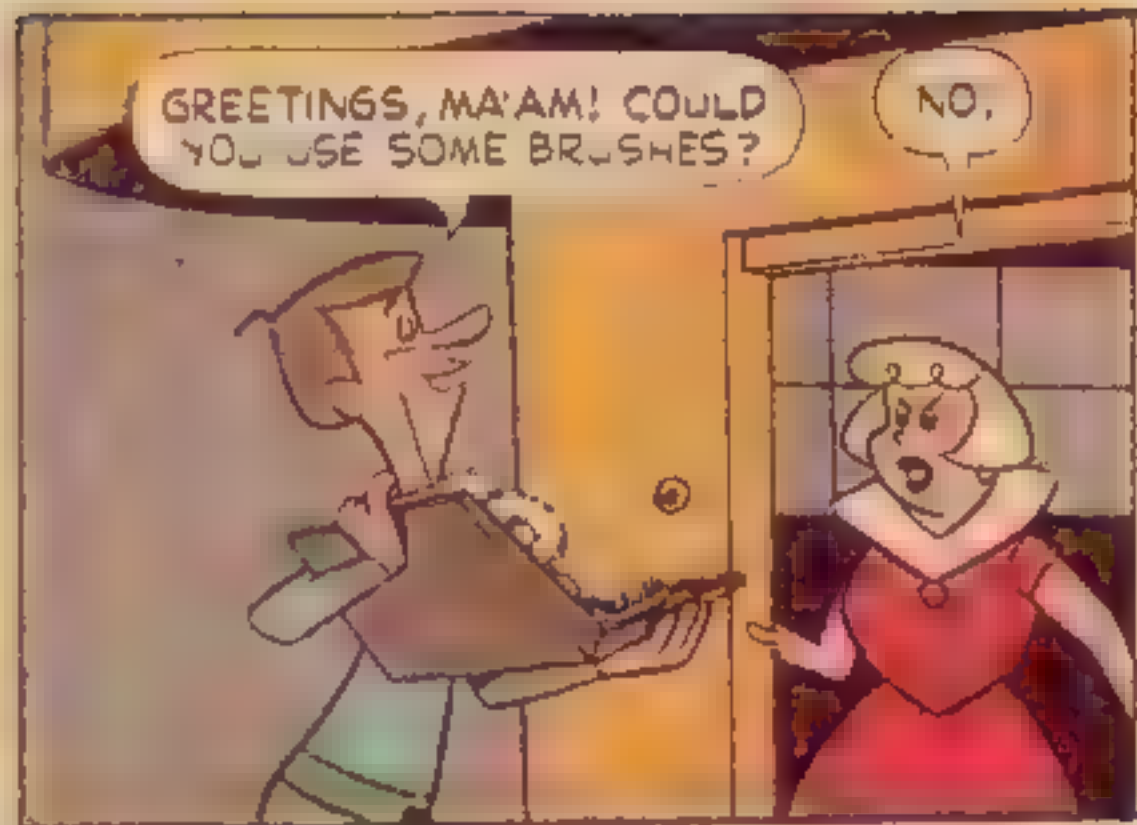
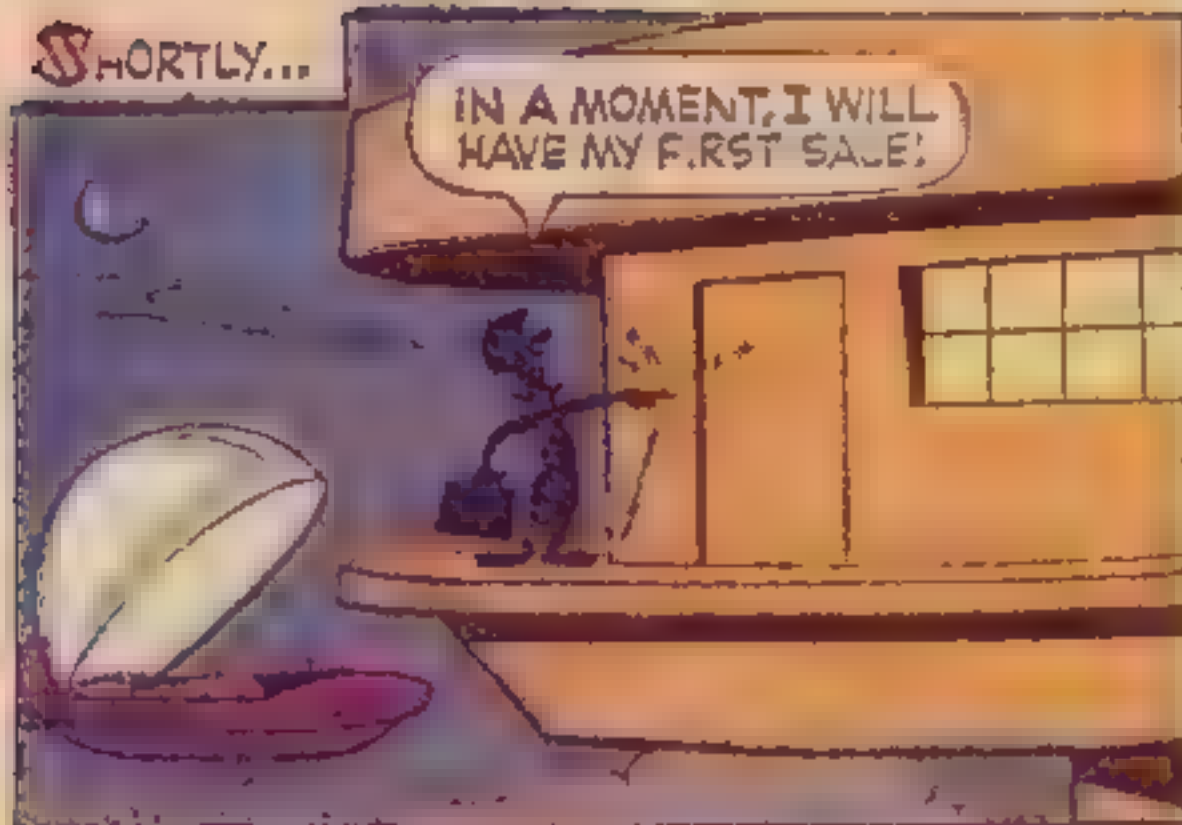
I WON'T NEED IT I HAVE A COPY OF SPACE-AGE SELLING TECHNIQUES.



THIS BOOK IS GUARANTEED TO MAKE A SALESMAN OUT OF ANYBODY.

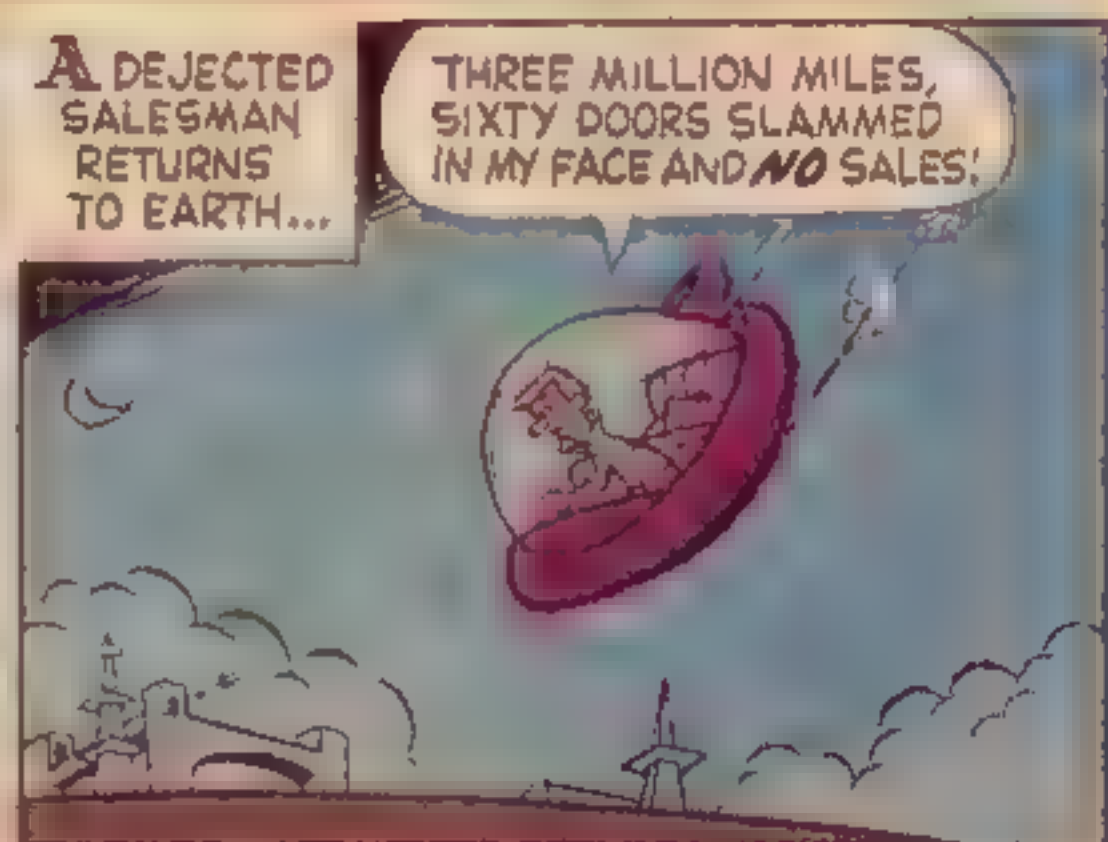
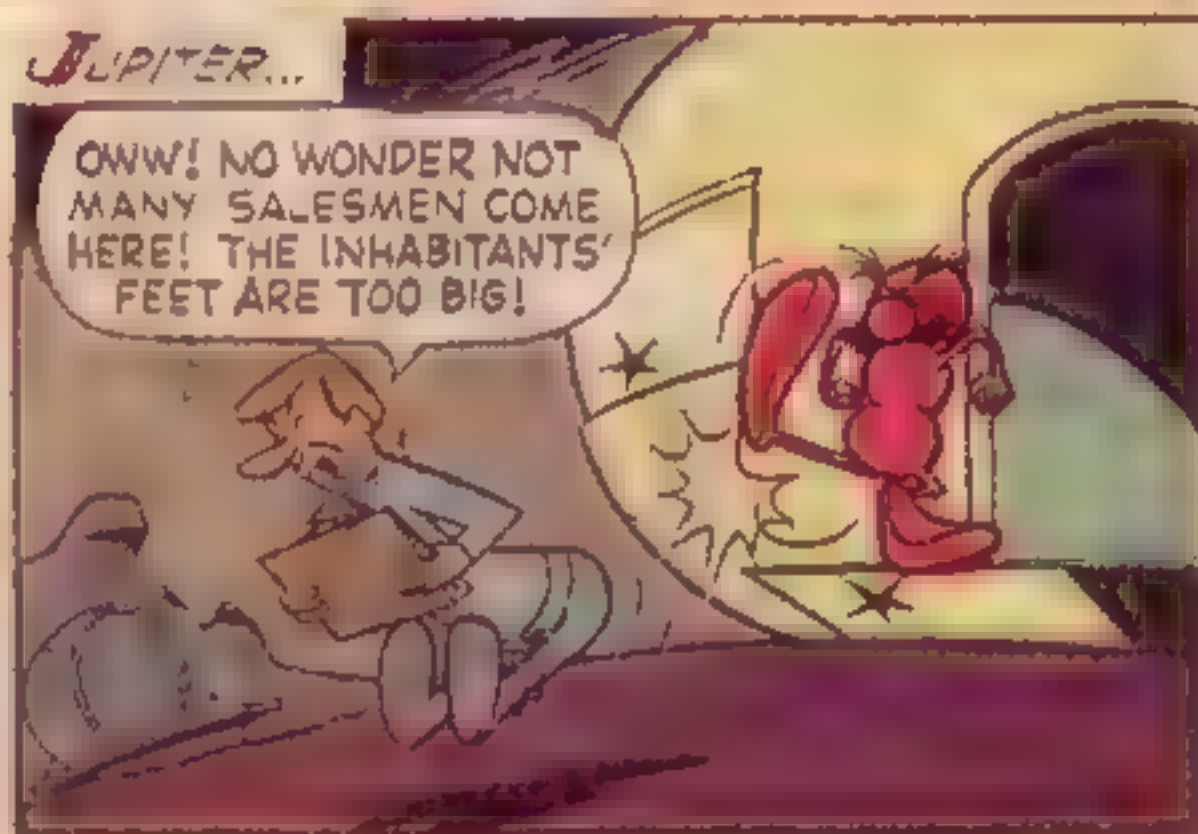
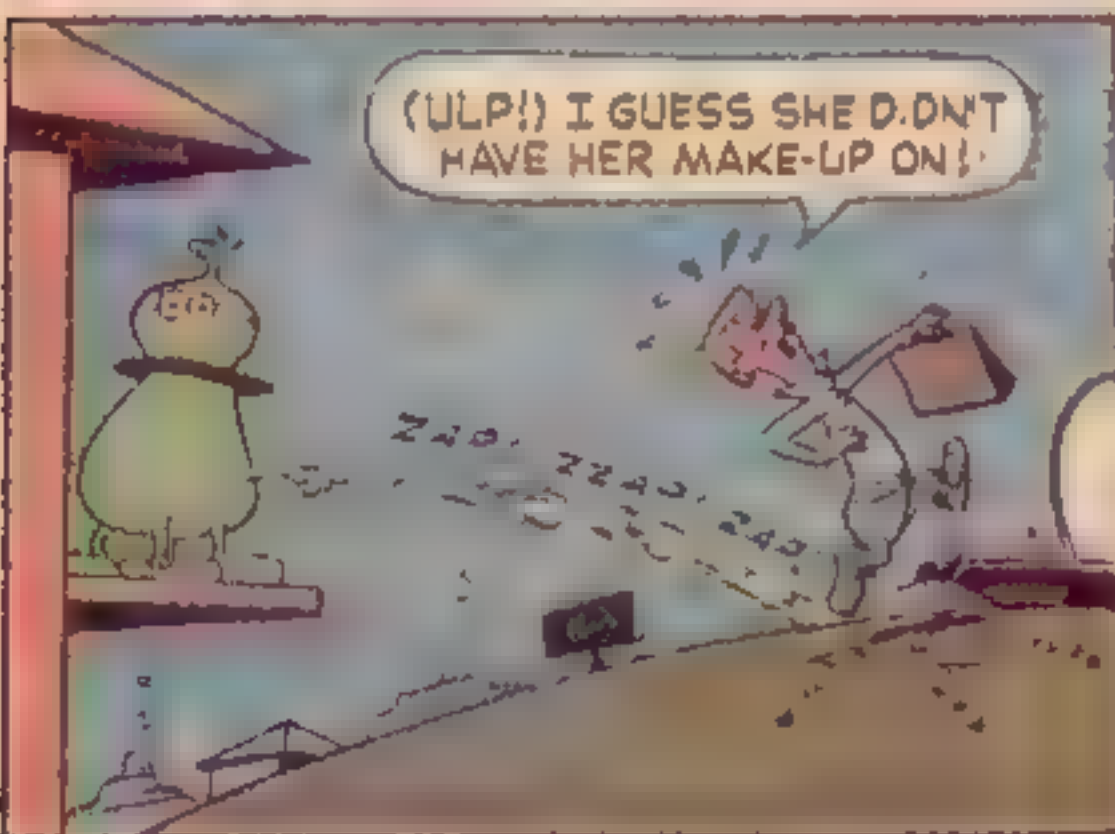
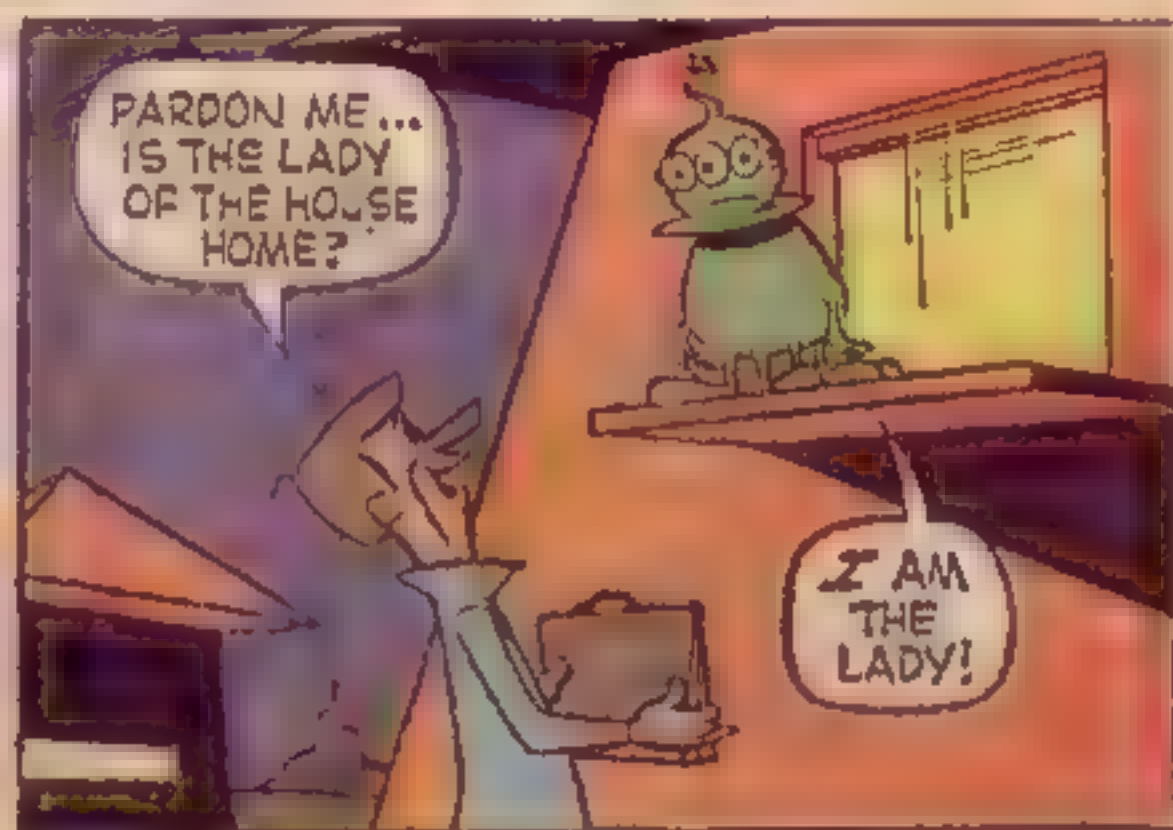
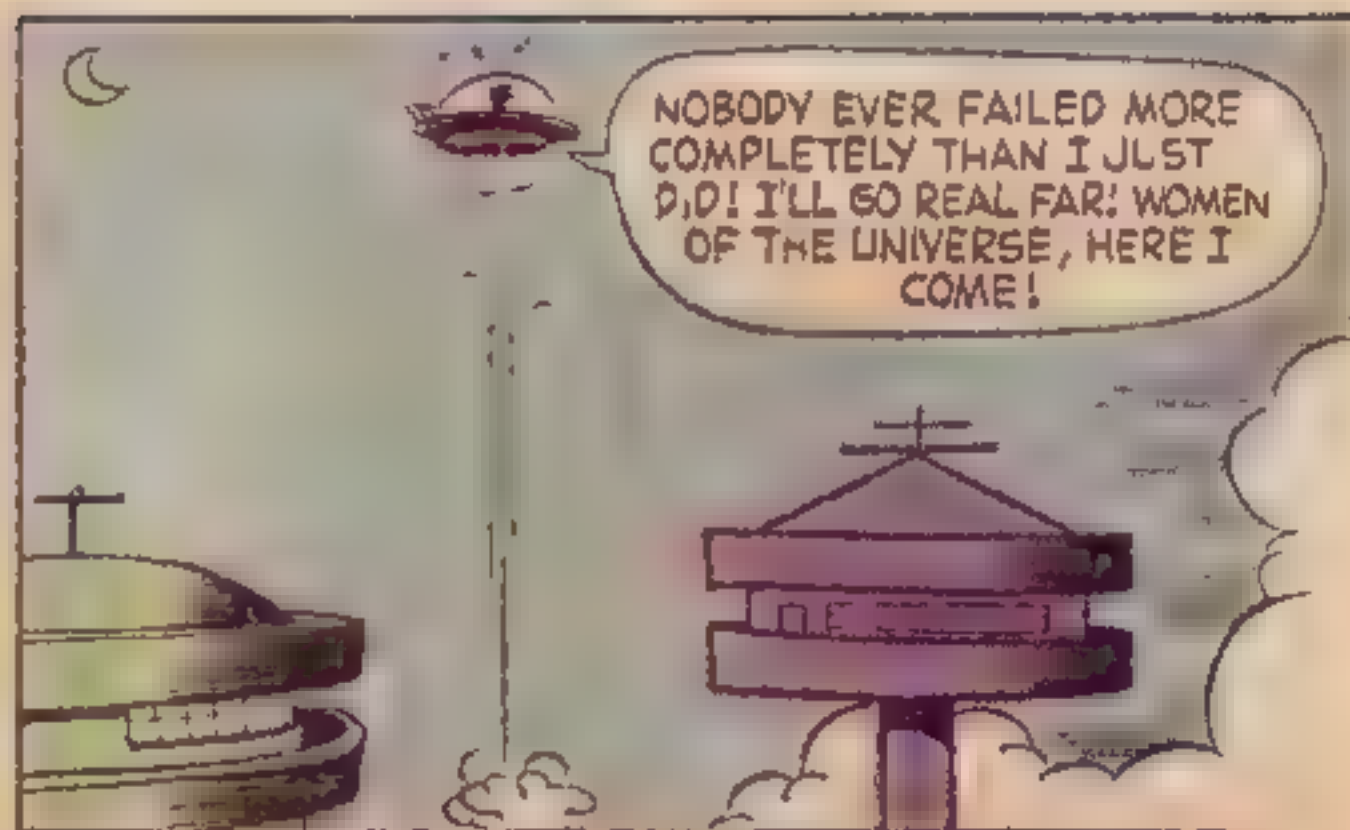


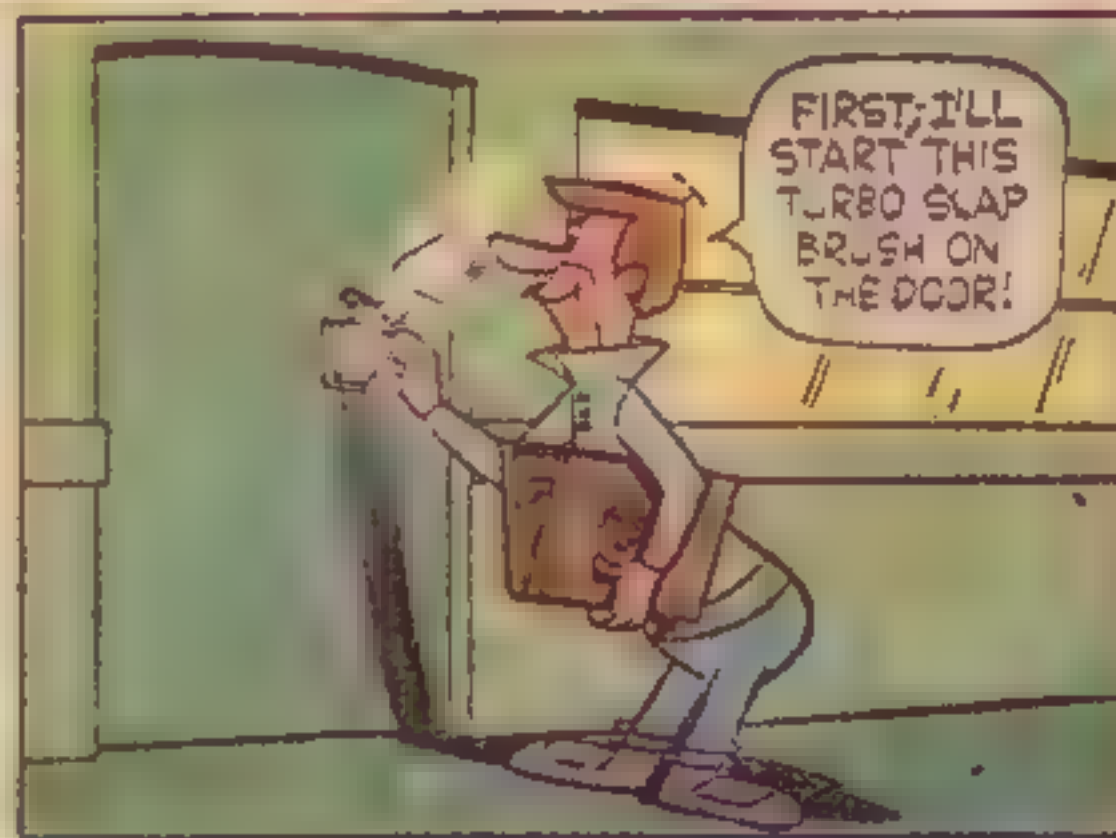
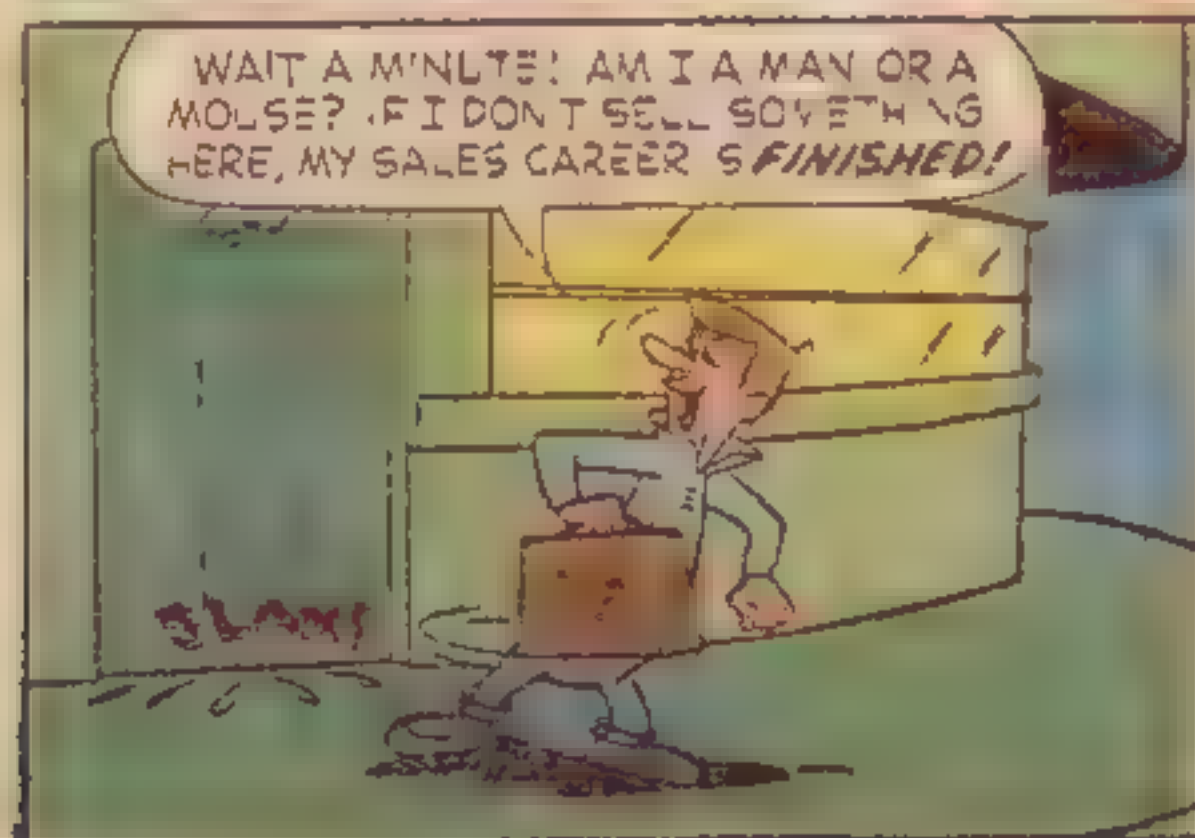
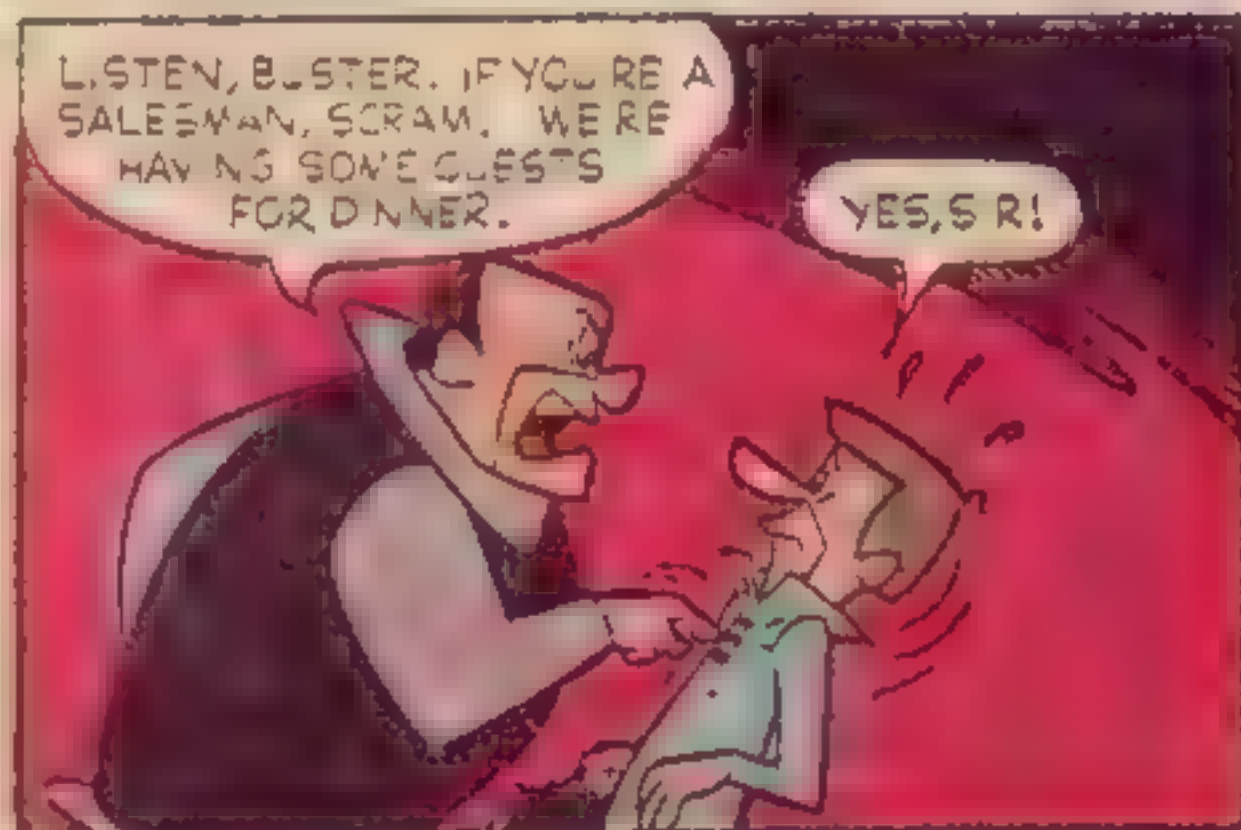
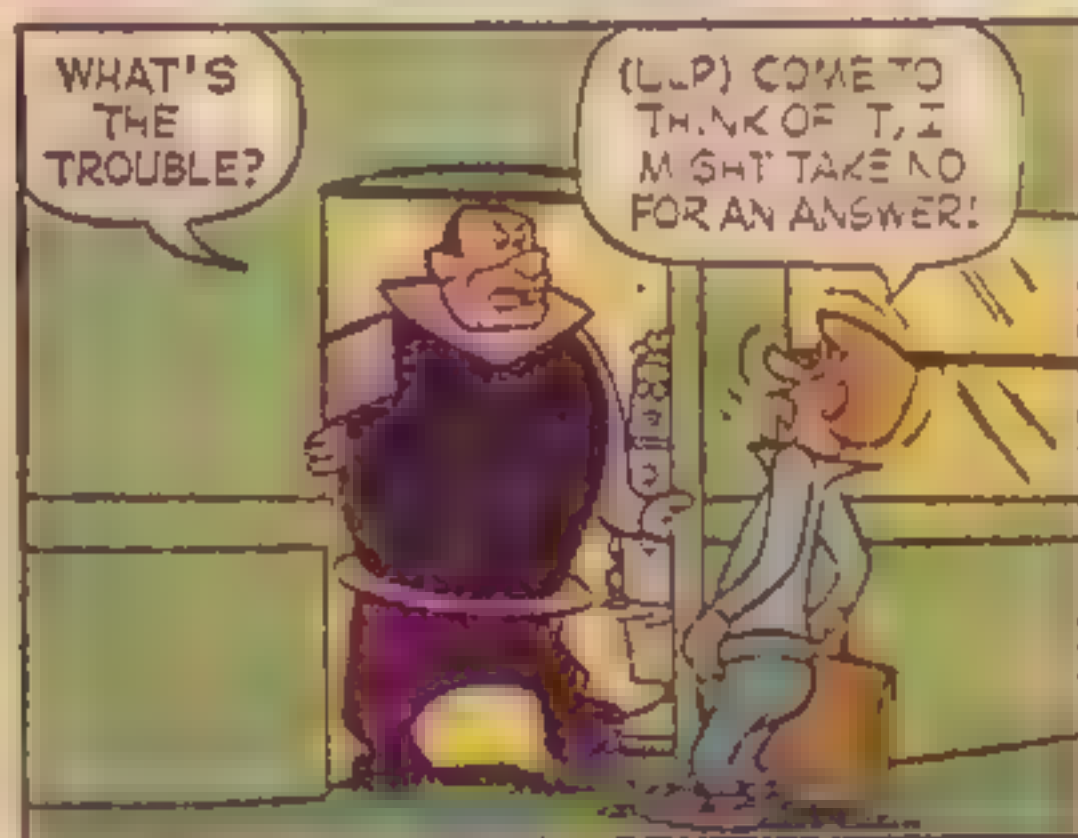
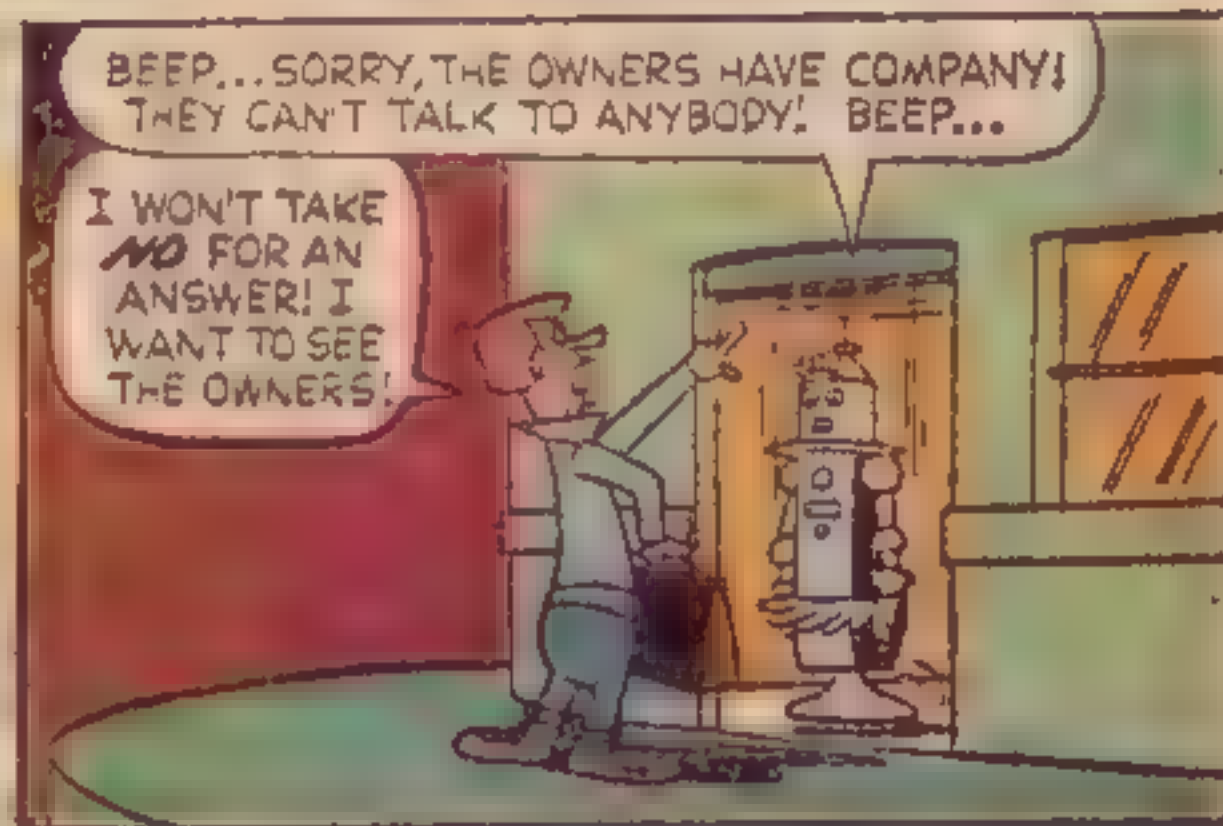
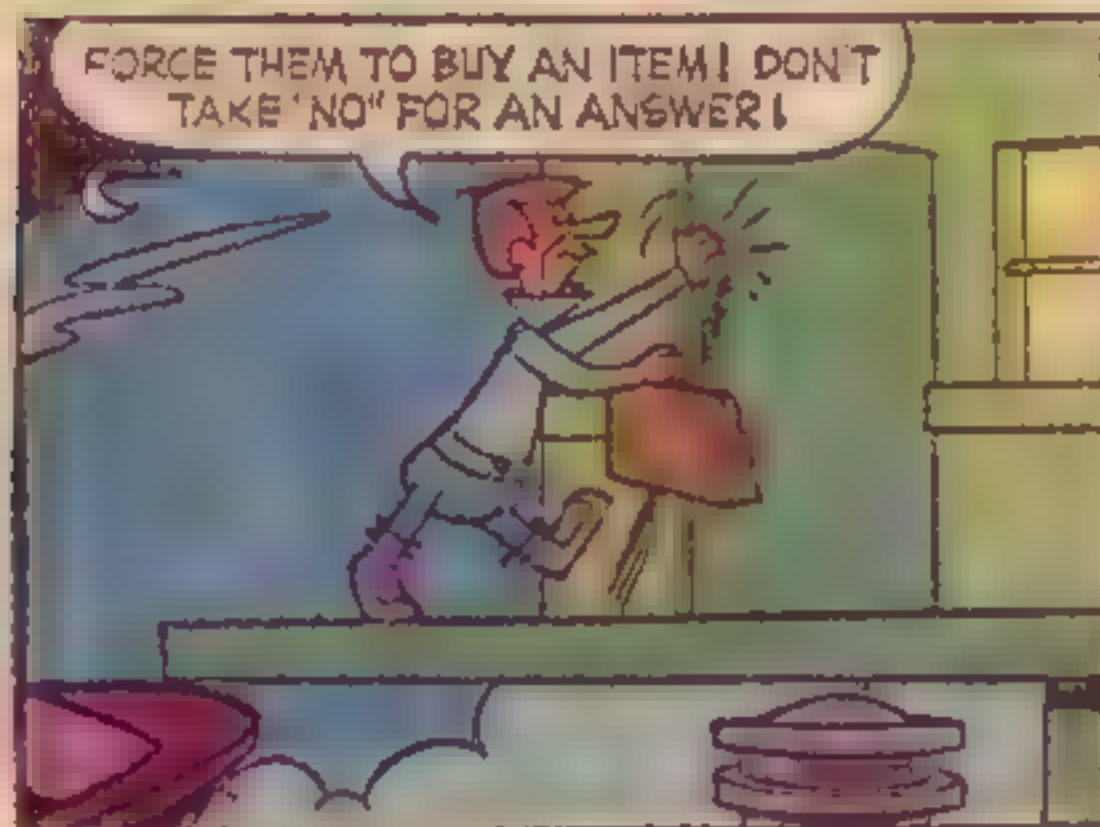
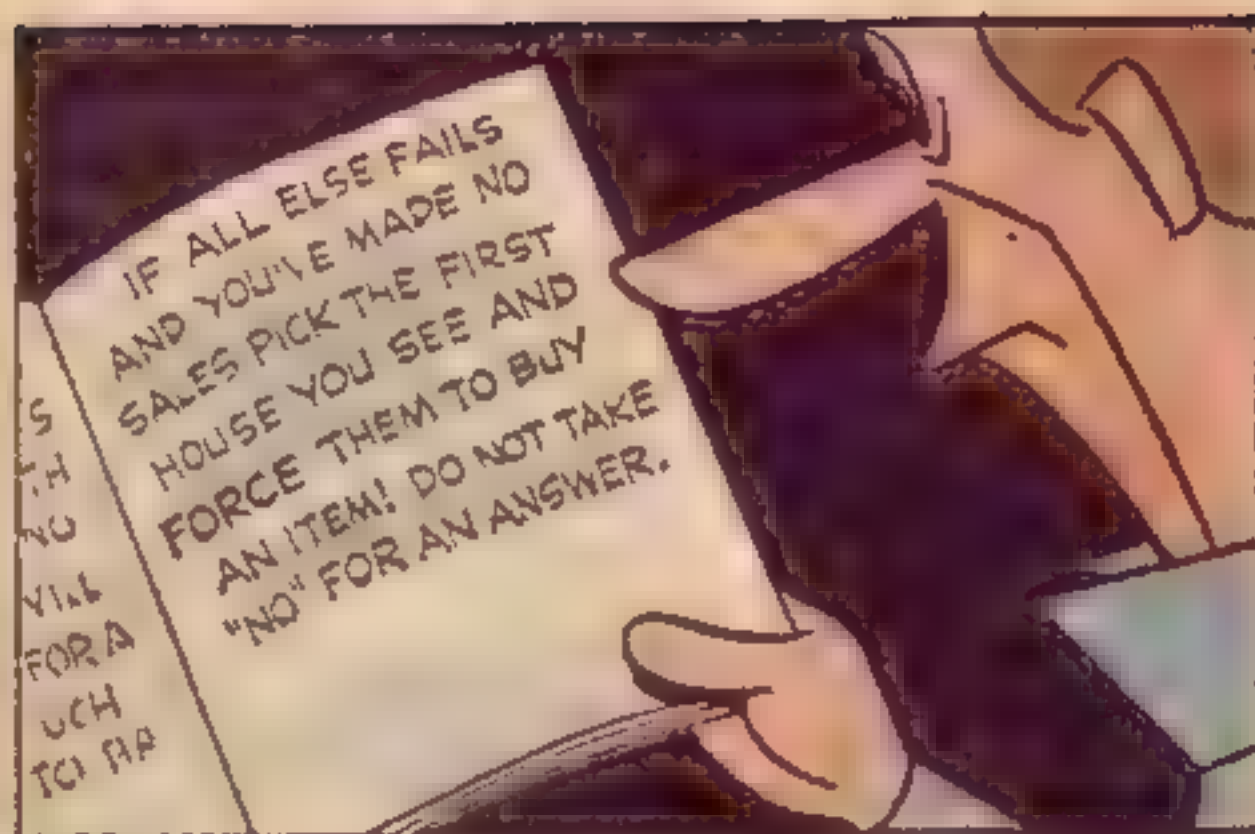
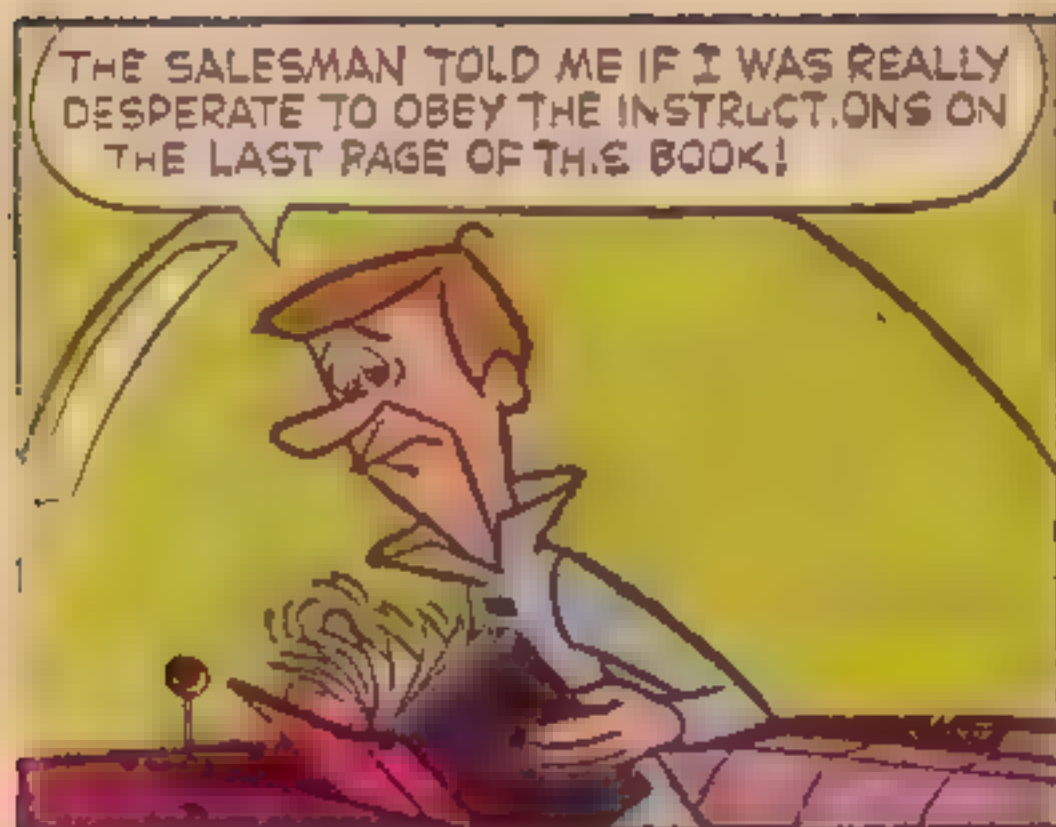
SHORTLY...

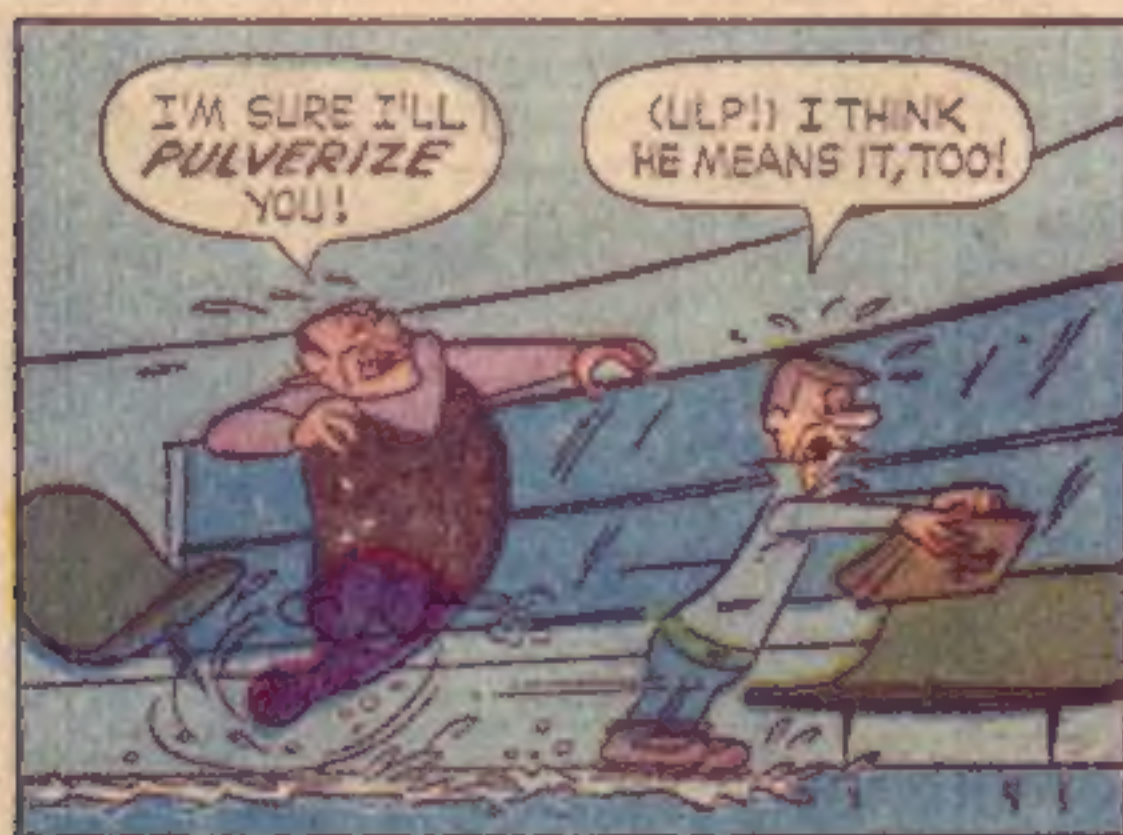
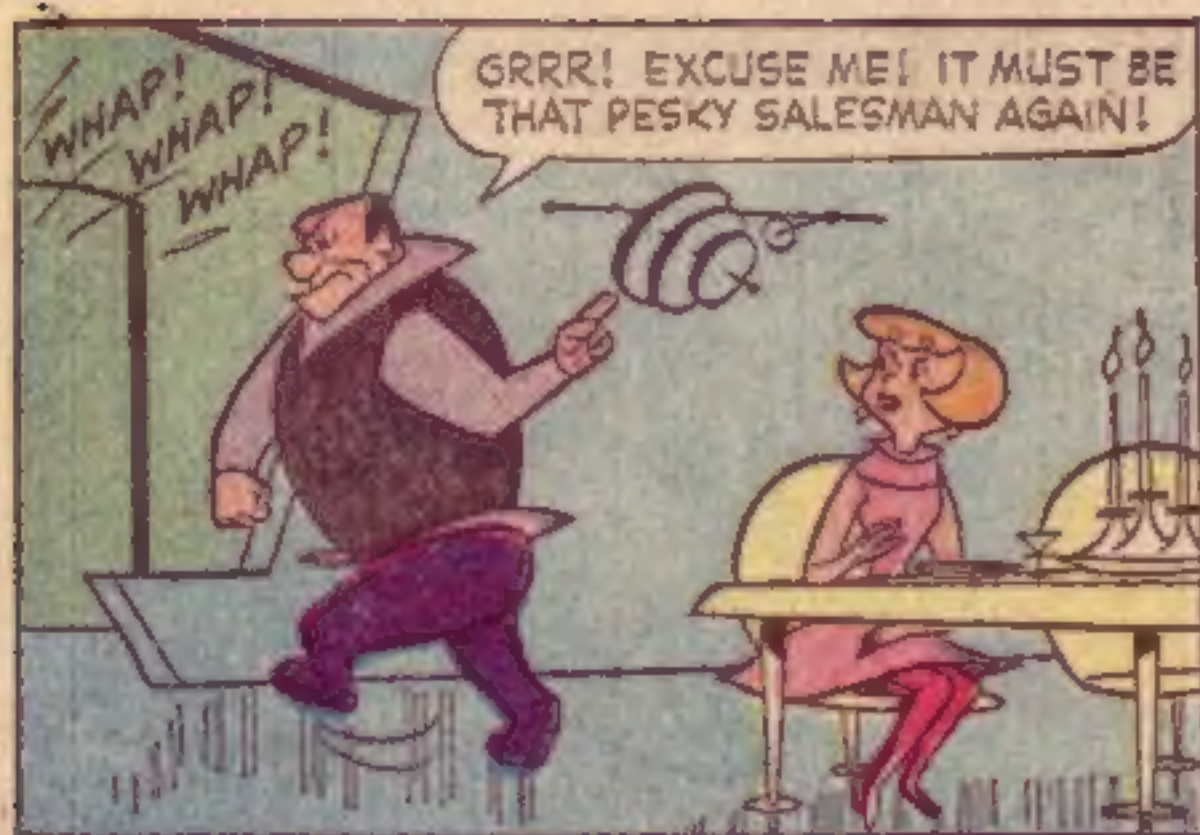


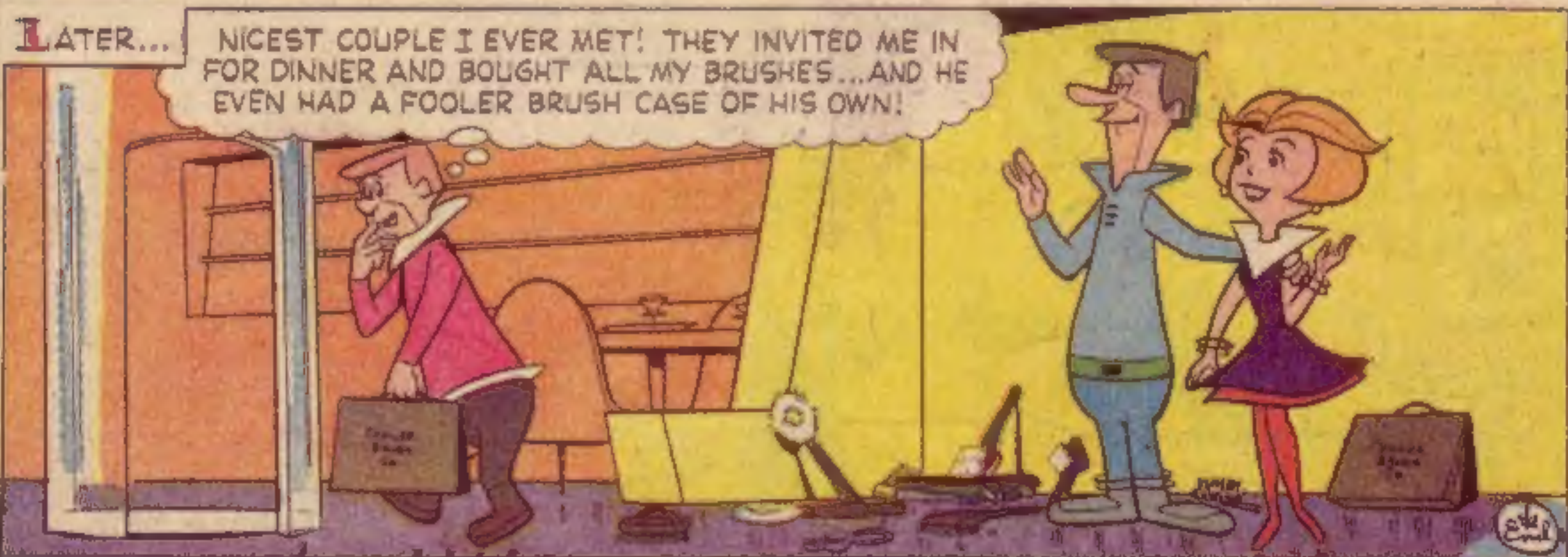
AND...











The **JETSONS**





THE JETSONS PIN-UP